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A Russian Dream

Lewis Feuer

Where Do We Go From Here?
Raymond Fletcher

The Inquisitive Society
Michael Beloff

The Solar Revolution
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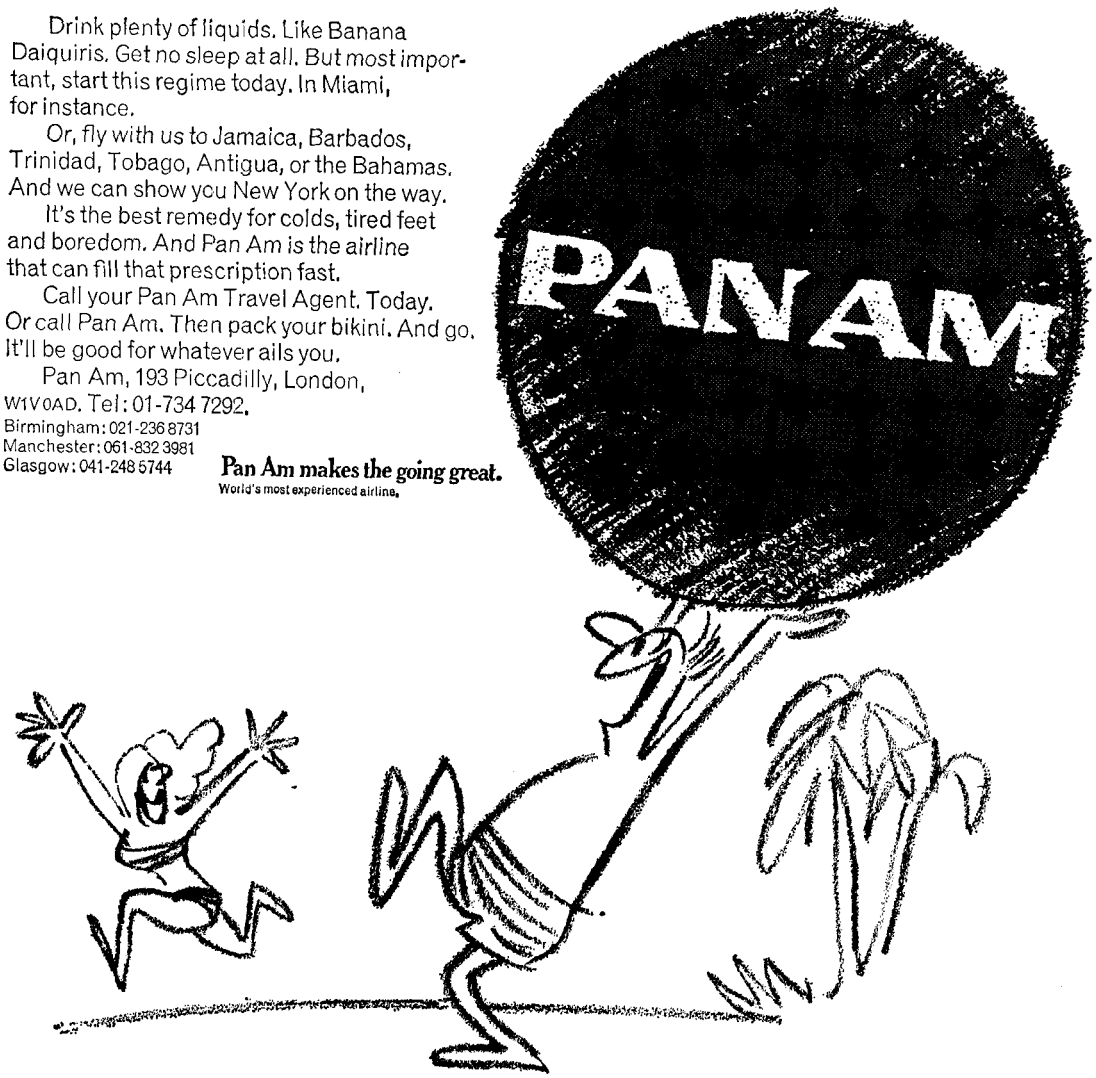

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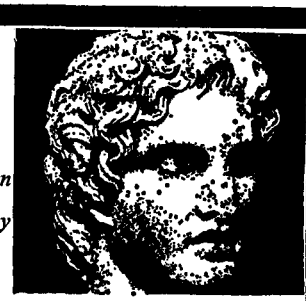

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Raymond Fletcher

Where Do We Go From Here?

Thoughts of a Socialist after a Labour Defeat

TO POINT OUT that the several thousand delegates to the major Party Conferences are brought together as minor participants in an annual ritual is as cruel a business as telling children that Santa Claus is an amiable fraud and that their presents do not come from the North Pole. It is not that they don't know. Most conference delegates draft their motions in anger, very much aware of the yawning gap between last year's resolutions and this year's parliamentary performance. Children, too, know more than they should. Every schoolboy is familiar with the principles of aerodynamic lift and knows, from about the age of five, that Santa's aeronautical feats are impossible; and his little sister is well aware that the white-bearded guy kissing her Mum is no saint and might even be the man from next door. Myths are comforting blankets to wrap yourself in.

This is why some things simply are not said, let alone written. One of them is that the Conservative Party did not *debate* itself into an acceptance of the Welfare State between 1945 and 1951. Its bright young men who served their apprenticeships in Central Office under the guidance of Lord Butler were mainly training themselves for office (which they eventually got). All those Charters and Manifestos that were unread by anyone, except political correspondents short of a story or Transport House researchers after political ammunition, were products of a fringe activity. When Churchill returned to Downing Street it was with roughly the same thoughts he was thinking as he left it. Tories did not embrace the Welfare State and then proceed to reform it. They were stuck with it, and behaved accordingly. A high dive into the chilly waters of the free market, whether in medicine or anything else, would have lost them support among that third of the working-class electorate that had turned out to put them in. The Conservatives certainly adapted themselves very well to the 1950s. But it was because they had a century of practice, not because they took any notice of what was said at, or decided by, their annual conferences. A. J. Balfour's dictum that he would no more take note of his conference's opinions than those of his valet is still alive and flourishing in the Tory corner of Smith Square.

Anyone who stood up and said this at a Tory conference would neither be howled down nor ruled out of order. He might even be lightly applauded by *Crossbow* readers and favourably mentioned in a Sunday think-piece by Mr Robert McKenzie. He could hardly avoid being interviewed on television by Mr Robin Day or Mr George Ffitch. But he would have committed political hara-kiri. No Conservative Association would ever short-list him for a parliamentary seat until his vulgar, myth-dissolving indiscretion had been forgotten. It is not the job of the Conservative conference to think aloud. It is just to be; for the voters must have something to vote for every five years. In the Leader's constituency it is a person. Everywhere else it must be a party. Such are the rules of the game, unwritten by anyone except Mr David Butler and his acolytes.

WITH THE LABOUR PARTY it all seems different. For half a century Labour has done everything at the top of its voice, to the great delight of the journalists who attend its annual

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struggles. Labour conferences have all the thrills of the boxing ring. Will Mr Wilson verbally outpoint Mr Jenkins in the fraternal word-jousting? There is also the exciting uncertainty of the racing track. Can the *Tribune* stable get its half-dozen runners past the post? Which of the lively young stallions lately released from ministerial duties will outrun Mr Eric Heffer or Mr Frank Allaun in the National Executive Stakes? None of this may be news, but it certainly makes copy; and the political tipsters have one great advantage over their racetrack colleagues: at Labour conferences the tips and the assessments of form do come straight from the horses' mouths.

Yet what has all this to do with debate? It is all part of the process of adaptations, true. There came a time when Herbert Morrison had to go and Hugh Gaitskell had to come; and the decision, to use Labour's favourite aphorism about foreign policy, was an open one, openly arrived at during a conference. Had Morrison been elected Leader of the Parliamentary Party, of course, many conference decisions would either have gone the other way or have been treated as being without significance. Gaitskell himself, after his elevation, faced one or two fairly hostile conferences. Yet he remained the irremovable Leader.

I AM NOT questioning the legitimacy of all this. I thought highly of Gaitskell when I wrote against him nearly every week in *Tribune*. I think even more highly of him now. But the point is that his rise to ascendancy over the Labour Party was not due to his winning victories, or even organising votes, for his ideas at party conferences. There never was a comprehensive body of doctrine called "Gaitskellism" that was challenged by another doctrine called "Bevanism" and about which great debates took place. There were Gaitskellites and there were Bevanites. There were trade union leaders who detested Bevan and trade union branch secretaries who distrusted Gaitskell. There were theorists who imagined they could ride capitalism with a light rein and unreconstructed socialists who wanted to destroy the beast. (Gaitskell and Bevan belonged to neither camp, needless to say.) But most important of all, there were parliamentarians who felt they could win elections with Gaitskell and a lesser number who thought that such victories were hardly worth winning, since it was The System that had to be fought, not its temporary representative in Downing Street.

Here again, I do not rake over old conflicts just for the hell of it. I followed Bevan then and would follow him now—on the reasonable assumption that a man who could react to new ideas quicker than anyone I ever met would now be reacting at computer-speed to those thoughts about the future that such writers as Mr Alvin Toffler and Dr John McHale are thinking.[1] To confess this does not denigrate Gaitskell, about whose totally sincere egalitarianism a useful book is waiting to be written and whose concept of honourable, dedicated public service is the ingredient X that is conspicuously missing from the tasteless pudding of contemporary politics. All of which is a roundabout way of saying that Gaitskell and Bevan were in themselves their best contributions to the politics of their time. Their ideas, though manifestly part of themselves, were never really put to the test at conferences (or, indeed, anywhere else) and it was only at the conference that followed the electoral defeat of 1959 that Labour's ideology, for want of a more appropriate term, was openly argued about.

Gaitskell attributed Labour's defeat in part to Clause Four of the party constitution, the proposed nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange and all that. No party could win votes in the 1960s, he suggested, with such a doctrinal millstone around its neck. What had appeared to the party members of 1918 as a simplified chart showing the route to the Delectable Mountains was, forty years later, merely a reminder that nationalisation was a dirty word for an unprofitable thing. No railwayman felt that he *owned* the railways or had any kind of control over the retired generals who ran them. No miner controlled his own mine, let alone the others. There had, therefore, to be some re-thinking, to use the vogue-word of the early 1960s.

WHAT FOLLOWED, in fact, were more calls for re-thinking than actual thinking. Only Mr

[1] See Alvin Toffler, *Future Shock* (The Bodley Head), 50s., and John McHale, *The Future of the Future* (George Braziller, N.Y.) $7.95.

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Anthony Crosland found the nerve to put his re-thought thoughts (many of them first published in the pages of ENCOUNTER) into a book and only Mr Douglas Jay took arms against a sea of political troubles by advocating the dumping of a large part of Labour's past policies and the whole of its myths. Here, indeed, should have been the beginning of a great debate. But it was over before it started. At the conference, Bevan rushed to pull Gaitskell out of the quicksands into which he had strayed. After the conference, party leaders wrangled like medieval scholastics to find the words that would leave everything as it was in the eyes of the faithful while changing everything for potential Ministers. So "the commanding heights" (borrowed from Lenin) found their way into the constitution. Each Bevanite was thus free to regard his own industry as belonging to such heights. Every Gaitskellite could apply the tag to the Government Department which he hoped to control after the next election.

But, it must again be emphasised, there had been no more of a debate at Labour conferences about the new terminology than there had been debates at Conservative conferences about precisely where the winds of change were blowing the party. Policy was what the Government did on the one hand and what the alternative Government hoped to do on the other. Neither was what delegates repeatedly demanded. The famous 300,000-houses-a-year programme had been placed in the governmental pipeline by civil servants some time before Conservative delegates enthusiastically voted it into the party programme. Labour's repudiation of NATO and nuclear weapons in 1960 did not alter one single word of a single speech made by any of its front-bench spokesmen in Parliament after the conference.

YET PARTY CONFERENCES remain essential to politics. So, in our kind of democracy, does the State Opening of Parliament, the Queen's Speech and the useful fiction that the House of Commons controls, and can therefore dismiss, the Ministers who use it partly as an audience and partly (ever so partly) as a jury. Party conferences, as I have suggested, keep the parties themselves in being; and while their main electoral job, that of addressing envelopes, could be farmed out to other organisations, their constitutional job cannot. It is that of selecting a candidate and being an organised group of his supporters. It is that of supplying a party label for the selected candidate. And it can be that of providing influential audiences, at fringe-of-conference meetings, for political thinkers who have no taste for the hustings and would-be candidates who find it difficult to present themselves to potential selectors in five-minute speeches.

But could conferences become what delegates sometimes imagine they already are? American conventions noisily put planks in party platforms on which few Presidential feet ever tread once the conventions are dispersed. In the middle of all this tomfoolery, however, delegates are allowed to select the man who will, in convention terminology, be "The next President of the United States." Canadian parties combine the British and American methods of choosing a leader. There has to be an electoral college, in any system. Even in the days when Tory leaders "emerged" there was some counting of heads, even if only over the port at the Carlton Club. Is the downward expansion of our electoral colleges into the party conferences the right way to transform happy gatherings into real centres of extra-parliamentary, countervailing power? Or should they be left as they are, assemblies of bit-players in party-political broadcasts, and repositories of the thoughts and feelings of the last decade? A Canadian academic is over here right now to answer these questions. I am content to leave them to him, on the solid trade union principle of one man one job.

CHOOSING A LEADER, however is not the only important function of political parties as they ought to be. As Bevan once put it, he did not particularly care who went into Downing Street but passionately cared about what. No successful leader becomes Prime Minister equipped only with his own personality. He represents interests. He personifies ideals. He carries ideas in his luggage. And he must, in constant discussion with his colleagues (either in full Cabinet or in his "kitchen cabinet" of intimates), discover the ever-changing limits of the possible, the knowledge of which is 80% of political skill.

The largest assembly of his colleagues, of course, is his Party Conference. He should be able to lead it and learn from it at one

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and the same time, nourishing and being nourished by the grass roots. He can no longer do so. The grass-root supporters do not attend conferences, let alone express their views there. The big businessmen who foot the Conservative Party's bills have no need to travel to Blackpool to tell their party what it should do. They cannot afford to waste three days on business that can be done over the telephone in thirty minutes. The City, moreover, is the Conservative Party in permanent session; and its opinions come clicking over the tape machines every hour. Movements in share prices give a clearer indication of what is going on in the engine-room of politics than motions drafted by small shopkeepers and supported by retired colonels.

Labour's conference has also cut itself off from its grass roots. No speaker, for example, echoes Mr Enoch Powell from the Labour conference rostrum, though a great many Labour supporters would welcome such a speech with undisguised enthusiasm. Every demand for more money in the wage packet is wrapped up in grandiose demands for turning society upside down, which the workers ought to want but don't. They want the money, and quite rightly. Here again it is necessary to assert that there is nothing wrong with this ritual concealment of what is really being thought, felt, and done at the grass roots. Conferences should represent what ought to be rather than what is. But in doing so, they deprive politicians of that knowledge of political reality that is essential to their effective practice of their trade. Public opinion polls, as the Labour Party is now dismally aware, are no substitute. Elections, therefore, continue to surprise candidates.

A CANDIDATE in a General Election is as effectively sealed off from reality as a chorus boy in a Drury Lane musical. His activities, when they are reported at all, are reported in the wholly inappropriate terminology of war; and the activities of which he is a six-hundred-and-twenty-ninth part seem, after the first week of trying to arouse bored audiences, to be all going on somewhere else and happening to somebody else. What are these "issues" that the commentators write about? Is Mrs Smith's complaint about how much somebody in the next street is getting from the Ministry of Social Security an issue? and where is this "strategy" that somebody in party headquarters has worked out? Is it something to do with his own, largely fruitless efforts to get a reaction from indifferent shoppers in the market place or the drudgery of convincing his own supporters that there is an election on and that it is almost as important as the World Cup matches?

Two hours after the final count, whether he is elected or not, reality comes down on him like an icy-cold shower; and what his blood and nerves have been trying to tell him for three weeks finally breaks through into consciousness. None of his activities had had the slightest effect on the result. The personal vote he thought he had earned failed to deliver itself. The election address into which he had distilled the essence of his party's manifesto as well as something of himself had been read by no more than one in a hundred of those to whom it was addressed. And Joe Bloggs, the comfortably re-elected sitting member two constituencies away who had done nothing in the Commons except trudge unthinkingly through the division lobbies at his party's call and little for his constituents except ask them to vote for him, had done better than the smart young technocrats whose bright thoughts came straight from the progressive thinkers on the posh Sunday papers. It had not been a campaign. It had not even been a battle. It had, in effect, been at attempt to bring back live transpontine melodrama to an audience hooked on television.

A GENERAL ELECTION, in fact, is neither a debate nor a campaign, though it is invariably described by participants and reporters as though it were a combination of both. It is a process akin to self-medication, in which a society clumsily diagnoses what is wrong with itself and rejects those political practitioners who have failed to cure it. An election is a rejection. The only votes cast with any degree of enthusiasm are those that are cast against a party. Labour was voted out of power mainly because it had been in. But was rejection inevitable?

Hardly anyone in the Parliamentary Labour Party thought in May that it was even possible. Yet there had been an almost exact historical parallel to what happened at the hustings in June 1970. It was what happened

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in the Crimea, in another kind of battle, in 1854. There must have been one or two thoughtful dragoons at Balaclava who suspected that the Light Brigade was misled by false signals as it rode into that valley to snatch defeat out of the jaws of victory. Once the bugles sounded, however, they suppressed their doubts and charged with the rest until the Russian guns opened fire. There were doubters in 1970, too, mostly old sweats who rarely believed what they read in the papers and who, after three years of almost undiluted unpopularity, could not quite believe that the electors had merely dissembled their love all the time.

But the clever fellows who had convinced themselves that they were indispensible to the country, and had been convinced by sycophantic lobby correspondents that their smart remarks in the Commons had reduced the Conservative Party to a demoralised, irrelevant band of natural losers, enthusiastically dominated such "consultations" as took place within the parliamentary party. These lads were for June 18, victory, and promotion, and the pollsters were writing the bugle notes for their advance. He who hesitated was lost, *i.e.* not heard. Even I, who should have known better (and actually did), simply told the only Cabinet Minister who asked for my opinion that June was probably the wrong month, because polls registered only moods, not an actual intention to vote. But I went on television to announce, with what I am told was infectious glee, that the voters had begun to forgive us and probably intended to vote for us. Party loyalty, like alcohol, often dulls the wits it seems to quicken.

YET DOWN AMONG the grass roots, as every party agent knew, there was neither merriment nor enthusiasm. I myself had charted the social territory over which the Campaign was to be conducted in the November 1969 issue of ENCOUNTER and my findings offered little hope of a third victory for Labour. They formed an unpalatably accurate political chart. One or two colleagues who are branded as intellectuals, destined either for hell or high office, have since told me that the working-class voters they met during the election were not only different from those we all meet at party gatherings. They also thought, felt, and reacted exactly as I said they would.

This should never have been news. Nor was it to the most loyal of Labour supporters—the party agents—who are, unfortunately, treated by Labour parliamentarians as haughtily as a cavalry regiment treats its canteen staff. But the most depressing consequence of my writing the ENCOUNTER piece was that nothing of any consequence happened to me after it was published. I lost no friends and acquired no enemies. I was told by one former Cabinet Minister that I should not have done it and by another (for whom my respect is almost unlimited) that while it is proper to change one's mind in the Labour Party one should never, in any circumstances, explain why. Even after Mr Anthony Barber had quoted extensively from me to put a sting in the tail of one of his speeches there was only a muted reaction. A member of Labour's National Executive told me that I should be more careful in what I wrote in future. When I asked whether what I had written was the truth he did not stay to answer.

I AM NO political masochist. Nor do I seek that notoriety that comes too easily these days to anyone with the knack of turning a razor-edged phrase. But somebody, somewhere, in a movement that claims to live in a ferment of ideas, ought to have lobbed a grenade or two at a writer who had systematically demolished his party's mythology and tested much of its conventional wisdom to destruction. I wanted, in fact, to be proved wrong. By exploding some ideas I wanted to clear fertile soil for others. A political idea, needless to say, is not a proposal to establish a committee to look into the possibility of increasing productivity in the synthetic fibre industry. Nor is it a tiny answer to a tiny problem.

An idea is a great big question that begins with some general assumption about the human race and the human condition—such as that all men are created equal and are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, or that man is born free and is everywhere in chains, or that all recorded history is the history of class struggles. Then come the questions. Is society an organism and the job of government primarily that of keeping its components in order? Or is it an artefact, capable of being re-shaped closer

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to the heart's desire? What kind of equality is possible, assuming equality to be desirable, in a society consisting of unequal people? Policies and programmes are derived from attempts to answer such questions. But it is the questions that are the ideas.

It is from the Left that we expect such ideas. To move to the Left, indeed, is to dramatise one's questioning; and when the Left virtually ceases to produce ideas (*i.e.* questions that marry generous assumptions about people with realistic appraisals of what people actually do and want) it is no longer earning its keep. Labour's conference has not, as should have been obvious from its discouragingly familiar agenda, asked any big questions or generated any new ideas. It just mirrored the Conservative conference. One assembly took three days to congratulate itself on having won: the other occupied a whole week blaming somebody else for having lost. Reprehensible behaviour in neither case, but not political debate.

One or two embryonic ideas did come my way after the ENCOUNTER piece. But they came, without a single exception, from abroad. On the home ground Mr Michael Foot told me that I had written well, which pleased me, when he ought to have cut me to pieces in *Tribune*, which might have worried me and taught me something. Mr Arnold Wesker's friendly note informed me that he was doing some hard and painful thinking himself, and the first results of it (in the shape of a lecture delivered in Tokyo) seemed to me excellent. Two plays from now, I confidently predict, and Mr Wesker will fruitfully disturb us all (and I do mean everybody else who writes for ENCOUNTER).

But the only other reaction from the British Left was a burst of ill-informed anger by that well-known professional proletarian, Mr Alan Brien, in the *New Statesman*. I lost no sleep over it and Mr Brien did not lose one of his regular readers.[2] I still enjoy his writing—though, as I had to remind him, it has nothing whatever to do with politics. The noisy antics that Mr Brien regards as revolutionary are irritants in The System, not threats to it. One must never mistake one's own emotions for a mass movement. And most of the heroes of the high-living Left, such as the retired pimps who lead the Black Powerites, can best be characterised in Herzen's famous phrase: "They are not the doctors: they are the disease . . . "

OVER THREE CENTURIES AGO, in the small German university town where I spend a few weeks every year, Johannes Kepler turned his world upside down. He did it by carefully observing how the planets moved. From these observations, which conflicted with his preconceptions, he proceeded to work out the laws governing all planetary movements in the solar system. We on the Left desperately need another Kepler or a team of Keplers. We have had a surfeit of Messiahs.

These political Keplers must closely observe such contemporary socio-political phenomena as the growth of the multi-national corporation, the emergence of a world economy as distinct from globally inter-linked national economies, the self-dissolution of the proletariat, the impact of technology on social cohesion, the real results of mass education, the real effect of mass communications, the rising demand that public authority (despite its declining legitimacy in the eyes of those subject to it) should do something to heal and preserve our damaged environment, the limitations on freedom and the abuses of freedom. It is not an exhaustive catalogue of enquiry. It will do for a start.

Then, when the Left and the Labour Party have found out just where the human race is, philosophers can take over from the social scientists and start framing those big questions that become great ideas and indicate the way society should direct itself the better to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I am a socialist, as the whole tone of the last sentence reveals. I want to remain a socialist. I have actively supported the organised working class in its demands for more for over 25 years, and none of my Tory friends has been able to argue me out of the habit. But natural instincts are not enough to keep noses like mine to the political grindstone. I have to be part of a movement; and it must be a *thinking* movement.

The personal pronoun may now be abandoned, necessary though it was to pursue this argument effectively. We Lefties have become rebels without a cause. And causes grow out of great questions.

[2] See: Alan Brien, "Ray's a Moan", *New Statesman*, 9 January 1970, and my reply in the 18 January number.

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John Weightman

The Solar Revolution

Reflections on a Theme in French Literature

I THINK one should always begin by trying to justify the title of a lecture. Why have I chosen to talk about the place of the sun in modern French literature? First of all, because the Westfield Festival is, in its modest way, an act of sun-worship, since it is timed to coincide with the summer solstice; therefore any homage one can pay the sun is relevant to the total operation. Secondly, because the sun is a great, newly discovered force in the modern world. Sun-worship as a thorough-going religion is, of course, as old as recorded history, and two outstanding examples of it occurred in Ancient Egypt and Ancient Peru. But I think we can say that, in Europe, the sun is by way of being a very recent invention. I notice that the present generation of students here take it for granted that, on any fine day, they should lie about on the college lawns wearing as few garments as possible and exposing themselves to the rays of the sun, partly because sunlight is supposed to be health-promoting but partly also for a deeper metaphysical reason that I shall try to elucidate as I go along. I am fairly certain that, possibly up to 1939, it had still not occurred to any of the successive generations of young ladies of Westfield to do this, and I would guess that, before 1914, far from taking their clothes off, they must actually have walked about with parasols, to shield themselves from the sun. These changes are symptomatic of what we might call the solar revolution which has taken place in Europe during rather less than a hundred years. It has been particularly striking in France and has penetrated to a quite important extent into French literature.

Where this solar revolution began exactly, and how it spread from one country to another, I am not sure and—so far as I know—there has been no thorough study of the question.[1] It seems, in the first place, to have caught on more quickly in Sweden and Germany, perhaps because certain pagan traditions were more deeply entrenched in those countries than elsewhere. It was certainly helped, around the beginning of the century, by the discovery that exposure to sunlight was good for patients suffering from bone tuberculosis. In 1903, a Swiss doctor, Auguste Rollier, opened a sunshine clinic in Leysins in the Swiss Alps, and he seems to have become almost as famous in his day as Dr. Christiaan Barnard is in ours. When he published an English version of his book, *Heliotherapy*, in 1923, he was hailed here as "the high priest of modern sun-worshippers," and he was no doubt the person largely responsible for the now almost universal belief that sunshine is good for one, and is, in fact, an elixir of youth, like the flames that the heroine of Rider Haggard's *She* stepped into every time she needed to renew her lease on life. This belief, which is only 50 or 75 years old, is a modern commonplace, and has only

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[1] I broached the subject in a previous article in ENCOUNTER: "A View of the Côte d'Azur," October, 1959.

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recently been called into question because certain rich American women who have devoted their lives to following the sun throughout the year, so as to be always sun-bathing in high summer, have found that the effects are not always beneficial. But it is perhaps significant that the musical *Hair,* which is a compendium of fashionable attitudes, ends with a religious chant in honour of the sun: "Let the sunshine in!" The young may have a stronger belief in the sun than the middle-aged.

Rousseau and Sun-Blindness

HOWEVER, I DON'T THINK the new popularity of the sun is due simply to the discovery of its therapeutic properties, although this has been an important factor. I see the change as being rather part of the general return to the idea of nature which began, let us say, at the Renaissance, and has gathered momentum, more especially since the 18th century. However, it is rather curious that Rousseau, the great 18th-century apostle of the idea of Nature, who did more than anyone else to generalise the concept throughout Europe, did not discover the sun as such. He refers, of course, occasionally to the sun, but for him external nature meant primarily the open air, mountains, woods with birds singing in them, moonlight at times, and water—not the sea, which for some reason he doesn't mention, although he crossed the English Channel—water in the form of Alpine waterfalls and Swiss lakes.

The more one thinks about the matter the stranger it seems that Rousseau, who did so much to make the so-called natural landscape fashionable, should not have isolated the sun as being the centre of external nature. Perhaps his failure to do so is connected with his mistrust of science; he prided himself on being a botanist, but his botany was really a kind of practical naturism, a reverent naming of parts. Perhaps it has something to do with his hostility towards Voltaire, which tended to give him a negative attitude to anything that Voltaire was enthusiastic about. Voltaire believed more or less in the advantages of scientific knowledge and, above all, he was a keen student of the dominant science of the time, *i.e.,* Newtonian cosmography. Rousseau, unlike the majority of his educated contemporaries, paid little or no attention to Newtonianism. The idea of the solar system did not fire his imagination, and so he remained obsessed with discrete, subsidiary or more immediate and concrete natural phenomena, such as mountains and plants. If he had connected up his naturism with Newtonianism, the intellectual history of the 19th century might have been very different, because it was Sir Isaac Newton who had finally put the sun in its proper place at the centre of our solar system, showed how the planets are dependent on it and therefore, by extension, implied that all forms of terrestrial life are regulated by it. However, Rousseau wasn't interested in this view of things and his naturism remains untouched by it.

It must be added, of course, that he was a believer, a kind of deist, and so God was the centre of his universe, and a divine presence behind all natural phenomena. Nature, for him led the individual to God. A man contemplating a mountain or listening to the song of the nightingale had feelings of sublimity which put him directly into contact with the invisible transcendent. In other words, although Rousseau rejected the divinity of Christ, he was still very much within the Christian tradition of Western Europe, and his naturism did not cause him to fall back on to paganism.

NOR CAN IT BE SAID that the majority of poets or prose-writers of the 19th century were thorough-going pagans; they can practically all be put into the category of neo-Christian deists. They may have been heretics in respect of the official religions of their countries but, for the most part, in their various ways, they found evidence of the transcendent in the immediate phenomena of nature. Wordsworth contemplating the daffodils or the lesser celandine, Baudelaire describing Nature as a temple with living pillars, were continuing the Rousseauistic attitude. They were supposing the existence of the transcendent behind appearances. The same remark might even be made about Byron, who almost certainly wasn't a believer. Some of his most famous lines, such as *"There is a rapture on the lonely shore"* or *"She walks in beauty like the night"* owe their quality to their religious resonance. And I think that what is true of the bulk of the literature of the 19th century is reflected in the living habits of the people of the time. In so far as they returned to nature, they were concerned with the incidental phenomena of mountains, landscape,

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and sea, rather than with the central phenomenon of the sun.

The 19th century was the great period of mountain-climbing, a sport which had the advantage of combining healthy exercise and an element of danger with an upward movement towards the sublime. It was also, in England rather more than in France, a period when people went for walks through the countryside in order to experience Rousseauistic or Wordsworthian emotions, and the Lake District in particular became a sort of national park for the enjoyment of lyrical naturism. Sea-bathing gradually developed in both countries from the end of the 18th century onwards, but, as is quite clear from pictures and photographs, there was little or no exposure to sunlight. People went to the sea for momentary contact with the water and for the inhaling of sea-breezes, and they sat fully clothed on the beach. As for the poets, they continued, as poets always have done, to write more about the moon than about the sun, and I think one can suggest an obvious reason for this. Sunlight, or daylight, can pass unnoticed as an accompaniment to the multifarious business of living, which absorbs the attention. Moreover, we can look directly at the sun only when it is in its weakest state; when it is fully present, it has to be contemplated through a smoked glass. The moon, on the contrary, appears in the night sky, when the business of the day is over, and the more brilliant it is, the more it attracts attention. It is therefore intensely visible as an isolated and dramatic object to which emotions can be attached—the emotions which have survived the business of the day and more especially the tender emotion of love. This, I submit, is why the moon has traditionally occupied a privileged position in literature, although, as we know, its light is only reflected sunlight.

The Cult of Nature

TOWARDS THE END of the 19th century and at the beginning of the 20th, there was a change of emphasis, but I am not sure by what stages it occurred, or whether it originated in life, science, literature or the fine arts, I can only point to a number of more or less contemporary happenings, without being able to say exactly how they were interlinked. In painting, for example, the Impressionists made sunlight the most important element in external nature, in a manner that had never been equalled by any previous school of painters. Their cult of external nature, which they went out to explore physically, may have had something Rousseauistic about it in the first instance, but they moved far beyond his brand of naturism by reducing the objects in the external world from the status of things in themselves, with metaphysical implications—a tree, a water-lily, a cathedral, etc.—to the different role of being mere reflectors or supports for sunlight. The tree, the water-lily, or the cathedral, instead of being separate entities pointing beyond nature to God, became part of the pagan décor of the world to be appreciated for its own sake in its relationship to sunlight. One has only to walk into a room devoted to the Impressionists in any picture gallery to get an immediate feeling of the dominance of sunlight as a pantheistic presence. By pantheistic, I mean that the lyrical emotion remains embedded, as it were, in the physical experience, and does not point to any transcendence which might be different from, or superior to, the actual sensation.

Now this pantheistic celebration of the sun, which I see as being clearly distinct from the average, traditional Rousseauistic nature-feeling, is also found in certain writers who rebelled against 19th-century social conventions and were very influential in bringing about the change-over from the moral high-mindedness of Victorianism, whether in England or in France, to the present atmosphere of permissiveness. I am thinking particularly of André Gide and D. H. Lawrence, who can be considered as having carried Rousseauistic naturism several stages further than it was usually taken in the 19th century. Lawrence is outside my subject, but I can perhaps mention that both he and Gide were tubercular, and thus travelled south towards the sun, and ended by incorporating the sun to some extent into their philosophies. Gide, in his famous book, *Les Nourritures terrestres* (translated as *The Fruits of the Earth),* which was first published in 1897 but much later (in the 1920s and '30s) became the bible of French youth, preached a doctrine of pantheistic sensationalism, which included appreciation of sunlight. He has one or two very fine descriptive passages expressive of the sheer pleasure of exposure to the sun, such as one could not find, I think, in any pre-

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vious French writing. Then, in *L'Immoraliste*, which came out in 1902, his hero actually takes off all his clothes and lies down naked in the sunshine. So far as I know, this is the very first mention of sun-bathing in French literature, and it seems to have preceded the general practice of sun-bathing in France by at least 25 years, because, as late as 1920, French journalists were still writing articles about sun-bathing in Austria and elsewhere and saying that, of course, such naïve pagan behaviour would never catch on in a sophisticated country like France. But, of course, it did catch on to a quite extraordinary extent and, as I shall try to show in a moment, one can make certain definite statements about the spread of the habit.

HOWEVER, A POINT I WOULD LIKE to emphasise while I am still speaking of Gide, is that this first instance of sun-bathing occurs in a book, *L'Immoraliste*, which links up naturism with uncertainty about moral values. Rousseauistic naturism had been extremely moralistic, and had believed in definite moral values which were derived, more or less obviously, from Christianity. The new naturism tends to go beyond good and evil. This is tantamount to placing good in the self-development of the individual, either because the individual has become an end in himself since there is no longer any transcendence, or because the self-development of the better or stronger individuals will help the evolution of mankind. To put it in Nietzschean terms, which Gide does not use, although he probably owed something to Nietzsche, in this new naturism, self-realisation—achieved if necessary at the expense of ordinary moral values—is a duty for exceptional individuals, because they are bridges leading to the Superman. Gide isn't a thorough-going Nietzschean; he has no real concept of *die Brücke zum Übermenschen;* but he does at times accept the principle that self-realisation is more important than respecting moral rules.

When Michel, the hero of *L'Immoraliste*, takes off his clothes and bathes naked in the sun, he is not simply performing a physical action. The gesture is also, I think, a symbolic recognition of the truth that all life depends ultimately on the sun, and incidentally an assertion that life should, in the first place, be accepted as an undifferentiated explosion of energy, before one tries to categorise that energy as good or bad. I may seem to be reading a lot into the episode, but these implications are present throughout the book, and in various other parts of Gide's work. I don't think it matters at all whether Gide got this attitude from Nietzsche, or whether he invented it independently. But I think it is probably the case that, in both Nietzsche and Gide, it stems from the new view of Nature which became current from the middle of the 19th century onwards, as a consequence of Darwinism.

As I said before, Rousseau's nature still has behind it a transcendent God; Rousseau saw the moral law as being inherent in nature, since nature, being properly understood, is an expression of God. Darwin, on the contrary, saw nature as a totally amoral process, evolving for reasons unknown in some incomprehensible direction. Nietzsche and Gide try to combine the two conceptions: they get rid of Rousseau's transcendent God; they reject the idea that any social moral law can be inherent in nature; but at the same time they would like, as it were, to adhere emotionally, even pantheistically, to the natural process, in a way which would have been very puzzling to Darwin and still more so to Rousseau, or at least to Rousseau in his ordinary moods. And it so happens that Gide, in particular, singles out the sun to identify with it—perhaps through sheer accident, perhaps because he was tubercular, or perhaps because he happened to go to North Africa at an early stage. At any rate, what we have in Gide seems to be a mixture of Newton, Rousseau, and Darwin. The sun is the centre of our fragment of the universe, *i.e.*, of nature as we know it, and the source of life and energy on this planet; we should follow nature, because nature is good and lyrically true; but the goodness of nature for the individual is above the average laws of good and evil as they are found in traditional society. I would not go so far as to say that all sun-bathers are pantheistic immoralists in communion with the centre of the universe and temporarily indifferent to the requirements of society, but I think it is just as likely that they may be that as imitators of the Rousseauistic noble savage. And, from what I am told, institutions founded on sun-bathing, such as the Club Méditerranée, appear to be patronised in about equal proportions by pantheistic immoralists and would-be noble savages.

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The Discovery of the Sun

MENTION OF THE Club Méditerranée takes me back to the actual history of the spread of sun-bathing which, in France, is connected with the spectacular development of the Riviera, which the French call the *Côte d'Azur*, a development which has been helped in certain ways by literature.

As you no doubt know, the Mediterranean coast between Menton and Cannes was, during the whole of the 19th century, a preserve first of the English aristocracy and then, more generally, of the various European royal houses and aristocracies connected with Queen Victoria. The Riviera was used then as a winter resort, because of the mildness of the climate, but no one stayed there during the summer, because the hot summer sun was thought to be unhealthy. Only a few French people ventured to go to the Mediterranean in those days, in spite of the efforts of one or two publicists, such as Stéphen Liégeard, the man who seems to have invented the term, *Côte d'Azur*. The French middle classes, as they gradually discovered sea-bathing and summer walks, went to Normandy, Britanny, and the Atlantic coast, but not to the South of France, and (as I said before) in Normandy and Britanny there was no question of sun-bathing. These Northern holidays are enshrined for all time in Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu*, and there is no sun-bathing in that novel, although it shows an Impressionist feeling for light. However, the first major change came after the First World War which, to all intents and purposes, swept away the royal houses and aristocracies, so that the cosmopolitan winter season on the *Côte d'Azur* was never re-established in its former glory.

From about 1920 onwards, for the first time people began to stay along the Mediterranean coast in the summer. They were still not French; they were a second cosmopolitan wave, composed not of aristocrats but of artists, writers, bohemians and drop-outs of all kinds, predominantly American, English, German and Scandinavian. This was the period of Isadora Duncan, Scott Fitzgerald, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley and Somerset Maugham, and it was of course very different from the previous aristocratic dispensation, because it combined the attributes of immoralism, naturism, and non-conformism, that I have mentioned as being characteristic of André Gide. The winter sun had been quite decorous and reserved, and consonant with Victorianism, since Queen Victoria herself had visited the Riviera. It may have become slightly more racy with Edward VII, but only marginally so. But, in the aftermath of the First World War, the summer sun became synonymous with freedom and revolt, as can be seen from Cyril Connolly's excellent short novel, *The Rock Pool*.

THEN, VERY GRADUALLY, the French themselves began to discover the Riviera and to go there in summer. André Gide's literary celebration of the sun was mainly associated with North Africa, but he went occasionally to the South of France. Colette, another great naturist and amoralist, took a house in St. Tropez and used the *Côte d'Azur* background in many of her stories, and her works were being read at the same time as Gide's *Nourritures terrestres* was turning into a best seller. The flood gates were finally opened in 1936, when the *Front Populaire* government introduced annual paid holidays. The mass of the French population then discovered for the first time that their country possessed a Mediterranean coastline where sunshine could be almost permanently guaranteed.

The rush to the south was interrupted, of course, by the Second World War, but it began again with renewed vigour after 1945, and it has been one of the most extraordinary social phenomena in France during the last 25 years. The Riviera has become, as it were, the Florida or the California of France, *i.e.*, the sunshine area where people want to have a house or flat during their working lives, and where they hope to spend their retirement. In other words, the French attitude towards the sun has been transformed, in the space of 35 or 40 years, from one of negativity or relative indifference to one of positive enthusiasm. There is now a double annual migration towards the sun: towards the beaches and the sea for sun-bathing in the summer, and towards the Alpine slopes in the winter. This is a very dramatic change in French habits; it is, in itself, indicative of a philosophic shift, and it is bound to breed further changes of attitude in the future.

Incidentally, I am struck by a curious interaction between literature and life in the course

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of this development. I said before that Gide's *Nourritures terrestres,* although written in the 1890s, became the great naturist text of the 1920s and '30s. I think Gide was just as important in France as D. H. Lawrence in England, and that both were extremely influential, whatever one may think of their literary or intellectual value. Now Gide's concept of the sun, based primarily on North Africa, was quite easily transferable to the *Côte d'Azur.* And the transfer was helped, in the years after the Second World War, by the emergence of a new female ideal in France, the most famous French feminine symbol since Mistinguett, and indeed for a time a world figure. This was, of course, Brigitte Bardot, and what is particularly interesting about her is that her creator, Roger Vadim, conceived of her not as the traditional vamp or classical French seductress like Mistinguett, but as a child of nature, equally devoid of clothes, make-up, and sophistication, almost a female Tarzan, indifferent to bourgeois morality. Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan had been, of course, a late male version of the noble savage, combining—in a very Rousseauistic way—morality, nature and impeccable descent from the English aristocracy. Mme Bardot was the female of the species but, belonging to the next generation or so, she was able to drop both morality and blue blood and retain only nature, thus representing the new ideal of the amoral savage. The film which made her famous, *Et Dieu créa la femme,* was shot in the south of France; it contained no reference to God except in the title and included what was, as far as I know, the first nude sunbathing scene ever recorded in the French cinema. Moreover, Mme Bardot actually bought a house at St. Tropez and, for a number of years, was the tutelary spirit of that village in the sun. It may be that Vadim had absorbed the concept of the child of nature from the general atmosphere and that the sunbathing scene in *Et Dieu créa la femme* was an unconscious echo, some fifty years later, of the similar scene in *L'Immoraliste;* but, as it happened, there was also a direct link with Gide. Vadim had begun his career as the intimate friend and associate of the film director Marc Allégret, and Allégret in the '20s and '30s had been the most famous intimate friend and associate of Gide. Thus, Mme Bardot, in a rather complicated way, is a sort of by-blow of André Gide.

From Valéry to Camus

SO FAR, I HAVE DEALT MAINLY with the solar revolution as it has taken place in French life during the last fifty years, and the probable influence upon it of Gide's neo-Rousseauistic and neo-Nietzschean or neo-Darwinian naturism. I have also mentioned Colette, whose importance should not be underestimated. I might also have quoted Henry de Montherlant, a pagan with Catholic overtones, who helped to popularise the notion of action in the sun by writing about his experiences as a bull-fighter in Spain and as a hedonistic individualist in various Mediterranean countries. In all three writers, the sun is a positive force, and their treatment of it contrasts neatly with the way the sun is referred to, for instance, in the works of a non-permissive Catholic writer like François Mauriac who, with monotonous insistence, equates sultry summer afternoons in the Bordeaux area with sensations of sexual guilt. I could also refer to a number of younger, minor writers who take the new solar naturism for granted and send their heroes to the south of France or to North Africa. The sun-consciousness they describe does not go much beyond the kind of philosophy inherent in a great many modern French films, such as *Plein Soleil, La Piscine, Les Biches,* and so on.

But there are three more important contemporary writers, who deal more directly and more philosophically with the subject of the sun, and it is these three whom I would like briefly to discuss. They are, in chronological sequence, Paul Valéry, Francis Ponge, and Albert Camus. They have little or none of the didactic naturism of André Gide; they are not primarily concerned with the fight against 19th-century convention, but all three belong to the same post-Enlightenment tradition as Gide. They are non-believers looking at the universe in the modern way which has only been fully possible since the final development of the scientific view of nature in the mid-19th century, and they use the sun both as a point of reference and as a symbol, in a manner which is quite unprecedented in French literature, although one can perhaps see intimations

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of their points of view in some late 19th-century writers such as Leconte de Lisle, Rimbaud and Mallarmé. They have no parallels that I can think of in English literature. I might add that, although none of the three is specifically an Existentialist, they can all be brought under the general heading of Existentialism, and I would also say that this is very characteristic, since there is a strong Existentialist element in the general sociological phenomenon of the solar revolution. It is perhaps significant, too, that all three are Southerners, *i.e.*, people in a situation where they could not fail to notice the sun, if their emergent philosophy prepared them to be sensitive to it. Valéry was borne in Sète, on the Mediterranean coast, and brought up in Sète and Montpellier; Ponge was born in Nîmes and brought up in Avignon; and Camus was, of course, an Algerian. All three, however, lived the major part of their creative lives in Paris (Ponge, the sole survivor, is still there), and Paris is an ideal place for putting a metaphysical construction on to an individual perception. In all three cases, as we shall see, the metaphysical constructions are remarkably similar.

VALERY is famous as a poet, but his major poetry-writing phase was a relatively short period in middle life, when he was between forty and fifty-five. His life-long concern from adolescence to his death at the age of seventy-four was self-analysis or (to be more accurate) the analysis of consciousness, that is—to put it in Existentialist terms—the attempt to achieve coincidence with being through the use of language. All the year round, wherever he happened to be, he rose every morning at dawn—and in winter even before day-break—to pursue this task in his notebooks. It was of course, a hopeless endeavour, because the self has no internal shape; it lives from moment to moment in time and it can only know itself retrospectively to some extent through the imprint it has made on the external world and on other people. Jean-Paul Sartre was to express this dilemma of the consciousness very clearly in the generation which followed Valéry's; but Valéry himself lived the dilemma concretely, and never got the better of it, as indeed no one can, and it forms the subject-matter of all his writing. He was perpetually trying to define the essence of life, and since, by definition, he couldn't relate it to any transcendentent absolute, his final philosophy is a sort of nihilism. All that the consciousness can say is that it tries perpetually to understand the process of life, and just as perpetually fails. To use an image that recurs all through Valéry's work, it is like a serpent trying to swallow its own tail. And then, in the end, it is defeated by death.

Now the sun is important in all this, because it is the source and regulator of life and consciousness, and therefore the exact opposite of death. It is no accident, for instance, that Valéry rose every morning at dawn to try to catch his consciousness, as it were, at the initial point of the daily solar circle, when it might be supposed to be at its freshest and purest. His notebooks are full of lyrical passages which are really prose poems to early morning light. Nor is it an accident, I think, that his best known poem, *Le Cimetière Marin*, which is a meditation on the three major external realities: the earth, the sea and the sun, as they stand in relationship to the consciousness, should be situated at midday, in midsummer, *midi le juste*, as he calls it, the point in time when the sun is exactly above the cemetery, that is above the earth containing the human life-cycle, and above the sea which intensifies the sunlight, so that the consciousness is caught in a momentary and perfect balance between the three basic and essential elements, fire, earth, and water:

L'âme exposée aux torches du solstice
Je te soutiens, admirable justice
De la lumière aux armes sans pitié!
Je te rends pure à ta place première
Regarde-toi. . . .[2]

That is, the highest function of the consciousness at its most acute is simply to be aware of the sun in its relationship to the earth. This manifestation of the contemplative faculty, which is a pantheistic parallel to religious contemplation, might be termed spiritual sun-bathing, and it may enter to some extent into physical sun-bathing. After all, when people take off their clothes to sun-bathe, we cannot be sure that the action is to be understood only literally. It may also be a symbolic baring of

[2] With my soul exposed to the torches of the solstice
I uphold you, admirable justice
Of light so pitilessly armed!
I return you pure to your place or origin,
Look at yourself. . . .

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their non-transcendental souls to the principle of life.

Valéry's *Cimetière marin* has justifiably become a modern classic, but there is an even finer, if less well-known poem, entitled *Ebauche d'un serpent,* which contains a magnificent invocation to the sun, on the part of the Devil in the Garden of Eden. The paradox of this passage, and indeed of the whole poem is that it combines total nihilism—the sun is seen as "God's" great mistake: "He" should never have said, *Let there be light,* but should have allowed the dark void to continue eternally—with intense appreciation of the beauty of the sunlit world:

Soleil, soleil!. . . Faute éclatante!
Toi qui masques la mort, soleil,
Sous l'azur et l'or d'une tente
Où les fleurs tiennent leur conseil,
Par d'impénétrables délices,
Toi, le plus fier de mes complices
Et de mes pièges le plus haut,
Tu gardes les coeurs de connaître
Que l'univers n'est qu'un défaut
Dans la pureté du Non-être.

Grand soleil qui sonnes l'éveil
A l'être, et de feux l'accompagnes,
Toi qui l'enfermes d'un sommeil
Trompeusement peint de campagnes,
Fauteur des fantômes joyeux
Qui rendent sujette des yeux
La présence obscure de l'âme,
Toujours le mensonge m'a plu
Que tu répands sur l'absolu,
O roi des ombres fait de flamme![3]

FRANCIS PONGE, compared to Valéry, is a minor poet, but a very charming one, who has made it his business for the last fifty years to compose prose poems about objects, any objects—a glass of water, an open door, a wasp, a piece of soap, etc. The point about this, of course, is that for someone with what we might call an Existentialist sensibility, there are no privileged objects, as there were in traditional poetry. Shelley wrote an *Ode to the West Wind,* Keats an *Ode to a Nightingale,* because the wind and the nightingale are sublime romantic objects; Ponge has written an *Unfinished Ode to Mud.* This is because everything outside the consciousness is object, and the lyrical emotion can be engendered by establishing a sufficiently subtle linguistic web between the sense-perceptions relating to any particular object and the rest of the consciousness. However, in our corner of the universe, there is one object which takes precedence over all others, and this is the sun, of which the earth is presumably only a cooling fragment. Also, by a process of what we might call narcissistic parthenogenesis, the sun has evoked life on the earth, but all that this life can do in the last resort is contemplate its source, that is look back at the sun. Now man thinks he is a subject, because he can look at the central object, the sun, but in fact what appears to be object is subject. The sun is subject and man is object; the human consciousness, which thinks it is subject, is really an unconscious object with regard to the sun, and so on. Ponge develops this parody of a creation myth in one of his longer works, *Le soleil placé en abîme,* in Volume III of *Le Grand Recueil. Placé en abîme* is a heraldic term, which means placed in the centre of the escutcheon. The sun is in the centre of our escutcheon, *i.e.,* our universe, but *abîme* also has the meaning of abyss, limitless depths, and the sun is of course suspended in the infinity of space. Ponge's poem, which is in several parts, consists of a series of variations on the idea that the sun is an intangible pseudo-object operating as supreme subject at the centre of the universe. Let me quote one or two extracts:

Qu'est ce que le soleil comme objet? C'est le plus brillant des objets du monde. . . .
Le soleil ne peut être remplacé par aucune formule logique,
CAR *le soleil n'est pas un objet.*
LE PLUS BRILLANT *des objets du monde n'est— de ce fait—*
NON—*n'est pas un objet; c'est un trou, c'est l'abîme metaphysique: la condition formelle*

[3] Sun, sun! . . . Brilliant error!
You sun, who mask death
Beneath the azure and gold of a tent
Where flowers hold their council.
By impenetrable delights,
You, the proudest of my accomplices
And the highest of my snares,
You prevent hearts from knowing
That the universe is only a defect
In the purity of Non-Being.

Great sun, you who sound the awakening
To being, and accompany it with fire,
You who enclose it in a sleep
Deceitfully painted with landscapes.
Creator of the joyous phantoms
Which make the obscure presence of the soul
Subject to the eyes.
Always has that falsehood pleased me
With which you overlay the absolute,
O king of shadows made of flame!

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et indispensable de tout au monde. La condition de tous les autres objets.
La condition même du regard.[4]

Then follows a definition of the relationship between the sun and the planetary life dependent upon it:

Voici en quelques mots ce qui s'est passé.
Le soleil, qui n'est pas la Vie, qui est peut-être la Mort
. . . qui est sans doute en deça de la Vie et de la Mort,—
a expulsé de lui certaines de ses parties, les a exilées,
envoyees à une certaine distance pour s'en faire contempler. . . .
Ainsi elles refroidissent, car il les a vouées à la mort,
mais d'abord—et c'est bien pire—à cette maladie, à cette tiédeur que l'on nomme la vie.[5]

This is an obvious parody of the relationship between God and the creature in Christianity. Ponge expands it by attributing to the sun all the ambiguities possessed by God in the traditional religions:

Ainsi les corps et la vie même ne sont qu'une dégradation de l'énergie solaire, vouée à la contemplation et au regret de celle-ci, et—presque aussitôt—à la mort.
Ainsi le soleil est un fléau. Voyez, comme les fléaux, il fait éclater les épis, les cosses. Mais c'est un fléau sadique, un fléau médecin. Un fléau qui fait se reproduire et qui entretient ses victimes; qui les recrée *et s'en fait désirer.*
Car—cet objet éblouissant—un nuage, un écran, le moindre volet, la moindre paupière qu'il forme suffit à le cacher, et donc à le faire désirer. Et il ne manque pas d'en former. Et ainsi la moitié de la vie se passe-t-elle dans l'ombre, à souhaiter la chaleur et la lumière, c'est à dire les travaux forcés dans la prison de l'azur.[6]

THIS VERY NICE EXPRESSION *"les travaux forcés dans la prison de l'azur"* could be taken from Ponge and used as a sub-title for the whole of Albert Camus' work, and more especially for *Le Mythe de Sisyphe,* because it corresponds fairly accurately to Camus' concept of the Absurd in its relationship to sunlight. His attitude towards the sun is even more markedly dualistic than that of Valéry or Ponge. Whereas they see the sun as being primarily the creative God, with its diabolical and destructive aspects in a subordinate position, for Camus the sun is at once God and the Devil. This point may seem rather difficult to disentangle at first, because Camus may appear to be more of a sun-worshipper than the other two writers. In one sense, he is rather like a traditional Manichean who equates good with sunlight and evil with darkness. His early poetic prose in *Noces* and *L'envers et l'endroit* uses sunshine as a source of lyrical joy, and all through his work he tends to have recourse to the symbolism of the light and the dark. Northern towns—or towns that he considers as Northern—*e.g.,* Paris, Prague, and Amsterdam—are associated with feelings of sorrow and guilt, whereas he repeatedly suggests that one can never be completely unhappy in the Mediterranean, because there is always the consolation of sunshine, which may be tragic, but at least is bracingly so.

However, beneath this light and dark symbolism, there is a deeper perception, which is very close to what I said about Gide's view of the sun as being an undifferentiated source of energy. In any case, Camus can't have the average, modern European view of the sun as being simply healthy, because although he was brought up in the sun, he was tubercular.

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[4] What is the sun as object? It is the most brilliant of the objects in the world. . . .
The sun cannot be replaced by any logical formula,
FOR the sun is not an object.
THE MOST BRILLIANT of objects is not—for that very reason—
No—it is not an object: it is a void, the metaphysical abyss:
the formal and indispensible condition of everything in the world.
The condition of all the other objects.
The condition even of our seeing.

[5] Here, in a few words, is what happened.
The sun, which is not Life, which is perhaps Death,
. . . which is doubtless on the hither side of Life and Death,—
expelled certain of its parts from within itself, sent them into exile,
dispatched them a certain distance away so that they should look back upon it. . . .
Thus they cool down, because it has doomed them to death,
but first—and this is much worse—to that illness, that tepidness which is called life.

[6] Thus bodies and life itself are only a degeneration of solar energy, doomed to regretful contemplation of that energy and—almost immediately—to death.
Thus the sun is a scourge or flail. See, like a flail it bursts open heads of grain and pods. But it is a sadistic, therapeutical flail or scourge. It causes its victims to reproduce themselves and it supports them; it *recreates* them and causes them to desire it.
For dazzling object though it be—a cloud, a screen, the smallest shutter, the smallest eyelid formed by it is enough to hide it and therefore to cause it to be desired. And it is not backward in forming such things. And so half of life is spent in shadow, wishing for warmth and light, that is for hard labour in the azure prison.
(N.B. There is an untranslatable half-pun in the French; *dans l'ombre* "in shadow" suggests *à l'ombre*="in jug.")

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Therefore, it is not surprising that, in spite of the concept of the light and the dark, he should set the action of his book, *La Peste,* which is a parable about the problem of evil in North Africa, and should make the plague increase in intensity with the heat and decline again in the cooler weather. After all, the plague germs are just as much a part of nature as man is; therefore it is quite logical that they should flourish in sunlight, if sunlight is a source of life.

But what Camus senses much more definitely, I think, than either Valéry or Ponge is that it is difficult, if not impossible, for man to achieve an optimum relationship with the sun. This is an aspect of the Absurd; if man were not contingent, the weather—*i.e.,* in the last analysis, the solar cycle—would be related to him in a necessary way. However, we know only too well that this is not so. We are usually either too hot or too cold. We are creatures of the sun, but it is difficult to get just the right amount of it. In some places there is not enough, and in others too much, and people have been known to grow weary of it even on the Riviera. This is beautifully expressed in *L'Etranger* in two important passages: first in the funeral scene, where there is a discrepancy between the brilliance of the weather, which causes the tar to melt and the people to perspire—*i.e.,* produces a superfluity of effect—and the deadness of the hero's mother, who is being buried. And secondly, in the famous episode of the shooting of the Arab, which takes place in the early afternoon after lunch, when the light is at its most intense, and the heat most oppressive. This, curiously enough, is just a little later than midday, which Valéry saw as a point of balance; for Camus, this is a moment of imbalance, when the killing is committed. We are clearly meant to understand that it is not the hero, Meursault, who is really responsible for the death of the Arab; he is just the person who happens to pull the trigger, and he is just as much an absurd victim of the universe as the Arab is. In a sense, the murderer is the sun, which brings too great a pressure to bear on the moment. In other words, the sun creates life and destroys life, with absolute indifference, as if the power behind the universe, or inherent in it, had no inkling of the human distinction between good and evil. Only a slight shift in emphasis is needed to move from this point of view to the more despairing attitude that the power behind the universe is predominantly evil; Camus makes this shift at least once in the late short story, *Le Renégat,* which is about a Christian missionary being converted to devil-worship in the Sahara. Here the blinding glare of the sun becomes a totally evil force to be adored, as it were, for its own sake as an aggressive manifestation of the Absurd.

The Azure Prison

I AM NOT SURE that Camus himself fully realised the implications of this. Perhaps his creative instinct sometimes carried him further than his conscious thought was prepared to go. At any rate, in his major theoretical work, *L'Homme révolté,* he tries to maintain a very different philosophical standpoint. There he seeks to build up a humanistic philosophy on a kind of average relationship to the sun; it is almost as if he wished to humanise the sun itself. He argues that wisdom lies in what he calls *la pensée de midi* or *la pensée solaire,* which is distinguished by *la mesure, i.e.,* the Greek sense of measure, and is characteristic of the Mediterranean. He even falls back on to a pseudo-Rousseauistic conception of the goodness of Nature, which he transposes to the Mediterranean, and sees as being a permanent and valuable feature of that area, to be contrasted with the harmfully rampant ideologies of the Northern countries, which are unnatural through being divorced from the Mediterranean. All this, I am afraid, is just a lot of wishful thinking that Camus is yelding to in a mood of weakness. No doubt we have to respect the Mediterranean as the cradle of European civilisation, but it certainly has no monopoly of sanity, and its intermediate solar position, between the equator on the one hand and the Arctic circle on the other, is only a geographical fact which can be turned into innumerable different psychological realities, as the historical record shows.

In the house of the sun there are many mansions, and we can perhaps say that some (such as the Riviera) are more desirable than others, but in the last resort—to revert to Ponge's expression—they are all equally contained within *la prison de l'azur.*

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Paul Schallück

Death Delayed

I WONDER if anybody still remembers the young writer who two years ago published his first novel, entitled *Death Delayed*. The hero of this formidable work is a doctor: the climax is loaded with common sense optimism and the end a triumph of practicable hope. Overnight the novel shot into the best-seller lists and the young author became rather famous. His work was, on his own admission, no masterpiece. He recognised its stylistic faults, poor construction, inadequate characterisation and these did not escape the critics either. But he had hit upon a theme which was close to all men's hearts: the prolonging of life by the monkey-gland method. He had translated his theory into characters and plot and had not missed the chance to mix in a drop of sex and to touch on all possible aspects of the problem, theological and anthropological—a panoramic view that is the hallmark of a best-selling author.

The book was marketed more effectively than perhaps any other in the last twenty years. Everywhere people talked about it, everybody wanted to live longer. On the young author's desk, which he had bought out of the first royalties in order to write a second, better book, the readers' letters began to pile up. He received shoals of handwritten, typed and printed invitations and requests to come to this or that town to read from his book. He was proud. The publishers sent him their best editor, a man in whose car the driving seat had been remodelled by a specialist craftsman to accommodate his most extraordinarily abundant bottom. The young writer toured the country with him.

He gave readings in the town hall of his home town, in the book-stores of all major cities, broadcast from the studios of every radio station. He read at universities, colleges, high schools, junior schools and even schools for the educationally subnormal; to nurses, masseurs, midwives, mothers, gynaecologists, bacteriologists, parsons, monks, nuns, philosophical and temperance societies, the Salvation Army, bodybuilders, vegetarians and devotees of yoga, rolling-mill operatives, political party and trade union secretaries; to famous men's associations and members of the reputable foreign press agencies. He read to clubs for maidens, academics, footballers, table tennis and tenpin bowling enthusiasts, ex-servicemen and ladies' boxing, to conscientious objectors to military service, campaigners for nuclear disarmament and war widows and orphans, as well as making frequent guest appearances in jazz cellars. Everybody wanted to see his face and hear his voice—everybody wanted to live longer. And at the end of every week his editor sent the publishers a situation report. On the few days which the young writer did not spend in the train, the car or the plane he adapted parts of his novel as radio plays, serials, sound pictures and feature broadcasts. In addition he assumed personal supervision over translations into foreign languages even though he was frequently unable to pronounce the name of the country into whose language the book was being translated.

The job of replying to passionate letters from young writers, who sent him their manuscripts and asked him to confirm their talent, he had to delegate to his editor.

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Together they followed a tight schedule of flights to countries in all five continents to celebrate the foreign editions of his book with champagne and ladies. His novel was filmed three times and he was asked to approve the screenplay. He was busy.

His new writing desk remained virginal, waiting for him to engender a sentence. The young author thought about it but said to himself: You can afford to let the winter go; you owe it to your reputation and to those people who look to you for advice and hope. You can start early in the spring with the new, better book.

SPRING ARRIVED, and with it the Easter season for the book trade. The young author did not wish to disappoint his publisher. Besides, his editor had secret instructions to give him no chance of doing so. He continued to accompany his protégé from town to town, from book-store to book-store, from club to club. Over and over again he read the same chapters of his novel and in the discussions following his reading he talked of his plan for a second book, in subordinate clauses. However, hardly anybody seemed to have ears for his subordinate clauses. He was never able to get to his hotel bed before the early hours; with tender loving care his editor supplied him with sleeping pills. When he awoke—and frequently enough he did not know in which city he had gone to bed—he said to himself: "Let's get Easter over with. After Easter I shall start the new book."

Easter, too, went by, and now the editor, a conjuror, produced the handwritten, typed and hand-painted invitations from those book-stores and clubs in the smaller towns, which they had hitherto had to miss out because of lack of time. There was a large number of these and they made the young writer sad, for he could not and would not let anybody down. So he went through with these readings too and after each he talked—still in subordinate clauses—about his second book. Yet even in the quieter places in the country he did not seem to be able to make his subordinate clauses heard.

On this tour he grew restless and pale, had to take larger doses of sleeping pills and looked a little starved, although he was nowhere lacking in abundant and nourishing meals.

But now for many months he had spent whole nights in the company of strange people, drinking coffee or brandy, tea or wine, discussing God and the price of bread, pipe-smoking, national sporting teams and stamps, and trying at intervals to think about his second book, with a melancholy face.

THEN AFTER he had dealt with the second-class invitations the summer came and the young author reckoned he would now at last have leisure to sit down at his writing desk. Things did not work out this way for now he received invitations from seaside resorts, spas, mud-bathing establishments and lakeside retreats and to institutions specialising in the cure of kidney, ear, nose, throat and respiratory ailments. All looked forward to a convivial evening with the author of the book *Death Delayed* and a boost for the trade of the local hostelries. Behind the editor's back he asked the publishers if he might not call a halt at last to readings from his first book, for he was thinking of writing another. The publishers replied in extremely friendly terms: the latest edition of his book was almost sold out . . . one must strike while the iron . . . the air in the seaside resorts would do him good . . . and they recommended him to avail himself occasionally of the mud-bathing facilities, to take in new experiences.

Very tired, very sad and dispirited, the young author "did" the seaside and spa resorts. The bitterness of fame caused his lips to tighten and his eyes to lose their sparkle. As the resorts prepared to hibernate for the winter his face was yellow. Then it was time for the next book fair.

THE AUTUMN TRADE got into its stride and numerous readers told their booksellers that they would like to order "that book about death being delayed" for Christmas. Once more the young writer had to set off on his travels. Resigned to his fate he went to the same cities, to the same social gatherings and read the same extracts from his book as in the previous year: nobody noticed. He no longer needed to look at the pages; for some time now he could

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recite from memory. But his voice had become quieter and hoarser, his hands trembled; several times he was on the point of falling asleep, although his editor plied him before each reading with those sugar-coated enlivening pills. In his briefcase beside the little table, lectern or armchair was a sheet of white paper, upon which, as a symbol of his still extant hopes, was written a sentence, the first sentence of his new book.

For the second time he arrived shortly before Christmas in his home town. And there the dreaded event took place. He was reading as usual: tiredly, hoarsely, in a monotone. Suddenly however he reared to his feet, tore his first novel and the first sentence of his second to shreds, and knocked his editor to the ground. The hall was shattered by an explosive tumult. He shouted above it, smashed the water glass, hurled a chair at the chandelier. The police had to put him in a strait-jacket and take him to an asylum, where after five days he was reported to have calmed down.

In the Christmas number of a much-read magazine there was due to appear a long essay which, with uncommon precision, tore *Death Delayed* to bits, invalidated almost every sentence and called the enthusiasm with which the book had been received an advertising stunt, a typical folly of the age. However, when they learned of the fate of the young author the article was withdrawn and, on the advice of the editor, a new one was written which concerned itself benevolently with the second, as yet untitled novel. Only a passing reference was made to his illness. The director of the magazine insisted on going personally to the asylum where he showed the poor chap this fine new article with its accompanying photograph, a picture recalling happier days. The invalid read it quietly. Then he handed back the magazine, smiled sadly but genuinely and said, "Why don't you go to hell?" The director tried not to hear, coughed nervously and patted him soothingly on the shoulder. Then he went away. In the next number of his magazine he depicted in highly emotional language his visit to the sick man, now alas incurable. Subscription figures increased by several thousand.

Sales of *Death Delayed* picked up again. Then, however, contrary to the calculations of the publishers, an entire reprinting remained unsold. In the meantime the novel *Death without Decline* had made its appearance, by another young author, who awoke in his readers a desire for earthly immortality. Since then nobody talks about *Death Delayed* any more. The wretched madman on the other hand is still living in the asylum. He is said to feel as well as ever in body and in soul.

Translated by Keith Hamnett

Natural History Museum

The trustful curator has left me alone
in the closed wing of the aboriginal section
What's here? 3000 spears from Arnhemland waiting
for a computer to calculate their principle of balance
But what's in those wooden drawers? I peek
Sheeez! shrunken heads from New Guinea
& dozens upon dozens of 12-inch penis sheathes

I'm going to lock doors plant spears at windows
& try on everything for size.

earle birney

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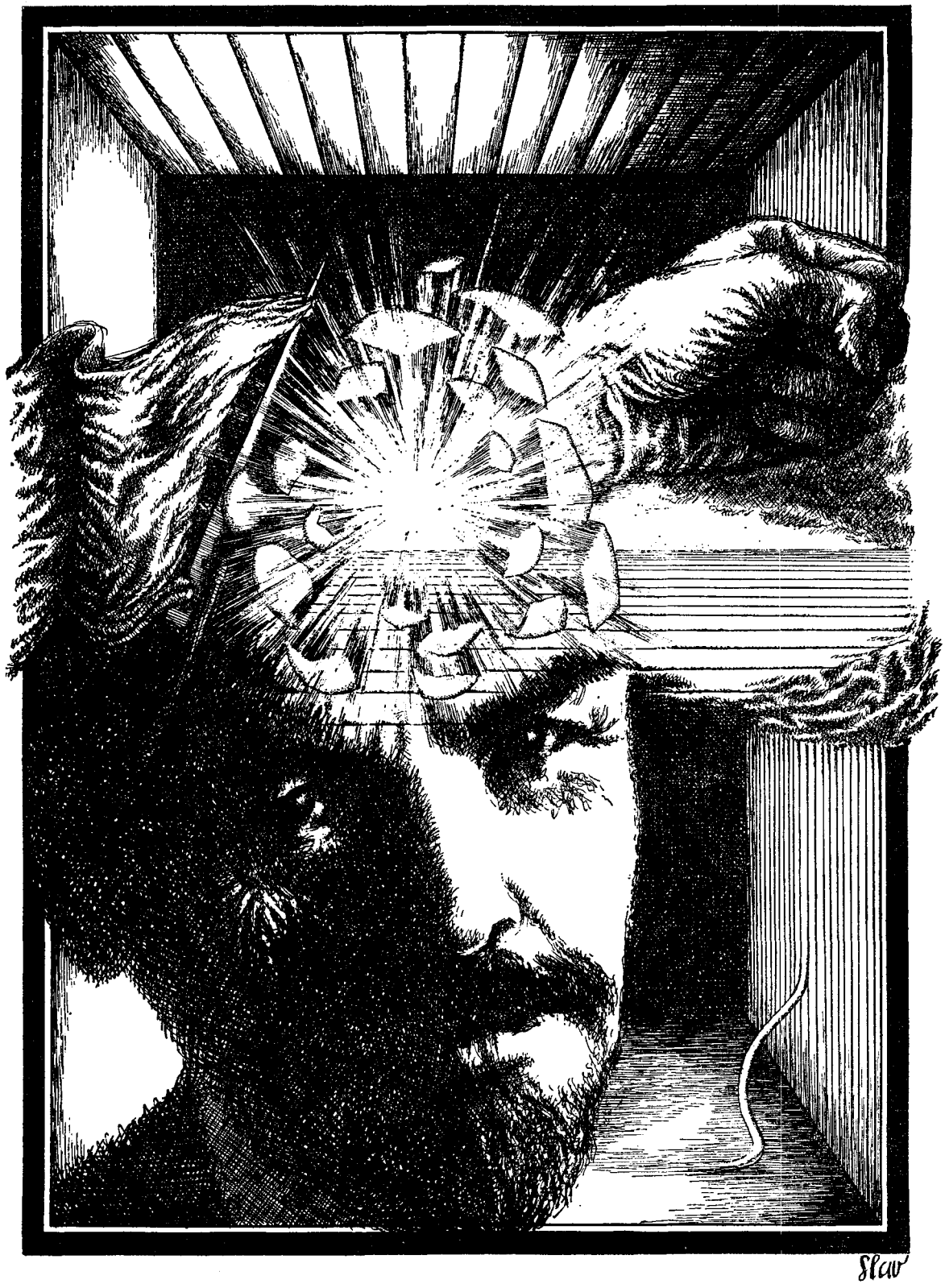

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Lewis S. Feuer

Lenin's Fantasy

The Interpretation of a Russian Revolutionary Dream

WE OUGHT TO DREAM! "I wrote these words," Lenin said in his famous factional pamphlet, *What Is to Be Done?* (published in 1902), "and became frightened." His dream was of a centralised revolutionary organisation in which "Social-Democratic Zhelyabovs" would emerge; then he would dare to say, a socialist Archimedes moving the social universe with an organisational lever:

> Give us an organisation of revolutionists, and we shall overturn the whole of Russia!

But, inevitably, he wondered whether "a Marxist has any right at all to dream." Was his dream a fantasy like that which had moved Zhelyabov to assassinate a Czar? Was he enthralled by an illusion that a few bold revolutionists could open the way to a re-making of society and humanity? Was his choice of Zhelyabov as a hero-model one which indicated Lenin's own fear that in his dream he was losing his hold on reality? He pondered what the connection between dream and reality should be, and this problem never left him all his life. He wrote that he would conceal himself

> behind the back of Pisarev: "There are differences and differences," wrote Pisarev concerning the question of the difference between dreams and reality. "My dream may run ahead of the natural progress of events or may fly off at a tangent in a direction to which no natural progress of events will ever succeed. . . . Divergence between dreams and reality causes no harm if only the person dreaming believes seriously in his dream. . . and if, generally speaking, he works conscientiously for the achievement of his fantasies. If there is some connection between dreams and life then all is well.

More than a decade later, living in exile in Switzerland, with the world at war, his own movement shattered, Lenin was moved to think again: had fantasy penetrated his Marxist science? He immersed himself in the study of Hegelian texts and classical philosophy, seeking an answer to his life-problem. Then he confided boldly to his notebook that all human thought partakes of fantasy:

> The approach of the (human) mind to a particular thing, the taking of a copy (=a concept) of it *is not* a simple, immediate act, a dead mirroring, but one which is complex, split into two, zig-zag like, which *includes in it* the possibility of the flight of fantasy from life; more than that: the possibility of the transformation (moreover, an unnoticeable transformation, of which man is unaware) of the abstract concept, idea, into a *fantasy* (in letzster Instanz=God). For even the simplest generalisation, in the most elementary general idea ("table" in general) *there is* a certain bit of fantasy. (Vice versa: it would be stupid to deny the role of fantasy, even in the strictest science: *cf.* Pisarev on useful dreaming, as an impulse *to* work, and on empty day-dreaming).[1]

THIS TENSION BETWEEN FANTASY AND REALITY is probably the underlying theme of Lenin's work as a philosopher as well as his approach to social science. A man's philosophy and methodology are the outcome of his deepest strivings and anxieties. Lenin, as we shall see, alternated in his lifetime between two philosophies. At the outset, he endeavoured to cling fast to reality; he was a simple materialist, ridiculing the dialectic of Hegel as virtual nonsense, and so hard-headed towards the sentimental "flabby" intellectuals that he revelled in the prospect of an authoritarian bureaucracy. When he brooded, however, in solitary retreat during the First World War, he thrust reality away from him, allowed himself to yield to the solace of Utopian fantasy. Then he wrote that he was the only Marxist alive; he professed to find a master-key to existence in the Hegelian triads; he saw the apocalyptic end of Imperialism as a chapter in human history, and the virtual end of all Bureaucracy within twenty-four hours after the triumph of the revolution. The materialist and social factualist became the

[1] V. I. Lenin, *Philosophical Notebooks*, in *Collected Works*, Volume 38 (tr. Dutt, Moscow, 1961), pp. 372-3.

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metaphysician and Utopian. This oscillation between extremes remains embedded in Lenin's legacy to the intellectual life of the Soviet Union.

Of Infatuation, Bitterness & Tears

LENIN'S FIRST philosophical writing was part of his first book, published in 1894, entitled *What the "Friends of the People" Are and How They Fight the Social Democrats.* Like all his writing, it was polemical in character; Lenin was never impelled to study a subject for love of it; it was all part of a fight. In this case, Lenin was replying especially to the distinguished thinker of the elder generation, Nikolai Mikhailovsky, who had criticised the so-called dialectical method of Marx and Engels. What Lenin did was to reject dialectical materialism in favour of "scientific materialism." At the age of 24, as a young revolutionary agitator, Lenin found the dialectic a lot of residual verbal nonsense. Anyone who reads the description of the dialectical method given by Marx in *Capital,* he wrote,

> will see that the Hegelian triads are not even mentioned, and that it all amounts to regarding social evolution as the development of social-economic formations as a process of natural history.

When Marx described what he meant by the dialectical method, asked Lenin, was there "even a single word, about triads, trichotomies, the unimpeachableness of the dialectical process, and such-like nonsense . . .?" In effect, says Lenin, Marx's use of the word "dialectic" had become vestigial:

> No other role remains for the triads than as a lid and a skin ["I coquetted with the modes of expression peculiar to Hegel," Marx says in this same Preface], in which only Philistines could be interested.

To coquette with phrases is scarcely the mark of a serious passion, even a philosophical one. Marx derived his prediction of the downfall of the capitalist order from a study of its facts and trends, not from triadic formulae, says Lenin, and what he coquettishly called the dialectical method was "nothing more nor less than the scientific method in sociology. . . ."[2]

This, then, was Lenin at the outset of his career, a self-confident scientific materialist, a believer in a complete "determinism, which establishes the necessity of human acts and rejects the absurd fable about free-will," ridiculing the "subjective method" in sociology, rejecting any notion that psychological variables, intellectual, sexual, have any independent causal efficacy in history. The ensuing years brought a bitter party factionalism. The choice of comrades for Lenin was translated into a rejection of comrades. Peter Struve, Julius Martov, George Plekhanov—towards most of them Lenin had a strong emotional attachment, so emotional that he would be embarrassed by his own feelings. And towards all of them he disciplined himself in accordance with his avowal of the primacy of politics for a rupture of relations, disciplining himself to transmute love into hatred. It was as if Lenin had a compulsive need to turn this weakness of his into a hatred, to harden himself. When he broke with the father of Russian Marxism, George Plekhanov, whom he revered, he wrote a document which was poignant in the agony of its self-revelation:

> We walked, bursting with indignation. . . . His [Plekhanov's] behaviour was insulting to such a degree that one could not help suspecting him of harbouring "unclean" thoughts about ourselves. . . . He tramples us underfoot, etc. . . . My "infatuation" with Plekhanov disappeared as if by magic, and I felt offended and embittered to the highest degree. Never, never in my life, have I regarded any other man with such sincere respect and veneration. I have never stood before any man with such "humility" as I stood before him, and never before have I been so brutally "spurned". We were actually spurned. We were scared like little children when grown-ups threaten to leave them, and when we funked (shame!) we were unceremoniously brushed aside in the most incredible manner.

Again:

> Such mixed, confused feelings. It was a real drama; the complete abandonment of a thing which for years we had tended like a favourite child. . . . And all because we were formerly enamoured with Plekhanov. . . . Young comrades "court" an old comrade out of the great love they bear for him—and suddenly he injects into this love an atmosphere of intrigue! He compels us to feel not as younger brothers, but as fools to be led by the nose, pawns to be moved at will. . . . An enamoured youth receives from the object of his love a bitter lesson: To regard all persons "without sentiment"; to keep a stone in one's sling. Many more thoughts of an equally bitter nature did we give utterance to that night. . . . Blinded by our love, we had actually behaved like *slaves.* To be a slave is humiliating, and the sense of shame we felt was magnified a hundred-fold by the fact that "he himself had forced us to realise how humiliating our position was."

And again:

> . . . Is it I, the fervent worshipper of Plekhanov, who am now filled with bitter thoughts about him? Is it I, with clenched teeth, and a devilish chill at the heart, hurling cold and bitter words

[2] V. I. Lenin, *What the "Friends of the People" Are and How They Fight the Social-Democrats* (Moscow, 1950), pp. 54 ff.

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> at him in announcing what is almost our "breaking off of relations"? Perhaps it is only an ugly dream? . . . Indeed, so profoundly moved was I that at times I thought I would burst into tears. . . .

And finally:

> On the surface everything appeared as if nothing had happened; the apparatus must continue to work as it worked before. But we felt an internal twinge—instead of friendly relations, dry, business-like relations prevailed, we were always to be on guard on the principle: *Si vis pacem, para bellum.*"[3]

Ideologising Truth

STATESMEN have not infrequently written philosophical works, *e.g.*, Balfour, Smuts, Clemenceau; but invariably they have been written as post-political reflections on the meaning of things. Lenin is the only man in history who wrote an epistemological book as part of his tactical plan to defeat another faction within his party. The book has one thesis, that materialism, defined as the belief in the reality of the external physical world, is the only ideology to which a true revolutionist, scientist, or man of common sense can subscribe. Sometimes he confuses this meaning of materialism as physical realism with materialism in two other senses: one, the notion that "nature is the sole reality," that supernatural entities don't exist; and the other, an evolutionary sense, in which materialism means that physical entities preceded the existence of mental ones. The villains of Lenin's book are the philosophical idealists and their ilk, from Bishop Berkeley to the physicist Ernst Mach, who dare to affirm that we can meaningfully speak only of observable elements. The book has more invective per page than any work written in the history of philosophy. Indeed, if one were to ask what its philosophical method was, we might say: usually the method of invective. Nonetheless, Bertrand Russell wrote a comparatively benign estimate of it—in 1934, to be sure, at a time during the Depression when he was more sympathetic to Bolshevism:

> while I do not think that materialism can be *proved*, I think Lenin is right in saying that it is not disproved by modern physics. Since his time, and largely as a reaction against his success, respectable physicists have moved further and further from materialism, and it is naturally supposed, by themselves and by the general public, that it is physics which has caused this movement. I agree with Lenin that no substantially new argument has emerged since the time of Berkeley, with one exception.[4]

This one exception Russell found, oddly enough, in the instrumentalist theory (which he attributed to Marx) that "truth" is a practical rather than a theoretical conception.

HOW SHALL WE APPRAISE Lenin's argument, and why was it that any departure from materialism struck him as a deviation and heresy, making its proponent a fit candidate for excommunication?

Lenin himself acknowledges: "by no proofs, or syllogisms, or definitions would it be possible to refute the solipsist."[5] Then what shall be done with the person who says with Fichte: "the world is my sensation"? Or with Wittgenstein in our own time: "I am my world"? "Any healthy person," Lenin writes, "who is not an inmate of an insane asylum, or in the school of idealist philosophers" holds to "naïve realism," a belief which "consists in this, that he believes reality, the environment and the things in it, to exist independently of his perception." The mental health, the sanity of the party, seem to Lenin to be at stake with the philosophical issue of materialism, "a problem concerning the confidence of man in the evidence of his sense-organs." Materialism, he insists, is "the instinctive viewpoint held by humanity which accepts the existence of the outer world independently of the mind." Those philosophies which purport to explicate a non-spatial, non-temporal existence are "products of a diseased mind." Nor will Lenin admit of any departure from the definition of truth as correspondence to fact. He is impatient with empiricists and pragmatists who speak of truth as an "organising form of human experience," or who try to translate "the objective character of the physical world" as its "intersubjectively verified" status. For, Lenin says, there are all sorts of ways for organising human experience; every culture, as we would say, is a socially endorsed form for organising human experience. And for the majority of

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[3] V. I. Lenin, "How the *Spark* Was Nearly Extinguished," in *Collected Works*, Vol. IV, *The Iskra Period 1900-1902*, Book I, (tr. Fineberg, New York, 1929), pp. 29-32 ff.

The intensity of Lenin's revolt against Plekhanov was such that it led Lenin evidently to misperceive Plekhanov's role in Marxist philosophy. It was well known, for instance, that Plekhanov had introduced the philosophical phrase "dialectical materialism." Lenin, however, wrote: "Marx often termed his viewpoint dialectical materialism." I have never seen this phrase in Marx's writings.

See G. Plekhanov (N. Beltov), *The Development of the Monist View of History* (tr. Andrew Rothstein, Moscow, 1956), pp. 276, I. Samuel H. Baron, *Plekhanov: The Father of Russian Marxism* (1963), p. 287. V. I. Lenin, *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* (tr. Kvitko, 1927), pp. 1, 208.

[4] Bertrand Russell, *Freedom and Organisation: 1814-1914* (1934), pp. 223-4.

[5] *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, p. 226.

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mankind, Lenin observes, "house goblins and wood demons" are part of a "socially organised experience." If so, then to say they exist is "truth," if all "truth" means is its employment to organise human experience.

What perturbs Lenin is that every definition of truth, other than as simple correspondence to fact, somehow loosens man's hold on reality. Every other definition refuses to acknowledge that the person does really get to know something about the existent world; every other definition concedes that the world given to us in perception may still be a phantom, a stage-play, an illusion. Every other definition of truth, by its very departure from the criterion of correspondence, introduces into itself an "alienation" of man from reality, as the current phrase goes. As Lenin states it, the idealist philosopher takes sensation not as a connection with the external world "but as a screen, as a wall which separates the mind from the outer world." The empiricists, Lenin protests, "do not sufficiently trust the evidence of our sense-organs." The Kantians likewise say "that the thing exists in itself, but is unknowable." And the final test of the "absurdity" of a philosophy is that it leads one toward solipsism, toward the view that "the world is my sensation."

Lenin expounds what philosophers call a "copy theory of knowledge." "Sensations," he writes, are "the true copy of the objective world." A sound scientific theory, he holds, is "a copy, as an approximate reflection of objective reality." Scientific truth is founded on "a reality which is copied, photographed, and reflected by our sensations."

AMONG REVISIONIST MARXISTS today, especially the group of young Yugoslav philosophers associated with the magazine *Praxis,* Lenin's theory of sensation has been under special attack. They charge that Lenin's view that sensation provides a reflection of reality is the epistemological source of Stalinism. Lenin did, of course, insist that "human practice," which had eventuated in man's domination over nature, "is a result of an accurate objective 'reflection' within the mind of man." Although the science of any given historical period is only a relative approximation to the truth, still, said Lenin, each approximation does incorporate more of that absolute truth: "but it is unconditionally true that this picture reflects an objectively existing model."

The revisionist Marxists, however, seem to me to have fallen into the Leninist fallacy in reverse. Their argument that Lenin's theory of reflection is the foundation for Stalinism seems to me to be based on misconceptions concerning the relation of philosophy to politics. The *Praxis* philosophers argue that Stalinism was founded on the notion that the correct theory in social science was a "reflection" of the inevitable line of development. Therefore, it would be sound practice to compel everybody to follow that line of development. The Communist Party, as scientific Marxists, would enunciate the correct line. Instead, say the *Praxis* philosophers, there are alternative lines of possible development and the decision as to which will be actualised rests on the involvement, the engagement, of human actors who make their own history. The "truth" is not a "reflection" of a pre-existent or predetermined reality but rather something which is created in human decision which shapes, constructs, and reconstructs reality rather than "reflects" it.

We might undertake to reply to the revisionists on Lenin's behalf. We would say: the revisionists are not really discussing the definition of truth—they are arguing against sociological determinism. The revisionists are arguing that the basic laws of sociology do not have a determinist form but that rather they are characterised, as far as predictable outcomes of systems are concerned, by domains of indeterminacy. Hence, the initial states of a given social system, together with the laws of social science, never provide one with both the necessary and sufficient conditions of the emergent social state. The unpredictable role of human involvement and choice among indeterminate alternatives must be taken into account.

Let us assume that the revisionist standpoint is true. Still, it will be clear that it in no way challenges Lenin's conception of truth as correspondence to fact, or sensation as reflection of external reality. For the objective truth will now be regarded as stated by laws which provide for indeterminate domains; a principle of sociological indeterminacy will be the objective truth rather than sociological determinism. In either case, we shall be accepting as our criterion for scientific decision the crucial status of sensations as "reflecting" the objective state of things. The sociological indeterminist defends his standpoint just as much as does the determinist by appealing to perceptions as reports or reflections of external reality. He avers, for instance, that perceived acts of human intervention are necessary to social outcomes; but he accepts the veracity, at least provisionally, of his perceptions, or sensations. There have been many naïve realists who were democrats; and I do not think their

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democratic politics was inconsistent with their reflectional epistemology. The Yugoslav revisionists, like Lenin and like Stalin, have drawn too close a relationship between philosophy and politics, even though in their case, their concern is with an underpinning for more liberal values. They remain ideologists.

The Sources of Over-Affirmation

WHAT STRIKES THE READER as strange is the vehemence which possesses Lenin when he discusses this issue of the reality of the external world. He avails himself of Russian literary resources to ridicule the empiricists. Valentinov is like Gogol's *Petrushka,* Chernov is like Voroshilov in Turgenev's *Smoke.* Others call forth Gogol's Inspector-General; the philosopher Avenarius is like Turgenev's rascal. For the great philosopher-physicist Ernst Mach, Lenin rises or stoops to the most demagogic invective:

> The philosophy of Mach, the scientist, is to science what the kiss of Judas is to Christ. Mach betrays science into the hands of fideism . . .[6]

It would have been of no avail to point out that Mach was a stubborn anti-clerical all his life. For Lenin sees himself as the Christ whom the empiricists are betraying. Nor would it have availed to observe that Mach had even before Lenin was born been a pioneer in the advocacy of socialistic reforms. Here was simply for Lenin a most menacing heresy, comparable to that of Judas Iscariot, subtly gnawing away at the heart of his doctrine.

Socialists in Germany, France, Italy, and America scarcely attached any political importance to philosophical materialism. Jaurès, the great French leader, was drawn to Kantian ethical idealism, as were even such German men of the Left as Karl Liebknecht and Kurt Eisner. In America, the leftist organ *The International Socialist Review* was enthusiastic over the philosophy of Ernst Mach. And to Mach the world owes an imperishable debt for the inspiration his philosophy gave to the young student in Zürich, Albert Einstein. For Einstein, partaking much of Machian ideas especially under the stimulus of his student friend, Friedrich Adler, who was both a Marxist and a Machian, was guided to the critique of absolute space and time as unobservable entities. The theory of relativity was largely conceived under the influence of Machian emotions and a Machian frame of mind, trying to expel from one's physical theory whatever was not translatable into an observer's experiences. To Lenin, however, the philosophy of Ernst Mach signified a veritable threat to his sanity.

INDEED IT IS SUCH highly personal psychological reasons rather than anything political or sociological which explain why Lenin attached so much importance to his materialism. Often enough, Lenin gave indications that he kept guard over an unstable personality, threatened by the fear of illusion, the fear of a commitment to an unreal world. Lenin's older sister told, for instance, how shaken Lenin was when he read Chekhov's short story *Ward No. 6*:

> Volodya summed up its effect on him in these words: "When I finished reading this story last night, I felt positively afraid. I just could not remain in my room but had to get up and go out. I had the feeling that I, too, was locked up in Ward No. 6." That had happened late at night when we had all gone to our rooms and some were even asleep, and he had nobody to talk to. Those words lifted a veil from his state of mind. . . .[7]

This was in the winter of 1892 in Samara. Chekhov's story was being published in a periodical,[8] and Lenin was evolving the ideas of his work *What the "Friends of the People" Are.* Lenin was already a Marxist, and condescending towards the idealistic *Narodniki* of the older generation who were his neighbours. And in the midst of his materialistic philosophising, the veil lifts, and he is filled with anxiety. Chekhov's story tells of an understanding reflective physician, who is in charge of a mental asylum; then through the intrigues of an assistant, he himself is declared insane. He finds himself then at the mercy of the brutal caretaker, Nikita, who beats him cruelly. The sane man has patronised the sadistic forces which misuse him and declare him insane. He has lived in illusion. Death ends his torment and insoluble problems. No wonder Lenin had the feeling that he, too, was locked in Ward No. 6, a strange prophetic dream far more accurate than the Utopian declamation of *The State and Revolution.* For in the Soviet society the sane writers today find themselves thrust into insane asylums, a practice a later Nikita initiated. Thus the Soviet dialectic reached its new high stage: the rational transformed into the irrational.

SEEKING TO EXORCISE an inner anxiety of illusion, the fear that perhaps his Marxist learning

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[6] *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism,* pp. 40, 64, 70, 302, 304.

[7] A. I. Ulyanova-Yelizarovka, "Reminiscences of Ilyich," *Reminiscences of Lenin by his Relatives* (Moscow, 1956), p. 43.

[8] Ernest J. Simmons, *Chekhov: A Biography* (1962), pp. 300-1.

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was an exercise in fantasy and in myth, Lenin responded with an over-determination of his materialism. Leon Trotsky reports that when he first met Lenin, the latter was indeed drawn to Machian doctrines.[9] But now he extirpated the Machian and the solipsist within himself. He especially polemicised against Dr. A. A. Bogdanov, a disciple of Mach, who together with Lenin had for a few years led the Bolshevik Party. For now Bogdanov was leading a faction opposed to Lenin. Bogdanov, a remarkably exploratory and clear-thinking mind, was also given to psycho-analysing his contemporaries' philosophical divagations, and exerted his art on both the idealist Berdyaev (whom Lenin scorned) and on Lenin himself. Whenever Bogdanov saw Berdyaev, the latter tells, he

> kept on asking all sorts of odd questions, such as, How did I feel in the morning? How did I sleep? What was my reaction to this or that? It eventually emerged that in his view my philosophical tendencies were evidence of an impending psychic disorder, and he, being by profession a psychiatrist, wanted to discover how far the process had gone.[10]

Bogdanov similarly indicated many years later what he thought was the root-source of Lenin's materialism: "as a doctor, I concluded that Lenin occasionally suffered from a mental condition and displayed symptoms of abnormality.[11]

WE MIGHT CALL the fear that one's avowed goals are an illusion the "revolutionary anxiety." Since he is pitting himself against the established norms and values of society, the "revolutionary anxiety" arises in moments of doubt. The phrases, the clichés, the programmes, the manifestos, suddenly acquire a hollow ring. The safeguarding of his materialism was a kind of defence-mechanism against the revolution's self-doubt. Otherwise Lenin could have reacted mildly against empiricist and solipsist views, regarding them as men of common sense do as rather paradoxical intellectual standpoints, but scarcely looking upon their proponents as Judases, or ideological plotters.

Lenin is so eager to confute the scientific standpoint of Ernst Mach that he allows himself to embark upon a polemic against the principle of economy in scientific logic, the principle which advises us to choose the simplest hypothesis among those which conform to the facts. Lenin queries challengingly: wouldn't it then be more "economical" to accept the hypothesis that the atom is indivisible rather than that it is composed of "positive and negative electrons"? Lenin's mistake is evident: he interprets the principle of economy as asserting that the world is simple. The principle does nothing of the sort: it tells you that, no matter how simple or complex the constitution of nature may be, you as a scientist will work with the simplest hypothesis which explains the facts. The hypothesis that the atom is indivisible was dropped not because it was simple but because it couldn't explain the experimental facts which such scientists as J. J. Thomson and Ernest Rutherford had adduced. Lenin's materialist defence-mechanism, however, struck out wildly against whatever awakened his revolutionary anxiety. He struck out against the principle of relativity:

> Another cause of "idealistic physics" is the principle of *relativity*, the relativity of science, a principle which in a period of bankruptcy of old theories, imposes itself with special force upon physicists. . . .[12]

No wonder that when Einstein's friend, Friedrich Adler, read Lenin's book, he said all that Lenin had proved, apart from his patient capacity to write a big book, was that he knew nothing about the subject. Einstein himself in later years wrote limericks about the stupidities of dialectical materialism.[13] But Lenin's anxiety

[9] Leon Trotsky, *My Life* (1930), p. 144.

[10] Nicholas Berdyaev, *Dream and Reality: an Essay in Autobiography* (tr. Lampert, 1962), p. 131.

[11] Nikolay Valentinov (N. V. Volsky), *Encounters with Lenin* (tr. Rosta and Pearce, London, 1968), p. 236. Bogdanov, as Gorky recalled, "was an extremely attractive person, of a very mild character"; he used to anger Lenin by beating him at chess. He died in 1928 as a result, it is said, of experiments performed on himself in blood transfusion. Was it perhaps an act of suicide? For Bogdanov, with his theory of the role of intellectuals, might very well have found himself shortly afterwards a co-defendant in the trial of the Industrial Party. See: Maxim Gorky, *Days with Lenin*, p. 26. S. V. Utechin, "Philosophy and Society: Alexander Bogdanov," in *Revisionism: Essays in the History of Marxist Ideas* (ed. Labedz, 1962), pp. 117-125. Lenin in 1920 in his preface to the second edition of his *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* was still pursuing Bogdanov for "introducing bourgeois and reactionary views" in the guise of "proletarian culture." One might note that by contrast Nikolai Bukharin rendered a favourable judgment of Bogdanov's work. *Cf.* Nikolai Bukharin, *Historical Materialism: A System of Sociology* (1925).

[12] *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, pp. 138, 264.

[13] Julius Braunthal, *Victor und Friedrich Adler: zwei Generationen Arbeiterbewegung* (Vienna, 1965), pp. 198-9. I am grateful to the executor of Albert Einstein's estate, Dr. Otto Nathan, and Professor Einstein's secretary, Miss Helene Dukas, who allowed me to read some of Einstein's verse in the Archives at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, New Jersey.

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and defence-mechanism were transmitted into the psyches of generations of Soviet students.

LENIN, MOREOVER, as a simple 19th-century Russian materialist misconceived the relation of philosophy to the sciences, indeed, we should rather say, the relation of *philosophies* to the sciences. For this relationship is not unlike that between the philosophies and the arts. As Lenin wrote Gorky in 1908: "an artist can draw much that is useful to him from any philosophy."[14]

Similarly, different scientists have drawn inspiration in their work, models, analogues, motivations, from the most diverse philosophies. In one mood, Einstein drew inspiration and direction from Mach's empiricism; in another mood, he was doing work in the spirit of a follower of Boltzmann's atomism. In his philosophy as a scientist, Niels Bohr, developing his principle of complementarity, was somehow guided by a devotion to Kierkegaard and the pluralistic conciliation of his teacher Høffding. Heisenberg drew sustenance from Plato's *Timaeus*. Different philosophies are indications of different themes in the universe. None of them is controlling; and part of the life of science, the source of its vitality, is their unending alternation.

MANY PAGES of Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* are strewn with invective against educators and professors. These reactionaries, he writes, aim "to implant in the high-school students the spirit of idealism." The opponent of materialism is a "police officer in a professorial chair." "The bourgeois professors have a right to receive their salaries from reactionary governments," because they defend medieval, transcendental absurdities. "Not a single professor," he writes, even the most eminent physicist and chemists, "can be trusted even so far as a single word when it comes to philosophy. . . . [The] professors of philosophy are scientific salesmen of theology."[15]

Why was Lenin's materialism so polemically oriented against these academics? The answer suggests itself in the facts of Lenin's own evolution from religion to materialism. Lenin's father, Ilya Nikolayevich, as Krupskaya tells us, "even though he was a teacher of physics and a meteorologist, believed in God until the end of his life. The fact that his sons had abandoned religion caused him anxiety." When the father complained to a friend "that his children were bad church attenders," the friend suggested: "Give him the stick, don't spare it." "Upon hearing this Ilyich, burning with indignation, decided to break with religion; he rushed into the garden, took off the cross that he wore around his neck, and threw it away." All this happened when Lenin was fourteen or fifteen years old.[16]

From Lenin's standpoint, his father—the teacher of physics, the director of primary schools, the religious believer—might have been another police officer in the guise of an educator. The curious bitterness against academics seems to have been a recurring re-enactment of Lenin's rebellion against his father's authority and religious devotion. Throughout his life he was tearing the cross from around his neck. His materialism always retained the polemical cast because it was for him less a scientific standpoint than the projection of a fixated emotion of generational rebellion.

Lenin's materialism always remained invested with emotions for overcoming feminine, or unmanly weakness, for proving his toughness. The reactionary professors, he wrote, were succumbing to "the kissses" of the idealists and pragmatists, and were allowing themselves to be "nailed" to a pillory. These were "shameful things." The professors in advanced capitalist countries were living in "concubinage." The empiricists entwined all the idealistic weaknesses into a "Chinese braid," this symbol of femininity, which Feuerbach had once cut off. Mach's "elements" were a "fig-leaf" for his idealism. Kisses, concubines, fig-leaves, and Chinese braids . . . such were the metaphors for the emotional determinants of Lenin's materialism.[17]

If Lenin indeed had followed out his own suggestions that solipsism and idealism cannot be logically refuted but only psychologically analysed, he would then have been led as well to examine the psychological basis of his own doctrine. But he could never engage in such self-scrutiny. His notion that philosophies have political consequences would have largely collapsed, for the basis of philosophies lies much

[14] *The Letters of Lenin*, p. 265.

[15] *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, pp. 145, 182, 264, 296-7.

[16] N. K. Krupskaya, *On Education: Selected Speeches and Articles* (tr. Ivanov-Mumjiev, Moscow, 1957), p. 37.
The current Soviet writing on Lenin's relations with his family and father suppresses this incident, and depicts Lenin's father as imparting to him "spontaneous-materialistic positions." *Cf. The Ulyanov Family* (ed. I. Baranov, Moscow, 1968), p. 114.

[17] *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, pp. 50, 116, 195, 239, 298-9.

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more in temperament, as William James saw, than in political affiliation. But just as Lenin shrank from the subjectivist ingredient in sociology, he suppressed the suggestion of its relevance in philosophical decision. For what Lenin would have feared above all was self-knowledge of the unconscious determinants of his own materialistic dogmatism. Then the neurotic anxieties, fears, and cruelties which led to his materialistic over-affirmation would have come to view.

The Process of Self-formation

IT IS CLEAR that Lenin struggled with his neurosis. His nerves for years previously used to afflict him with physical inflammations and serious sleeplessness. The later years of emigration were especially hard. Comrades of his had gone mad and committed suicide. "Another year or two of life in this atmosphere of squabbling and emigrant tragedy would have meant heading for a breakdown," wrote Lenin's wife.[18] Fortunately for his sanity, the years of reaction were followed by revolutionary upsurge. Years earlier, after a series of squabbles which had led to the suicide of a famous student leader, Lenin wrote to his sister: "You'd better not wish any comrades from the intellectuals on me. . . . The worst thing about exile is these 'exile episodes.'. . ." He had shaped and fashioned his personality to stamp out affections. "Friendship is friendship and work is work," Lenin would say, "and on this account the necessity for war will not disappear," as he obliterated a friendship from his life.[19] From the time of his adolescence he regarded Turgenev's short story *Andrei Kolosov* as the last word on love and sincerity:

> He felt that Turgenev showed here, absolutely correctly and in a few lines, how to understand properly what is rather pompously called the "sanctity" of love. He often told me that his views on this question were exactly the same as those expressed by Turgenev in *Andrei Kolosov*. "These," he used to say, "are not vulgar bourgeois views on the relations between men and women, but real, revolutionary ones."[20]

The story deals with a rather cold, calculating young man who without any compunction breaks with a girl who no longer pleases him. Evidently what pleased Lenin in the story was the hero's refusal to allow considerations of personal loyalty to sway him. When he saw Tolstoy's *The Living Corpse,* the rest of the audience sympathised with the character of the deserted wife in the play; Lenin sympathised with the deserting husband, and wanted to see the play again.[21]

Lenin tried to emulate such models, but the effort in his case involved terrific emotional strains. Though Krupskaya, his wife, became ungainly with illness, Lenin evidently could not bring himself to leave her when he loved another woman.[22] But in more trivial matters he could more successfully fashion his character to ideological requirements. He found chess tremendously absorbing, but it impinged on the revolution; and he gave it up. Skating, hunting, the study of Latin—all were eliminated from the revolutionist's life.[23] He feared that music might deprive him of his capacity to be ruthless.[24]

SUCH WAS LENIN'S PROJECT for self-formation; to repress whatever spontaneous impulses and affections seemed inconsistent with the revolutionist's calling. When so much aggression is directed against one's self, the unconscious protests; a perpetual frustration of impulse and emotion always brings in its train a feeling of unreality. Life seems to lose its savour, and consists of a rehearsal of assigned lines in a play rather than a spontaneous partaking of its joy. The vehement reiteration of his materialism as a party tenet was proportional to his own feelings of unreality. He had to assure himself philosophically of an existence which his self-punitive actions were negating into non-existence.

During the years of the World War, according to his closest co-worker at that time, Gregory Zinoviev, Lenin "seemed to have changed even in his appearance." Living in the poorest quarter of Zurich, "in the house of a shoe-maker, in a sort of garret . . . his hatred of the bourgeoisie became sharp like a dagger . . . Many, who knew him before, were surprised at the change which had taken place in him since the war." The shock of the collapse of the

[18] Krupskaya, *Reminiscences of Lenin,* p. 214. Relatives, *Reminiscences of Lenin,* pp. 32, 76.

[19] *The Letters of Lenin,* p. 91. Krupskaya, *Reminiscences of Lenin,* pp. 7, 99.

[20] Cited in Valentinov, *Encounters with Lenin,* p. 56. Relatives, *Reminiscences of Lenin,* p. 190.

[21] Krupskaya, *Reminiscences of Lenin,* p. 311.

[22] Bernard Shaw, *The Rationalisation of Russia* (ed. Geduld), p. 30. Bertram D. Wolfe, "Lenin and Inessa Armand" ENCOUNTER, February 1964.

[23] Krupskaya, *Reminiscences of Lenin,* pp. 41-2. Relatives, *Reminiscences of Lenin;* p. 166 ff.

[24] Lenin, as Gorky admiringly wrote in later years, possessed in the highest degree the best qualities of revolutionary intelligentsia, "self-discipline often amounting to self-torture and self-mutilation." He describes how Lenin, after listening to Beethoven's *Appassionata* sonata, said: "But I can't listen to music too often. It affects your nerves, makes you want to say stupid, nice things, and stroke the heads of people. . . . And now you mustn't stroke any one's head—you might get your hand bitten off. You have to hit them on the head, without any mercy. . . ." Maxim Gorky, *Days with Lenin* (1932), pp. 48, 52.

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Second International had taken its toll. "The honour of the proletariat demanded that a war against this war be fought to a finish," and the "imperialist bandits" forever destroyed.[25]

Leaps to a Reality Transfigured

DURING THE MISERABLE YEARS of exile, the temptation of the total absorption into dreams waxed stronger. As Krupskaya reports: "During those very hard years of emigration, concerning which Ilyich always spoke with a feeling of sadness . . . during those years he dreamed and dreamed," taking heart as a desperate man does from the chance good cheer of others more prosaically miserable, from a French charwoman singing *Mais votre coeur—vous ne l'aurez jamais,* or from a Parisian café singer, with whom one evening he dreamed together of world revolution, or during sleepless nights reading the poems of Verhaeren. When Inessa Armand and her daughter visited him, Krupskaya narrates, "Ilyich liked to indulge in day-dreaming in their presence."[26] The dream always beckoned to a dialectical logic in which there were qualitative leaps to a reality transfigured. But it was precisely this dialectical logic which could tempt one into a qualitative leap beyond reality to the unreal, to fantasies in which one lost one's last moorings with the physical and social worlds. During the distress and isolation of the World War years, Lenin was converted to *dialectical* materialism.

From the triads and trichotomies which he had ridiculed in 1892 as a young scientific Marxist, Lenin now in sombre isolation derived instead a curious consolation, like an old believer falling back on new readings of sacred texts. He even wrote an "aphorism" in which he exulted in his solitary devotion:

> It is impossible completely to understand Marx's *Capital* and especially its first chapter, without having thoroughly studied and understood the *whole* of Hegel's Logic. Consequently, half a century later none of the Marxists understood Marx![27]

At last he was the ultimate sectarian, the only one in the world in half a century who had divined the master's message. The great mantle was his. Marx had in his maturity playfully belittled his coquetry with Hegelian phrases. For Lenin the coquetry became a passionate obsession. "Hegel actually *proved* that logical forms and laws are not an empty shell, but the *reflection* of the objective world," he wrote: and then perturbed by his own flight to fantasy, he qualified it to "a brilliant guess." He invented more dialectical aphorisms. "*Dialectics* is the teaching which shows how *Opposites* can be and how they happen to be (how they become) *identical*. . . ." It was a Freudian dream-world in which negation ceases to exist, the fantasy projected into a "logic" all its own. Without the Hegelian dialectic, the conception of development would be "lifeless, pale and dry." The dialectic would make it "living," full of "self-movement," with "leaps." The vocabulary of this Hegelian conversion had the peculiar accents of a man of declining virility finding in the Hegelian words a kind of metaphysical restorative. And then he found in the Hegelian idealism itself the ultimate justification of revolution. The subjective will would create its own world, would posit the revolution itself. What was the meaning of "practice in the theory of knowledge"? Lenin said: "Alias: [i.e.] Man's consciousness not only reflects the objective world, but creates it." Indeed, he now preferred Hegel's theology to Huxley's agnosticism: "this philosophical idealism, openly, 'seriously' leading to God is more honest than modern agnosticism with its hypocrisy and cowardice."[28]

He called, in his loneliness, for a metaphysics to sustain his fantasy, to give assurance to his will to revolution. A few years before he had berated Gorky for venturing even to think of God as a class-name for human ethical strivings.

> Is not God-building the worst form of self-castigation? Everyone engaged in building *God* . . . *castigates* himself in the worst possible way, because instead of occupying himself with "deeds" he indulges in self-contemplation.

The God-builder was then for Lenin a philosophical masochist of the worst kind. Now, however, in 1916 it was the scientific agnostic, with his perpetual demand for evidence, who most aroused Lenin's ire.

The Tyranny of Definitions

IT WAS DURING the war years, when Lenin's immersion in Hegelian dialectic was deepest, that he wrote the two works of social science for which he is most famous, *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism* and *The State and Revolution.* Here the power of fantasy was superimposed on the facts. The fantasy, which Lenin regarded as inherent in every generalisation, took possession; dialectic indeed became the logic of projected fantasy. It was no longer a time for realistic

[25] Gregory Zinoviev, *Lenin* (tr. Wright, Petrograd, 1918; London, 1966), p. 38.
[26] Relatives, *Reminiscences of Lenin,* pp. 203-4; Krupskaya, *Reminiscences of Lenin,* p. 539.
[27] *Philosophical Notebooks,* p. 180.
[28] *Philosophical Notebooks,* pp. 212, 303, 360.

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studies such as his youthful *The Development of Capitalism in Russia.* Instead, Lenin found himself borne along not by scientific prediction but by dialectical prophecy.

Lenin's thesis was that imperialism was in its economic nature "moribund capitalism." The "destructive characteristics of imperialism," he wrote, "compel us to define it as parasitic or decaying capitalism." It was capitalism at "its highest historical stage of development," on "the eve of the social revolution."[29] Now here was dialectical method in high flight. For imperialism, as historians have documented, has been a universal theme in the world's history. The Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans had their imperialism; feudal Europe had its imperialism in the Crusades; the Arabs had their Moslem imperialism; the nomadic Tartars had their imperial state, while the sea-faring Scandinavians went forth in their Viking imperialism. The French Revolution brought into being a revolutionary imperialism. Far from imperialism today being the last stage of capitalism, it seems today to be a second or third stage of socialism. The Czechs today complain of Soviet military and economic exploitation, and Fidel Castro charged in 1966 that Communist China was exhibiting towards his country "the worst methods of piracy, oppression, and filibusterism" that had characterised "the imperialist states." Castro said it all came down to the "fundamental question for the peoples: whether in the world of tomorrow the powerful nations can assume the right to blackmail, extort, pressure, attack, and strangle small peoples. . . ."[30]

LENIN, OF COURSE, was well aware that imperialism had been a recurrent, cross-systemic phenomenon. He was determined, however, to look at reality dialectically, to see all that he hated perish with capitalist society, and to see humanity making a qualitative leap into a new society in which Imperialism would vanish together with the State and the Bureaucracy. He was, therefore, under an emotional compulsion to define imperialism in such a way that it would indeed end with capitalism. Nothing is so certain as a tautology; and Lenin was removing the question of imperialism in post-capitalist and pre-capitalist societies from the empirical domain simply by linking it through a definition necessarily to capitalism. So Lenin wrote:

> Imperialism existed before this latest stage of capitalism, and even before capitalism. Rome, founded on slavery, pursued a colonial policy and achieved imperialism. But "general" arguments about imperialism, which ignore, or put into the background the fundamental difference of social-economic systems, inevitably degenerate into absolutely empty banalities, or into grandiloquent expressions like "Greater Rome and Greater Britain."

Thus Lenin defends his definition of imperialism as specific to modern capitalism, his well-known definition of imperialism as involving the dominance of monopolies in production, the merger of bank capital with industrial capital, the export of capital, the formation of international monopolies, and the territorial division of the whole world among the greatest capitalist powers.

There are considerable doubts concerning the actuality of the specific traits which Lenin insisted were characteristic of imperialism. Foreign investment was in Britain and the United States primarily financed through a reinvestment of profits, and involved a very small net outflow of capital; Czarist Russia embarked on imperialist ventures though it had no surplus capital for export; the French colonies as a whole imported more in their trade than they exported; the average annual return on the invested capital in such major imperialist ventures as the Witwatersrand mines did not exceed 4.1%; the British economy was not characterised by a merger between financial and industrial capital; critics in the colonies complained that imperialist countries didn't export enough capital to make for the development of industry.[31] But all such specific criticisms, however, are minor when compared to the major methodological distortion in Lenin's perspective on imperialism.

For Lenin argues that "general" arguments about imperialism must degenerate into banalities. By the same token, one might have argued that Newton's general arguments about the gravitational attraction of all masses, or Einstein's arguments concerning all frames of reference, all observers, were "banalities" or "tautologies." A Leninist would have held that the specific differences between the moon's motion and that of the planets were the only kinds of subjects that could be fruitfully studied. Indeed, the Aristotelian resistance to

[29] V. I. Lenin, *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism,* pp. 7, 124, 126.

[30] *The New York Times,* 7 February 1966.

[31] See: Herbert Feis, *Europe: The World's Banker,* 1870-1914 (New Haven, 1930); Cleona Lewis, *America's Stake in International Investments* (1938), p. 285; Randall Hinshaw, "Foreign Investment and American Employment," *American Economic Review* (Vol. 36, 1946, Suppl.), p. 663; Melvin Knight, *Morocco as a French Economic Venture* (1937), p. 189; S. Herbert Frankel, *Capital Investment in Africa* (1938), p. 91.

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Galileo's logic of mechanics had precisely something of this character. Lenin, in other words, failed utterly to appreciate the significance of general laws of science. And the reason why he so failed is that the element of fantasy possessed him when he confronted basic social realities. His emotions wanted to decree the End of Imperialism as the consequence of the End of Capitalism. His imperious revolutionary will wanted to annihilate Imperialism; therefore, by a verbal sleight-of-hand he stipulated that Imperialism could exist only under Modern Capitalism. He projected a whole evolutionary sequence of historical stages into a choice in the use of words obedient to his emotions.

When Yugoslav, Polish, Soviet, Chinese, and Cuban Marxists, therefore, have tried to speak about the imperialist activities of Communist countries, they have found themselves stammering because of their Leninist inhibitions. To talk plainly of a Soviet or Communist or Socialist Imperialism violated the binding rules of their Leninist political grammar. They have struggled vainly with all sorts of equivalents. But to speak of "Great-power Chauvinism" is even more grandiloquent than the expressions such as "Greater Rome" which Lenin disliked. The dialectical tenet with its qualitative leap into the End of Imperialism was a fantasy which simply could not be translated into reality.

The Fantasy-Fact Ratio

LENIN WROTE his *Imperialism* in Zurich, Switzerland, in the spring of 1916. Then came the March Revolution of 1917. The time for transposing fantasy into reality had come, and he dared not miss it. All sorts of fantastic schemes rushed through his mind. His sister Marya writes:

> But how to get back? One fantastic plan after another was conceived by Lenin, but they were all impracticable. He spent sleepless nights worrying how to get away from Switzerland. In desperation he decided to act the part of a deaf-mute who had a Swedish passport. . .

He asked an intermediary "to find a Swede who looked like Lenin." The intermediary, Ganetsky, wrote:

> When I read the letter, I realised how depressed Lenin was, but all the same I had to laugh at this grotesque plan.

Even Krupskaya acknowledges:

> His nights were spent building the most improbable plans. We could fly over by plane. But such an idea could only be thought of in a waking dream. Put into words, its unreality became at once obvious.

Then a proposal of his former friend Martov that they secure passage through Germany brought Lenin back to Russia.[32]

During the months of August and September 1917, while in hiding, and awaiting with growing impatience the seizure of power by his party, Lenin wrote his celebrated pamphlet *The State and Revolution.* It is a Utopia written in the language of social science, a mélange of impassioned, unrestrained projective dreams together with harsh insistence on the necessity for violence in revolution. He never completed the pamphlet, for the October events intervened: "It is more pleasant and useful to go through the 'experience of the revolution' than to write about it." Again the dialectical logic, with its schema of qualitative leap into the new world, with its negation of all that was repressive in the bourgeois society, provided Lenin with the formalism appropriate to his fantasy. Given, then, the economic groundwork prepared by capitalism, universal literacy, the discipline of the workers, Lenin wrote that

> it is perfectly possible, within twenty-four hours after the overthrow of the capitalists and bureaucrats, to replace them, in the control of production and distribution, in the business of *control* of labour and products, by the armed workers, by the whole people in arms.

This was a prophecy which never fulfilled itself. The "twenty-four hours" have been dilated into more than a half-century, but the time-coefficient is always expanded with added clauses and auxiliary variables "when prophecy fails." Accounting and control, Lenin predicted, will have been so simplified by capitalism that its techniques will be "within the reach of anybody who can read and write and knows the first four rules of arithmetic." Then, said Lenin, Bureaucracy will begin to "wither away." The antagonism between mental and physical labour will vanish, and with it, the economic basis of the State. Although he denied that Bolsheviks were Utopians, indulging in "dreams" of how to eliminate all administration, Lenin still insisted that, "within twenty-four hours" after the revolution, the managerial functions would be taken over by average city dwellers and performed for working-men's wages.[33]

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[32] Relatives, *Reminiscences of Lenin,* p. 158; Krupskaya, p. 337.

[33] Lenin, *State and Revolution* (ed. 1935), pp. 43, 79, 83-4. Marxist theorists have always been naïve about the nature of the administration of industry. Engels wrote in 1851 that "with six clerks I could organise an infinitely more simple, comprehensive and practical branch of administration, . . ." Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *Correspondence 1846-1895* (tr. Dona Storr, New York, 1935), p. 43.

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WERE LENIN'S PREDICTIONS ever founded on more than projective fantasy? Had he made any study of the procedures of accounting and management? Had he made any effort to learn the facts of industrial psychology, or to come to terms with the views of élites and the distribution of abilities enunciated by such sociologists as Michels and Pareto? The amazing thing is that Lenin for all his training as a statistical sociologist, simply yielded to fantasy. If, as Lenin said in 1916, every generalisation contains an element of fantasy, then we might say that some generalisations contain far more fantasy than others. We might even devise a "fantasy-fact" ratio for generalisations, and attempt to state the proportion of fantasy-projection in relation to verifiable fact in the construction of hypotheses. Lenin would have rated very high indeed in his "fantasy-fact ratio."

Curiously enough, in his early manhood (in 1902) Lenin had ridiculed those who raised an outcry against bureaucracy. In those days he thought that only flabby intellectuals wanted to dispense with bureaucracy. The average worker, Lenin insisted, realised that bureaucracy is a technological necessity. The proletarian who has gone through the school of the factory, Lenin wrote, who knows the function of "the factory as a means of organisation," can teach the unstable, bourgeois intellectuals the necessity of bureaucracy. Those who railed against people being transformed into "wheels and cogs" were raising a "tragi-comical outcry" against the working of the division of labour. The distinction between Orthodoxy and Revisionism, Lenin wrote, is the counterpart of that between Bureaucracy versus Democracy. He chose Bureaucracy. Those who rejected it, he argued, suffered from some psychological ailment:

> There is a close psychological connection between this hatred of discipline and that incessant nagging note of injury which is to be detected in all the writings of all opportunists today . . .[34]

Whatever this psychological ailment, Lenin himself in 1917 wrote pages of fantasy which went far beyond the ones written by those whom he had derided in 1902. The dialectical fantasy had superseded the method of social science.

Enthralled by Ideology

PERSONS WHO DWELL in a world of political fantasy are apt to be characterised by great cruelty. For the very component which impels one to reject reality and to reach for a surrogate world is one of some deep, underlying frustration; and frustration, if it expresses itself in fantasy, is also laden with aggression against whoever seems to counterpose himself against that fantasy. Indeed, the fantasy itself can provide the formula for justifying aggression outwards and presenting one's cruelties as historically justified. Certainly, the greatest of Lenin's contemporaries, among those who knew him, felt this ingredient of cruelty in Lenin's personality. Bertrand Russell in 1920 found him "dictatorial," an "embodied theory" with a "rather grim" laugh, lacking in "psychological imagination," and despising many people. Lenin, he wrote retrospectively, was a "narrow-minded fanatic and cheap cynic."

> When I met Lenin, I had much less impression of a great man than I had expected; my most vivid impressions were of bigotry and Mongolian cruelty. . . . His guffaw at the thought of those massacred made my blood run cold.[35]

Maxim Gorky, who had known Lenin for many years, wrote from St. Petersburg in the midst of the revolution that Lenin

> has no pity for the mass of the people. . . Lenin does not know the people. . . . The working classes are to Lenin what minerals are to the metallurgist.

Lenin, according to Gorky, was a Russian nobleman with his distinctive psychological traits, prepared to incite the working class to outrages against innocent people, and deeming himself as authorised "in performing with the Russian people a cruel experiment." Leon Trotsky in 1903 said that Lenin was a "party disorganiser," a would-be "dictator" whose conception of socialism was that of a "barracks régime." The gifted and idealistic Rosa Luxemburg thought there was a "Tartar-Mongolian savagery" about Lenin and his followers.[36] The Utopian fantasy and the materialist harshness were a curious joint product, the two polarities of a personality racked with aggressions: towards self, towards others.

LENIN'S MATERIALIST DOCTRINE was absorbed into the official Soviet ideology, and its absolutism became an official tenet. The famous

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[34] V. I. Lenin, *One Step Forward, Two Steps Back* (Moscow, 1947), pp. 90, 91, 94, 106.

[35] Bertrand Russell, *Bolshevism: Practice and Theory* (1920), pp. 35-44; *Unpopular Essays* (1950), p. 171.

[36] Maxim Gorky, *Untimely Thoughts* (tr. Ermolaev, 1968), pp. 85-8. *Modern Industrial Movements* (ed. Bloomfield, 1920), pp. 289-99. M. J. Olgin, *Trotskyism: Counter-Revolution in Disguise* (1935), pp. 67-9. J. P. Nettl, *Rosa Luxemburg* (1966), Vol. II, pp. 579, 592-5.

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short *History of the Communist Party*, to which Stalin lent his name, enunciated a canonical text: "Marxist philosophical materialism holds that the world and its laws are fully knowable . . . and that there are no things in the world which are unknowable. . . ."[37] This is a large philosophical commitment to demand of every Bolshevik.

A more reflective—or post-Ideological—philosopher might argue in the following way.

Consider the two contradictory propositions, first that there are no things in the world which are unknowable, and second that there are some things in the world which are unknowable.

How could we possibly verify either of these two alternative contradictory propositions? For even if it happened that all things in the world taken distributively were knowable, we should still never be able to know whether we had sampled or enumerated all things; and if, on the other hand, there were something in the world which was unknowable, how would we possibly know it? When Lenin writes: "beyond the 'physical,' beyond the external world, with which everyone is familiar, there can be nothing," the agnostic or the sceptic would respond: what manner of proof can there possibly be for such a proposition? Surely it lies in the indeterminate domain.

In short, unless some emotion weights the scale and inclines us to one alternative or the other, the philosopher without ideology acknowledges that we have here a pair of indeterminate alternatives, and that under such circumstances an agnostic or sceptical standpoint is justified. Lenin, on the other hand, endeavouring to contain his own propensity to fantasy, does so by over-determining the indeterminate. He proclaims a materialism which is hard, dogmatic and mandatory. That is why the new generation of dissidents in the Soviet Union, looking for a liberation from the thought-ways and emotional patterns of institutionalised harshness, of socialised sadism, have begun to turn towards philosophical idealism.

IN THE OBSERVATION of the centenary of Lenin's birth, many estimates of his life and work have been imitatively influenced by the pronouncement of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party:

> Lenin was the first thinker of the century who saw the achievements of natural science in his time as the beginning of an immense scientific revolution, who was able to disclose and to generalise in philosophical terms the revolutionary meaning of the fundamental discoveries made by the great explorers of nature.[38]

This is precisely the kind of statement which places fetters on the minds of the Soviet people, their students and their scientists. For Lenin more than any other thinker in this century contributed to the retardation of scientific inquiry. In the name of his narrow-minded materialism he rejected both Einstein's principle of relativity and Freud's psycho-analysis. His writings on imperialism and the state have deprived Soviet students of the intellectual tools which they need for analysing their own society. In the measure in which his name is exalted as the first scientist of the century, in that proportion the society which he founded shows that its thinking still remains infantile, enthralled by ideology rather than guided by science. The Russian intellectual liberation is only now beginning.

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[37] Central Committee of the C.P.S.U., *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Short Course* (1939), p. 113.

[38] "Central Committee's Theses on the Lenin Centennial," *The Current Digest of the Soviet Press* (Vol. 22, No. 2, 11 February 1970), p. 5.

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Elizabeth Maslen

Six Poems

The Other Half

The ducks on the pond
Are thinking of suing
The corporation—
Or so I have heard.

Once they enjoyed
A leisured view
Of gilt-edged houses and
The occasional face at a window.

Now, tier on tier,
Card-castle flats confront them,
And there are mass-produced stares
Wherever they swim.

The ducks confer constantly, dream
Of where they might fly to. . . .
At least, they are frequently seen
Flapping their wings.

Woman at a Party

This woman wears my company
Like a chastity belt
In the room full of men.
By silence demanding silent help
She clings to my side,
Rather than risk a conversational
Rape. She wants to hide
While thrusting glances ride
Through smoke and spirit haze,
Spearing her into awareness.
She seems amazed:
In sudden discovery of her sex
Crouches to conceal the naming
Of herself as an unclean thing.
She could wing out, but
Flight is action and
She is not capable of moving.
Maybe too this petrified
Awareness has its attraction.

In a Folk Museum

Here is the skull
Of an old wise woman
With holes for the eyes
Lips, brain and nose—

They called it her cauldron.
Just a joke: because
She dosed everyone
With the lore she brewed there
—Sometimes she forced it
On surly folk—but they all lived
To thank her.

And when this soldier
—The photo over there—
Broke in to rob her
All she said was
"I keep my valuables
In my head"—you'll notice
Where the bone has been shattered.

Of course he found nothing
Inside the hole—they caught him
Still scrabbling for loot,
Cursing and shouting that he'd been tricked
—They say you could have sworn
That the dead lips twitched:
She was always one for smiling.

But the children began weeping
Outside in the sun; and asked
Who in the world would help them,
Now she was gone.

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Night Bird

They whisper to him,
Night and silence—
Glass in hand, smoke-hazed,
He hears lips half-imagined
Speaking more clearly
Than all those puppet mouths
Of sunlit prisms.

Twilight creature,
Dazed by the creaking mob
Of four-square starlings
Dragging their shadows
Carelessly over the ground,
Dusting them shamelessly,
Eyes on the lurid wax of a
Moulded sun.

But as it melts,
Smudging the evening trees,
Shadows
So much more eloquent
Tiptoe to meet him laughing,
Softly greet him—
These are his friends.

So, stoically he sits out
The light, enduring
Till it ends, till harshness blends
Into the fluid rhythms
Of the night.

Dead or Alive

It is hard to believe
They are dead,
Those large houses
Standing beside the park.
Roses still bloom
In their gardens,
Perfuming with
The certainty of
Summer;
Their labels bear
Their own names,
Not a mourner's.

They are hollow,
Those houses:
All that was sound
Has been removed now,
Put to use elsewhere.
I admire
The surgeon's skill.

Yet the roses,
In their gardens,
Do disturb me—
Their perfume is
As certain as
The summer. . . .
They do not have
The lily smell
Of death.

The Symbol

Sometimes on the coldest days in winter
The children's hamster slips to the edge of a coma,
And has to be slapped and jerked
Awake: to sleep too deeply
Would certainly kill her now.

She has food, a clean cage, a finger
Soothing her ear, in exchange for
Her old skill at hibernating.
She is, in fact, a mini-miracle
Of modern living.

Might she have preferred
Not to have been a symbol?
To forget in sleep
All the fringe benefits
Of staying watchful, wakeful?

It's the sort of question
We ask ourselves often—
But the simple truth is
The hamster must always be conscientiously
slapped awake,
Whatever her private opinion.

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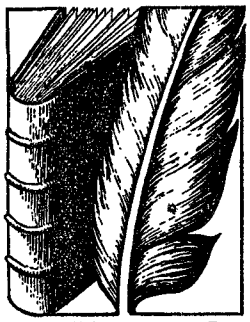

Column

THE NEARER THE British Empire approaches extinction, the greater its fascination seems to become; perhaps the verdict of future historians will be that it made a splendid corpse. In recent years, publishers have poured out an overwhelming flood of books on the Imperial theme, and, even more remarkably, they are intended not for the historian or antiquarian but for a popular audience. *Pax Britannica, the Climax of an Empire; The Fall of the British Empire; Cromer in Egypt; The Victorian Empire; Mission to Khartoum; Milner's Young Men; The British Image of India:* the list of titles could be extended interminably, and there is still no end to them. Publishers at least seem to be convinced that by its death the Empire has purged itself of the sins which once pricked uneasily at the conscience, so that, in its decline, it can be seen in the golden afterglow of an Imperial sunset in which everything can be forgotten except the romance.

This sudden spate of books on a subject which only a few years ago could have been guaranteed to inspire not a flicker of interest except in a professional student of Empire, is in itself a curious phenomenon. Is it that a Britain bereft of Empire has suddenly come to see how nakedly she confronts a largely indifferent world and is taking refuge in the dreams which once made her great? Is it that, faced with an imminent decision to join a European community from which she once stood aside in splendid isolation, she tries to reassure herself with memories of the past that the choice is still not unavoidable? Is she simply saying *Goodbye to All That*? Or is it simply that the past never assumes the colours of romance until it is totally and irretrievably dead and can no longer inspire those uneasy doubts, fears, conflicts which it did when it was still alive?

I have a feeling that, of these and other possible answers, the last at least is not true. For the curious thing is that the books which today seem to testify to a renewed interest in the Empire (and the Sunday supplements are in no way behind) breathe very much the same spirit as similar publication which in my youth celebrated it while it was still a reality. Of course, they are a great deal more sophisticated and critical, far more willing to admit the errors, and worse, which mar the record of Empire; the grosser forms of Jingoism are avoided; and they recognise problems which in earlier days were ignored. And yet, beneath all this, there still persists a belief in the greatness and grandeur of the whole enterprise not unworthy of the Primrose League in its heyday.

Read, for instance, some early passages in James Morris' *Pax Britannica.*

> The British Empire was half-empty and half-explored. Its average density of population was 36.8 to the square mile, compared with 373.3 at home in Britain, and there was room for every sort of wilderness; the aboriginal mothers of Australia habitually ate their new-born children, the Gonds of Nagpur worshipped serpents and the smallpox. In every continent men of British stock and nationality were still extending the limits of the Pax Britannica into territories that grew wilder and less hospitable as they grew scarcer. In Africa they were pressing up the Nile, across the Zambezi, inland from the Gold Coast and the mouth of the Niger. In Asia they had recently moved into Upper Burma, North Borneo, and many islands of the South Pacific. In the south they were penetrating the miserable heartland of Australia, and in the west the Klondyke gold rush was luring thousands of prospectors into the moving frontier of the British, the uncompleted adventure. . . .

Making allowances for changes of style and taste, what real difference is there in tone and feeling between this and Sir John Seeley's famous book, *The Expansion of England*? Mr Morris describes the book as "seminal". The seeds have certainly had a late, strange, and luxuriant flowering in *Pax Britannica.* "The uncompleted adventure"! What unreconstructed imperialist could have wanted a better phrase for the Empire at its height?

I WRITE AS ONE who, immaturely, made my own miniscule contribution to legend, in the shape of my first printed work, a prize essay in a national competition for elementary school-children organised by some patriotic association. The subject was the Royal Navy's great new battleship, the *Barham,* and the point of my essay was that this magnificent vessel, a triumph, I said, of modern science and technique, guaranteed the defence of the imperial links which held together the Empire's far-flung trading routes. Of course, I was only repeating what I had been told at school. Yet, very oddly, even today the essay would serve as an excellent brief for the Prime Minister in defence of the policy of supplying arms to South Africa. Indeed, I seem to have re-read it several times in the last few days in the Conservative press.

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Yet I was only only repeating the *clichés* taught to children. The Empire lay very much about me in my infancy, even in the remote corner of Wales where I lived. After all, boys not much older than myself from the fishing villages along the Cardiganshire coast were sailing the seven seas in the ships of the Royal Navy and the merchant service; it was one of the few ways out of our poverty-stricken isolation. My own favourite reading included Rider Haggard, Kipling, John Buchan, Francis Bain's *A Digit of the Moon,* Henty, Seton Merriman, and Flora Annie Steel; Ethel M. Dell and Maud Diver did not come amiss. Allan Quatermain and Mr Standfast represented that ideal of virility combined with gentleness which justified the white man in imposing his role on dark continents which, by contrast, symbolised the passive and primitive feminine principle; *She Who Must Be Obeyed* was a monstrously heretical creation who made my flesh creep deliciously. Who could have thought in those days that within my own lifetime such fantasies should have lost all their meaning and that we should have lived to see a time in which J. K. Stephen's wish has at last been completely fulfilled?

> *When the Rudyards cease from kipling*
> *And the Haggards ride no more.*

AS A SOBER antidote to such boyish imaginings one could not do better than read the excellent Jubilee number (price 15s.) with which the very distinguished journal *The Round Table* has celebrated its foundation sixty years ago. It is, in a variety of ways, a fascinating production, and one hopes that it will be as widely read as it deserves, even if occasionally one has the feeling that among its many merits is a gallant determination to make the best of a bad job. A more important one however is that this Jubilee number seriously attempts to summarise and assess the decline of Empire of which it has been a reliable witness and on which it has exercised an important influence during the last sixty years. As its editor says in his introductory article:

> Over the sixty years since 1910 the pages of *The Round Table* have . . . recorded, with an accuracy which makes its pages an important historical source, the changing fortunes of the vision of Empire which animated its founders; the reaffirmation of the sense of unity in two World Wars and its decay between whiles; the preservation and development of a community of institutions and its eventual dissolution; the assertion of a common citizenship, but the acceptance of local nationalities when the dream of a wider imperial patriotism faded.

This is an admirably succinct summary of the immensely wide perspectives covered in this present number; if one had a criticism of it, it is that, of the carefully posed contradictions formulated by the editor, it is their negative aspects which seem to have inspired the best contributors. Thus that admirable historian, Captain Roskill, is admirable in describing the Empire's failure to create any permanent machinery for common defence; its military effort in two World Wars, magnificent though it was, was organised on a purely *ad hoc* basis. Professor Mansergh is equally good in emphasising the crucial importance of the growth of nationalism within the Empire; it was as fatal to its unity as the growth of nationalism to the Austro-Hungarian empire, yet somehow it never seems to have been taken into account in the imperial visions of the founders of *The Round Table.* Its effect was all the greater because it was intensified by racialism, which is the subject of several excellent contributions. One is much less convinced by those which try to show that even in its ruins the Empire has left behind institutions which continue to function and to have a decisive influence on the life of its members and ex-members. *A Commonwealth of Learning, A Commonwealth of Law, Monarchy in the Commonwealth* ("In the consciousness of subjects overseas she [the Queen] is a more living figure than any of her predecessors: and therefore more secure in their allegiance and a richer influence in sustaining the unity of the Commonwealth")—such essays persuade one that in their authors' minds the dream is still superior to the reality.

Ideas alone are not sufficient to sustain a bond which concrete interests have torn apart, and indeed they themselves are transformed whenever and wherever this has occurred. One is reminded of those who continued to believe in the symbols of the Holy Roman Empire centuries after they had ceased to have any influence on the life of nations. The truth is, as Professor Max Beloff wisely reminds us, that we are still too near the demise of the Empire to speak of its last will and testament. "It was fifteen centuries after the fall of old Rome and three centuries after the fall of Byzantium before the decline and fall of the Roman Empire found its historian." How can we achieve such Olympian detachment with regard to an empire whose ruins are still falling around our ears?

*

IT IS natural perhaps that dreams should have their place in this jubilee number because, after all, *The Round Table* itself

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was the product of a dream; it is proof of the dream's tenacity that the journal should remain so alive and vigorous long after the substance has vanished. In a short but perceptive article, which could with advantage have been longer. Mr David Watt describes how that dream emerged from a meeting of a small group of people in January 1910, first in Lord Milner's rooms and later at Rhodes House. There the decision was taken to start "a quarterly review of the politics of the British Empire," which was in fact to be the organ of a political movement aimed at creating "an organic union to be brought about by the establishment of an Imperial Government constitutionally responsible to all the electors of the Empire and with power to act directly on the individual citizens." Who were the men who formed this grandiose project which, as Mr Watt rightly says, was so far removed from the facts of imperial and national life that it was doomed to failure from the start, and yet, in curious ways, still has a ghostly influence in men's minds?

The most influential of them were members of the famous "Kindergarten" which Lord Milner had taken with him to South Africa and the influence, both of Milner himself and of their South African experience, was to have a decisive effect on them. They were certainly a very remarkable group of young men, of whom many, like Philip Kerr (later Lord Lothian), L. S. Amery, R. H. (later Lord) Brand, Edward Grigg (later Lord Altrincham) and Geoffrey Dawson (then still Geoffrey Robinson), were, in other than imperial affairs, to have a large influence on the life of their times. Seven of the original Founding Fathers were fellows of All Souls and indeed for many years *The Round Table* was a kind of All Souls parish magazine, just as the *Times* under Geoffrey Dawson/Robinson was its daily newspaper. I used to meet them when I was first elected to a fellowship and had the opportunity of observing them at closer quarters and could never quite get over my first impression of what an extraordinary gang they were. "Gang," I think, is the exact word. They had precisely that air of people who are held together by subterranean bonds and unspoken oaths and who operate in mysterious ways to achieve mysterious objectives that are not quite clear either to themselves or anyone else.

THE MOST REMARKABLE of them, though least known to the public, was Lionel Curtis, not in intellect or in practical ability, because in these he was inferior to most of them, but because of a kind of moral fervour which had the power of sweeping people away against their better judgment into enterprises which they would otherwise have dismissed as chimerical. He combined, in the oddest way, undiluted idealism with the sharpest of eyes for the main chance, not on his own behalf but of the cause in which he was interested, of which Imperial unity was foremost. Millionaires were like putty in his hands when he wanted money from them; he had no difficulty in convincing himself that the City of God was also the City of Mammon and that both would one day amalgamate as the capital of a federal British Empire. Among his many Imperial visions, I was startled to learn one night, was "a Black Dominion North of the Zambezi," which perhaps showed how little he reckoned with the realities of the empire to which he devoted so much of his inexhaustible energies.

But though Curtis might from time to time overpersuade his friends by the intensity of his faith in a united Empire founded on the principles of Alexander Hamilton's *The Federalist,* they were, unlike him, practical men who were interested in the exercise of personal power, and they could not help noticing that the Empire itself, especially the Dominions, did not respond with much enthusiasm to the Imperial theme. Mr Watt, like Professor Nimocks in his fascinating book, *Milner's Young Men* (Hodder, 42s.), emphasises that at the very foundation of *The Round Table* there was a suppressed diversion of opinion; between, for instance, Curtis and F. S. Oliver, who wished to apply the strictest Hamiltonian principles to the Empire, and Philip Kerr, who was enough of a practical politician to realise that they were not likely to recommend themselves to any Dominion Prime Minister who hoped to retain the support of his electorate. Professor Nimocks, indeed, goes so far as to suggest that there was a certain lack of frankness in the policy of *The Round Table* group who, while paying lip service to the whole-hog Imperial federalism of Curtis, in practice accepted that they would have to settle for much less, and in fact even that was too much.

Mr Watt is inclined to absolve them from such a charge; the truth, he thinks, was simply "that everyone involved was in a muddle—and it showed." The highest praise he can find for *The Round Table* is that it managed to rescue something from the wreck of the ideas which presided at its birth. I hope it would not be thought unkind to say that today it still excels at that kind of salvage work.

R

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NOTES & TOPICS

The Case of Old Bordeaux

"J.J.S.S."—By RICHARD MAYNE

"TAKE VERSAILLES, add Antwerp, and you have Bordeaux." The remark is Victor Hugo's, proudly quoted by the green *Michelin* guide. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber might have put it differently: "Take Nancy, add Bordeaux, and you have Waterloo." After his triumph in the by-election at Nancy in June, where he beat his Gaullist rival by more than 7,000 votes in the first round and more than 12,000 in the second, Servan-Schreiber fell flat on his face in Bordeaux last September. In the first round, Prime Minister Jacques Chaban-Delmas won nearly 15,000 votes against Servan-Schreiber's 3,891, and gained the absolute majority needed to secure the seat without a run-off. It was a severe defeat for the challenger; it was also a defeat for the eternal hope of a Left-Centre alternative to the Pompidou/Chaban-Delmas version of moderate post-Gaullist Gaullism.

The foreign observer—which usually means "your correspondent"—can hardly avoid perplexity at this familiar situation. Years back, one British cartoonist portrayed De Gaulle effortlessly winning a Tour de France cycle-race while his competitors on the left smashed each other's bicycles. In Bordeaux, as Chaban-Delmas put it, there was no Opposition, only opponents; and even they spent much of their time wrangling among themselves. André Malraux used to argue that the final result would be to polarise French politics between Gaullism and Communism—a prospect appealing to the present majority, well aware that the French *C.P.* is unlikely to muster more than five million votes in any national confrontation. Chaban-Delmas is probably less happy than most at the thought of perpetual Gaullist majorities: he knows from personal experience how over-confidence in office can breed dissension in any political party, and how frustration outside it can lead to civil disorders. Why then can't "the opponents" get together? Why, in France, is there no moderate Opposition comparable to the British Labour Party or the German Social Democrats?

Since Bordeaux, French commentators have put forward a number of theories to account for the *débâcle*. Some explanations are personal, some local, some national. Some concern the peculiar circumstances of the election; some are based on a sociological, almost anthropological, analysis of French politics. Which are the most convincing is clearly vital for the future strategy of the régime and of its opponents. For the sake of convenience, each can be summarised in a slogan or a phrase.

1. *"Jean-Jacques n'est pas sérieux."* This was a line to be heard from journalists even at the time of Servan-Schreiber's success at Nancy. Partly, no doubt, it sprang from envy. Here was a youngish man, once a journalist on *Le Monde*, once an acolyte of Pierre Mendès-France; he had transformed his *New-Statesman*-like weekly *l'Express* into a French imitation of *Time* magazine or *Der Spiegel*, he had made a fortune, and he had written and brilliantly publicised a best-selling book, *Le Défi américain*. Now he had gone into politics. He had "liberated" Mikis Theodorakis; he had parachuted himself into the leadership of the Radical Party, and written its truly radical new manifesto; without any pretence at local roots, he had burst his way into Parliament, and now was challenging the Prime Minister on the latter's adopted home ground. It was all a bit much, and a bit rapid. Nor was Servan-Schreiber tactful or free from vanity. His weekly editorials in *l'Express* had been surmounted by a flattering photograph,

RICHARD MAYNE *writes regularly for* ENCOUNTER *on French affairs. His latest book, "The Recovery of Europe", has just been published (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 65s.)*

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rugged, youthful, concerned; they had also been signed "*J.J.S.S.*"—which recalled not only the paper's old habit of calling Mendès-France "*P.M.-F.*" but also the magic initials *J.F.K.* When the press took to calling him "*J.J.*"—pronounced *zhi-zhi*—the diminutive was only partly affectionate: somewhere in the background, it echoed "*B.B.*" (Brigitte Bardot) and even Zizi Jeanmaire. The glossy, film-star connotation was enhanced by Servan-Schreiber's habit of winging in by private plane; by the glibness of some of his writings, made more evident when he collected them in book form; and by the prima-donna presumption with which he tried to appear before the Council of Europe at the time of Theodorakis' providential release. Some members of the Radical party, moreover, were deeply disturbed by the manifesto that he wrote for it: old-style local grandees disliked his proposal for heavier death duties, and weren't much impressed by his posing for publicity pictures in company with Edouard Daladier, their hero of yesteryear. His tactics at Nancy—buttonholing small groups, listening quietly and intimately as local leaders expounded their grievances—won him some admiration; but Gaullists felt or feigned indignation at his recruiting German capital and repudiating some of the traditions of French politics; and his enemies alleged that his promises were pie-crust or, better, *tarte à la crème*. One unauthenticated story had him closeted in his high-powered limousine with a secretary and some local worthy: "Yes, yes," he's supposed to have said, "I'll drop a line to my friend *X* in the Cabinet and get that put right." Then, to the secretary: "Take a letter. *Cher ami . . .*" And the letter, "of course", was allegedly never sent: it was all a bluff, since J.J. didn't even know the minister concerned. Take it or leave it, this was typical of the slanders that went the rounds. They reinforced his image as "*pas sérieux*"; but they didn't prevent his Nancy victory, and they didn't discourage the Gaullists from taking his challenge seriously enough to deploy an unprecedented phalanx of orators against him in what otherwise might have seemed a rather minor by-election. If, afterwards, he tried to go too fast, too far, it was partly because the Government itself had sensed a real threat in what he represented.

2. "*Se présenter à Bordeaux, c'est se moquer des Français.*" In retrospect, despite imputations of Machiavellian surprise tactics, it seems unlikely that Servan-Schreiber intended all along to be his own candidate at Bordeaux. The risks were too great. One was the risk of ridicule: *Le Figaro*'s political cartoonist delighted in portraying him as the all-purpose candidate, hastily packing his bags whenever there was a vacancy—even in Egypt. Polls showed that many Frenchmen agreed: there was something indecorous in hurrying across France to stand in a second election when he'd only just won his first. It was also a legal risk, since there was some dispute as to whether a deputy could be elected for a second constituency. But above all the risk was political. At Bordeaux, Chaban-Delmas had long been well entrenched, with a tightly organised and wealthy party machine based on the city hall. I saw it at work myself at the time of the 1969 presidential election, when it was an open secret in Mayor Chaban-Delmas's entourage that he would be Pompidou's first Prime Minister. The *Mairie* hummed with activity; its able and likable staff made everything smooth for the chance visitor; aides pointed with pride to mayoral achievements—a new bridge across the Garonne, huge new apartment blocks, and a special exhibition building just half a mile long. To all appearances, the city was sewn up. And yet Servan-Schreiber dared to besiege it in person. Had he gone crazy? Was he drunk with his triumph at Nancy? Was there any sense at all in attacking so safe a Government seat?

Events seemed to prove that there wasn't; but there was reason, if not exactly method, in J.J.'s apparent madness. Originally, he had hoped to put up a nominee who would attract the votes of the moderate Left; but he failed to find anyone with sufficient appeal. It was only then, and after some hesitation, that he decided to stand himself; and he promised his Nancy constituents that if he won the Bordeaux seat he would at once resign it in their favour. It seemed absurd to contest a seat that he could never occupy—yet this was precisely the case of Chaban-Delmas himself. The Constitution of the Fifth Republic, largely devised by Michel Debré, was presidential, not parliamentary. It deliberately broke with the "government by assembly" that had made the Fourth Republic so dependent on shifting parliamentary majorities, and to this end it forbade Cabinet Ministers to be Members of Parliament. De Gaulle, however, had come to insist that his Ministers should personally contest parliamentary elections—partly to secure greater political backing, and partly to win more Gaullist seats. The results were sometimes comical. Maurice Couve de Murville, a cold and lofty diplomat whom it was hard to imagine as "the people's choice", was roundly defeated in one election by a champion of Parisian small shopkeepers, but not before he

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had recorded—for those who dialled a special telephone number—a forlorn appeal to the voters that greatly amused *le tout-Paris*. What was more, since even Ministers elected were unable to sit in Parliament, their places were taken by the relative nonentities whom they chose as their *suppléants*. It was a case of "Vote for me and elect Buggins." True, in Bordeaux, Chaban-Delmas's *suppléant* was Jacques Valade, Dean of the Faculty of Science; but the principle remained dubious, and Servan-Schreiber's candidacy highlighted that fact. Why then did the Bordelais endorse in his opponent what they condemned in him?

3. *"Servan-Schreiber et Chaban-Delmas, c'est bonnet blanc et blanc bonnet."* Certainly, the two had much in common apart from hyphenated surnames. Both were youngish, and careful to remain so by keeping physically in trim. Both were more or less self-made men, rich, handsome, and successful. Both were modernisers, believers in technical progress, products and promoters of a busy, sophisticated society. Both, if with different emphasis, were "Europeans"—supporters of economic integration, willing (and in J.J.'s case eager) to see France become part of a United States of Europe. Both were believers in a liberal, educated democracy: Chaban had long been critical of De Gaulle's biased TV, and had set out to correct it when he became Prime Minister. So similar did they seem in some respects that commentators wondered whether at some turn of fortune they might not join forces—forgetting, perhaps, that if like calls to like the cry is often a catcall. For the Bordeaux voter, already suspicious of Servan-Schreiber's What-Makes-Sammy-Run career, there sometimes seemed little to choose between them—especially since neither would fill the seat he won. Why not then play safe and vote for Chaban, since his *suppléant* would at least have the support of the national Government, and would be better placed to gain favour and cash for Bordeaux? For some sophisticates, even, a vote for Chaban may have seemed the best way of ensuring moderation in Gaullist policy. Before Bordeaux, the Prime Minister had been rumoured to be at odds with President Pompidou, and he was certainly under attack from the hard-core members of his party, who disliked in particular his liberalisation of French TV. The Bordeaux election put him firmly back in the saddle; and in this sense Servan-Schreiber's dramatic intervention may have been salutary even by virtue of its failure. Chaban at least won more credit from it than he might have done from a comparable victory over the Socialist candidate Gabriel Taïx.

4. *"Voter pour lui, c'est diviser la Gauche."* This was the argument chiefly used by the Communists, although the Socialists felt its force even more strongly. For the Communists, it's hard to feel much sympathy. In France as in Italy, their own monolithic dogmatism has long been the chief cause of left-wing divisions: they tend to form a society within society, seeming sometimes content to maintain the Party and its purity rather than to compromise in the hope of gaining—or sharing—power. "Objectively", as they might put it, they act as the allies of Gaullism in France as of Christian-Democracy in Italy: in both countries the majority blocs, although formally opposed, prop each other up like wheatsheaves in the days before combine-harvesters. In France, in particular, their mutual support has often been a little more than tacit, since many Communist voters are known to have approved of General de Gaulle's foreign policies, including his departure from NATO—although others, paradoxically, are both pro-NATO and pro-Communist, no doubt on the principle of wearing both belt and braces. In these confused ranks a Communist vote seems partly an act of fidelity, partly a gesture of rebellion: it seldom looks like a properly thought-out effort to change the *status quo*. At Bordeaux, the Communist candidate won only 9% of the vote; and even at Nancy, in the second round, the Communist score was less than 20%. Conceivably, things might have been different if all the anti-Gaullists on the Left had made common cause at Bordeaux. This was the formula tried, unsuccessfully, by François Mitterrand in the 1965 Presidential election. It failed then; and in the Bordeaux contest it would have had no chance at all. The saturnine Mitterrand knew this, and he watched Servan-Schreiber's efforts without lifting more than a symbolic finger to help. Too many moderate voters would have shied away from a coalition or even a silent alliance; and too many Left extremists might have done so from the other side. One curious feature of French left-wing politics is that many of those who understandably condemn the conservative bureaucracy of the Communist Party then adopt positions even less likely to recruit a majority of voters. Purity, again, seems more important than power.

But even if an aspiring politician in France must in practice dismiss the extreme Left as an unhelpful if not quite lunatic fringe, there seems less reason to write off the Socialists. In Bordeaux, in the past, they have come close to unseating Chaban-Delmas; and their candidate

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in last September's election was an appealing local figure with a wine-growing background and an agreeable *accent du terroir*. Reasonably enough, he was furious with Servan-Schreiber, who seemed a jumped-up Parisian ready to make promises to any provincials, anywhere, who might further his ambitions. Perhaps it was too much to expect M. Taïx to desist in J.J.'s favour. But what about the Socialist Party itself? Why could it not have joined in a common strategy, as Servan-Schreiber had originally hoped? Alternatively, why had he decided to fight alongside the Radicals, who had so long stood for all that was stuffiest in local and regional politics?

One answer, perhaps, is the fear of rivalry. The French Socialist Party, now headed by Alain Savary, had only just emerged from the upheavals that had ended Guy Mollet's long reign as its Secretary-General. To many outside its ranks, Mollet's hold on the party had seemed inexplicable. He was the man who had knuckled under to the Algiers settlers when they threw tomatoes at him; he had connived at the arrest of Ben Bella; he had launched the Suez conspiracy; he had helped initiate the French *force de frappe*. Crafty-looking, with opaque shifting eyes and a wet cigarette, his public image failed to convey his skill and force—the deep sonority of his voice, his adroitness in debate and committee, his persuasive worldly wisdom and well-timed anger. Nosing this way and that for viable alliances, he had held his troops together with an old magic that only latterly faded; when he went, the danger of dispersal came very close. And just because the Socialists felt like a beleaguered army, with popular support declining outside their industrial fiefs, they were tempted to huddle together, rallying round the flag they knew. It wasn't especially attractive: but there was something suspect, they felt, in even François Mitterrand's attempts to enlarge the base. They were Socialists, dammit, not dupes of Moscow, and above all not traitors to their class. That classes were changing—that Maoist and other groups were sniping at the left flank of the Communist Party—that Gaullism threatened to capture much of the old Centre—that a new style of life and politics might be appropriate in advanced industrial societies: all this seemed less important than loyalty. It was an honourable view. But it made compromise difficult. Having reformed the Socialist battalions, their new commanders were reluctant to trust a free-booting bourgeois captain with a nasty habit of sneering at time-honoured regimental trophies.

5. *"Le centrisme n'est qu'un mythe révolu."* What the Socialists thought they were fighting in Servan-Schreiber was a spectre that had haunted much of continental Europe for many years. This was the spectre of Centrism. In Britain, despite the ambitions of the Liberal Party, it had never gained a foothold: there was no place for it, either politically or physically. Elections in the United Kingdom were like wars or football matches: one side usually won. In Italy and France, and sometimes in Germany, they were more like Gallup polls. Helped by proportional representation, Parliament fairly faithfully reflected the spectrum of public opinion; and its debating chamber, unlike the British House of Commons, was not divided down the middle but built fan-shaped to accommodate all shades of political allegiance. One result was a frequent need for coalition Governments, mustering a frail majority from several segments of the assembly. The Christian Democrats, grouping a number of political forces under a partly transcendental umbrella, were the chief beneficiaries: so were some of the smaller Centre groups whose support most Governments had to have. The decline of the *M.R.P.* in France began to change all that; so did the rise of the Gaullists, who sought to break out of the traditional party system. One of their more worthy aims was to give the electorate a more direct choice by eliminating the deals and intrigues among party leaders that had normally followed each inconclusive election. For a while, and at some cost, they succeeded; but since De Gaulle's departure in particular the Gaullist movement itself has revealed more and more internal disagreements—like a Christian Democrat Party whose God has resigned. French political life has gradually begun to settle back into more familiar patterns; and moderates of many kinds—from old Centrist war-horses to reforming whizz-kids—have begun to wonder whether a workable and stable majority might not again be built from a coalition of Socialists, Radicals, *M.R.P.*-type Centrists, and even some Gaullists, notably the Independent Republicans led by Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.

Attacked by the Gaullist faithful as a revival of the *"cartel des Non"* which opposed one of the General's referenda, this is an old dream, and one that Servan-Schreiber already cherished in the days of the original *l'Express*. Then, he had run a campaign that featured as potential Presidential candidate a mysterious *"Monsieur X."* It drew considerable attention, and gained some credit—until newspaper leaks revealed *Monsieur X* as the rather colourless Gaston Defferre. Defferre, a right-wing

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Socialist deputy and Mayor of Marseille who had briefly served as one of De Gaulle's Ministers, was at odds with Guy Mollet; nor was he any kind of an orator or *Wahllokomotive*. Nothing became him so much as his anonymity. After some skirmishing, his campaign lapsed. It was revived, in the 1965 Presidential election, by Jean Lecanuet, originally from the *M.R.P.* Lecanuet, an attractive, clear-headed "European", made a sharp impact on television, and helped to dent De Gaulle's majority sufficiently to force him into a run-off; but the runner-up was François Mitterrand with his cautious alliance with the Communists and his slogan "unity on the Left." Thereafter, Lecanuet faded into little more than an acute political commentator: perhaps there had always been a little too much of the Catholic scoutmaster in his public image. But Centrism was by no means dead. When De Gaulle's resignation in 1969 brought the President of the Senate, Alain Poher, into temporary Presidency of the Republic, Lecanuet and his faithful supporters took heart once again. Poher had none of the "dentifrice charm" that Lecanuet's critics derided. A plump, comfortable man with a voice as soothing as a soft hairbrush, he was very much of the old school of French politicians. He lived in a modest house in the outer suburbs of Paris; he looked and dressed like a local councillor; his greatest distinction, before his sudden elevation, had been as a Christian-Democrat leader—and later President—of the Common Market's European Parliament. In the 1969 election, he deliberately played down the drama as a contrast to De Gaulle's past tactics; but alongside Georges Pompidou he looked unavoidably amateur. Memories of the 1968 *événements* were still vivid in the minds of the electors: to Poher's comforting reassurances they preferred Pompidou's solid, faintly menacing strength. And when Pompidou appointed the liberal and energetic Chaban-Delmas as his first Prime Minister, it looked rather as if the Gaullists had stolen the Centrists' clothes. Quite quickly, and against the resistance of the General's relatives and intimates, the new Government put in hand some of the reforms that Poher had championed—including a moderate liberalisation of French TV news.

This was the situation when Servan-Schreiber decided to stand at Nancy and later at Bordeaux. His background was very different from Poher's and even from Lecanuet's. He had no *M.R.P.* antecedents, no trace of their faintly cloying clerical affinities, no softness, no traditional roots. His watchword was modernisation: he called for a new

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France in the new Europe, for acceptance of the technological revolution, for a dynamic response to the "American challenge." But the composition of his would-be majority was the same again. The only novelty, in party-political terms, was that he sought to build it from a base in the French Radical Party.

6. *"Le parti radical n'est ni chair ni poisson."* Strictly the "Radical and Radical Socialist" Party, this describes itself as "a traditional party of the Left." It was founded in 1901, and its early members saw themselves as the heirs of Gambetta's Republicans and even of the Jacobins. Anti-clerical and anti-militarist, they stood for individual rights, peasant ownership, lay schools, and *petit-bourgeois* enlightenment. Many of them were Dreyfusards; many were local or provincial teachers, doctors, journalists, civil servants, shopkeepers, well-to-do artisans. In their time, and on their terms, they were the liberal Establishment: politically progressive, they were nationalistic in foreign policy, and socially rather conservative. Scratch a Frenchman today, and you'll still find Radical reactions; but the Party grew stolid over the years. With 25,000 members, it was less than a quarter the size of its Socialist rival. To many, it seemed the party of snuff and waistcoats and local banquets, of respectability, nostalgia, and resistance to change. Yet within it there have always been truly radical elements; and it was these that Servan-Schreiber seized on when he got the chance to become its Secretary-General. *Ciel et Terre,* the manifesto that he wrote for them with the aid of a colleague, Michel Albert, was a challenging document that enjoyed much notoriety: it has recently reappeared in a pocket edition, as well as in an English translation. Its chapter-headings convey its flavour—"Separating political power from economic power . . . Access to social equality . . . The End of private hereditary power . . . The Redistribution of public power . . . Changing course!" That last exclamation-mark, typically, is Servan-Schreiber's. Not all his troops are so excited. If he failed to win 30% of the votes at Bordeaux, he promised, he would be prepared to resign as Radical leader; and when, with 16.59% he was obliged to face his political creditors, several were willing to see the back of him. With the support of Maurice Faure and others, he was able to stay on—but only to face new hostility. At Nancy in October, he confronted with eloquence and some courage a crowd of more than 2,000 people, half of them still incensed at his Bordeaux escapade. In the National Assembly, meanwhile, the 14-man Radical group was in trouble. Lacking the 30 M.P.s needed for official recognition, the Radicals had hitherto sat with the Socialist Party; now, it told them that unless they disavowed Servan-Schreiber they would have to sit in political limbo with the *non-inscrits.* But the Socialists, too, were uncertain of their position. With municipal elections due in the spring of 1971, and a general election two years later, they were wondering whether to ally with the Radicals and other Centrist elements, or whether to revive the Mitterrand formula of *rapprochement* with the Communists. Watching the disarray, Prime Minister Chaban-Delmas could be forgiven some self-satisfaction.

7. *"De Gaulle est mort: vive le gaullisme."* To judge by the General's latest and most tendentious volume of memoirs, this is not a sentiment he shared. ENCOUNTER was one of the first publications to suggest—in "Maigret and the Happening" (September 1968)—that his relations with Pompidou had turned into rivalry; and the story has since been documented in a pamphlet by the "Left-wing Gaullist" Louis Vallon and a new study by Philippe Alexandre, *Le Duel De Gaulle-Pompidou.* Shortly after the General's departure last year, he's said to have predicted privately that Pompidou would come to grief within six months; and although since then the oracle of Colombey-les-deux-églises has remained publicly silent, that in itself was a form of comment. The publication of Alexandre's book may have been the signal to break the silence; so, perhaps, was Pompidou's much-publicised visit to Moscow. At all events, De Gaulle chose to spring his recollections on the world while Pompidou was absent—rather as Pompidou had taken the limelight, in the 1968 *événements,* while De Gaulle was away in Rumania; and in the new memoirs he significantly omitted any testimonial to Pompidou like those he distributed to others, including Jacques Chaban-Delmas. Generals and elephants, to paraphrase Saki, never forget.

France, on the other hand, seems to have forgotten fairly rapidly. As a literary event, the De Gaulle memoirs have been an immense success, eclipsing that of even the ex-convict Papillon. But *le gaullisme sans de Gaulle* seems now to have become part of French political traditions. Chaban-Delmas's Bordeaux triumph has stilled for the time being the voices of internal dissension; his autumn balance-sheet of promises kept and progress accomplished, together with his forceful open-

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ing of the new Parliamentary season, have won him congratulations even from Gaston Defferre. Paying tribute to his personal abilities, Defferre urged the Prime Minister to "transform his own majority"—a hint that some on the moderate Left, despairing of a Left-wing or Left-Centre alternative majority, may one day resign themselves to the prospect of permanently Gaullist or part-Gaullist Government, influenced in the direction of liberalism either from within or from outside. If that happened, Gaullism would assume the position held in Italy by Christian Democracy; and the political colour of any Government would once again be determined by party deals and in-fighting rather than by the electorate. It would be a paradoxical situation for a movement that set out originally to change the habits of the Fourth Republic. But if the Gaullists play their cards right, and "the opponents" remain divided, this may well turn out to be the chief internal consequence of what De Gaulle still calls *Le Renouveau* that he thought he was bringing to France.

London Commentary

The Inquisitive Society

Towards the Right of Privacy — By MICHAEL BELOFF

INVASION of privacy, like pollution of the environment, a theme of popular debate in the '70s, was a subject for specialists in the '60s. Professor Alan Westin has for long been pre-eminent among the pioneers of research in this field. The awesome message that he conveys has been trumpeted by a number of his fellow countrymen, Vance Packard, Myron Brenton, Jerry Rosenberg, Oscar Garrison; but his work is to theirs as Mozart's is to Mantovani's. His magnum opus, *Privacy and Freedom*,[1] is woven in a rich texture of interdisciplinary scholarship that is peculiar to the distinguished American law schools where he has studied and taught. The cogency of his argument is heightened by his avoidance of a strident or sensational tone. No one can usefully discuss the topic of which he treats without reference to his book.

Privacy and Freedom was first published in America in 1967. Its publication in Britain in 1970 reflects the fact that concern about the erosion of privacy in contemporary society has now crossed the Atlantic. Within the last two years, Bills have been presented in the English Parliament that deal with telephone tapping, industrial espionage, private detective agencies, and Data Surveillance. A campaign, mounted by the National Council for Civil Liberties and given impetus by a report from *Justice*, the British Section of the International Commission of Jurists, culminated in the attempt by Brian Walden, M.P., with all-Party backing, to have a right of privacy written into the statute book. The whole issue of privacy invasion in Britain is now under consideration by the Younger Committee.

What then are the lessons to be learned in Britain from the teachings of an American prophet?

Professor Westin's most valuable and universal achievement is to define not merely the content of privacy, but its importance.

MICHAEL BELOFF, *who is a young London barrister and the author of "The Plate-Glass Universities" (1968), writes: "My book on the general subject of privacy in Britain will be published by Secker & Warburg in 1971 or 1984. . . ."*

[1] *Privacy and Freedom.* By ALAN F. WESTIN. Bodley Head, 63s.

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> Privacy is the claim of the individuals, groups or institutions to determine for themselves, when, how, and to what extent information about them is communicated to others. Viewed in terms of the relation of the individual to social participation, privacy is the voluntary and temporary withdrawal of a person from the general society through physical or psychological means, either in a state of solitude or small group intimacy or, when among larger groups, in a condition of anonymity or reserve.

He illustrates the fundamental psychological need of persons to be let alone with wide ranging allusion to the writing of anthropologists, ethnologists, and sociologists. He explains why we feel what we feel about privacy. He rationalises our instincts.

But, as Professor Westin also shows, the issue is not simply one of need, but one of desire. Man requires an irreducible minimum of privacy if he is to maintain his psychic balance. He may wish for far more than that minimum. Primitive and totalitarian societies largely deny privacy to their members. A respect for individual privacy is the hallmark of civilisation. The current concern about its decline that is prevalent in the West is concern about privacy as a luxury, not as a necessity.

In Britain, the value of privacy is highly regarded. Professor Westin comments

> Britain has what might be called a "deferential democratic balance," based on England's situation as a small country with a relatively homogeneous population, strong family structure [one recalls the Provost of King's invective about "the family with its tawdry secrets" . . . M.B.], surviving class system, positive public attitude toward government, and élite systems of education and government service. This combination has produced a democracy in which there is great personal reserve between Englishmen, high personal privacy in home and private associations, and a faith in government that bestows major areas of privacy for government operations. There is also a tradition of tolerating non-conformism which treats much deviant political and social conduct as permissible private action. The balance among privacy, disclosure and surveillance in Britain is one in which disclosure or surveillance of associational and governmental activities occurs less frequently than would be the case in democratic nations where the patterns of deference toward and trust in the Establishment were not so strong.

Some may quarrel with his explanation; few with his conclusion. A nation's pulse beats on its proverbs. "An Englishman's home is his castle"—and where he can, he surrounds it with a privet hedge.[2]

[2] A report by the Building Research Station of the Ministry of Public Building and Works published in 1969 confirmed the existence of the desire of the British householder for private property that is truly private.

The challenge to personal privacy in Britain as in America is the product of institutional behaviour, often in itself commendable, against a background of technological advance. The cause for anxiety is, in the broadest terms, that more people know more about more other people. This anxiety focuses both on the acquisition of such knowledge and on the methods used to acquire it. The bug in the wall, like the foot in the door, invades privacy, whether or not the information obtained thereby is of a kind that the individual has no particular wish to conceal. By contrast, the government census-taker or the inquiring journalist may elicit information that the individual desires to keep hidden by methods that cannot be deemed objectionable in themselves. Yet this too constitutes an invasion of privacy. The development of new techniques of surveillance, however, has had an impact on the kind of surveillance that is carried out. The police do not tap telephones in order to listen to housewives ordering the groceries. Computers capable of storing a million items of data are under-exercised if fed with but a thousand. The more that it is possible secretly to discover, the more the discovery will be of secrets.

THE TECHNOLOGY OF INTRUSION is familiar enough to readers of spy stories. The pinhead microphone; the fluorescent dye; the pocket TV camera; the laser-listener; the bug in the olive; the "big brain" computer—all have revolutionised the way in which information can be collected and stored. As Professor Westin writes: "The pace of change in electronics, optics and micro-miniaturisation is so swift that the latest 'existing' methods are outmoded almost before a book about them can be published."

What was available in America yesterday is today available in Britain. The revelations of British experts in the field of industrial counter-espionage have exposed as naïve the belief that property in such devices is the prerogative of the American spy.

The question, then, is not *are* they, but *how far* are they being used? Professor Westin's exclusively American discoveries can be matched by research in a British context. In Britain as in America, surveillance of individuals moving about in public places is on the increase. The Greater London Council have plans to control the inflow of traffic to the metropolis by monitoring the major highways with television cameras. Many shops, like Selfridges and C & A, and supermarkets use Photo-scan. Closed television circuits operate at Euston and

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on stations on the new underground Victoria Line. The police have carried out experiments with the same equipment at Hatton Garden, London's diamond centre, and in the boutiques of the King's Road. Similar surveillance is carried out at the football grounds of West Ham United and West Bromwich Albion. Hidden eyes may soon be employed in the Bodleian Library and National Gallery. Like that of the aerial satellites that multiply in the stratosphere, their vision is all-embracing. Innocent as well as guilty are helpless to evade their gaze.

Individuals' communications, like individuals themselves, enjoy a fragile privacy. There is no doubt that the Government, with an experience dating back to Walsingham in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, are the chief offenders in this field. The Birkett Committee's Report on the Interception of Communications in 1957 found for the practice—chiefly used in the interest of security—only the dubious sanction of "long usage." Since that date, it has been impossible to discover how often and to whom the Home Secretary has issued the necessary warrant for such interference. The "D"-notices affair of 1967 originated in the claim by Chapman Pincher of the *Daily Express* that private cables were being scrutinised by the Government. The Government attempted to suppress the article but the claim was not denied. On several occasions it has been established that letters to and from Rhodesia have been tampered with. By excluding Government invasion of privacy from the ambit of the Younger Committee's study, the Government have effectively prevented further informed public discussion of this issue.[3]

Law enforcement officials are another body who freely use the methods of interception of communication, whether by wire-tapping, bug-planting, or tape-recording of conversations. The police in England, unlike in America, are unfettered by any relevant exclusionary rules of evidence. However such evidence may have been obtained, it is admissible in an English court, subject to a rarely exercised judicial discretion. For example, the Kray brothers were recently brought to book with the aid of bugged evidence. There has even been a successful prosecution for making malicious telephone calls on the basis of a voiceprint, which the police made through the medium of wire-

[3] Another example of government invasion of privacy lies in the licence given to over 10,000 officials to enter private premises without permission. The list includes tax collectors, school and factory inspectors, and certain staff of the Ministry of Defence.

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tapping.[4] Nor is the value of such evidence lessened when the detective who secures it is a private rather than public agent: witness its frequent appearance in divorce cases. The Association of British Detectives has banned the use of "bugs" as unethical, but less scrupulous members of this uncontrolled profession flout this convention. The practice of using monitoring devices is on the increase.[5] Records of conversations, surreptitiously obtained, have been used in proceedings of the Jockey Club.

The growth of investigatory journalism has been another stimulus to this kind of activity. "Bugs" and their like have been used by all the mass media. In 1967, the BBC *24-Hours* team, in order to provide an authentic picture of what happens when a person of limited means tries to find a home in London, followed an applicant with hidden microphone and concealed camera. The Granada Investigation Bureau tapped a telephone line of a London shipping agency in order to prove that it was engaged in sanctions-busting. *The Times* made its recent allegations of corruption against three CID officers on the foundation of certain clandestinely taped "confessions." In many instances of this kind of exposé, the distastefulness of the technique has been compounded by the fact that it is a "plant" who is equipped with the "bug."

FINALLY, industrial spies make generous use of these techniques. Industrial espionage is itself an industry.[6] Though in this instance, the aim of the privacy invader is to procure property rather than personal secrets, he inevitably comes to possess the latter, a not unwelcome by-product of his intrusion. In all these cases, technological advance in communications has merely facilitated technological advance in interception. The more sophisticated the communication, the easier it is to intercept.

PROFESSOR WESTIN'S second main area of concern is psychological surveillance: the use of personality and psychological tests of various kinds, not for educational or psychiatric purposes, but to aid in personnel selection for government, corporate and private organisations. The *Justice* Report concluded:

> At the present time, the threat to individual privacy in this field is a live issue in the United States but not—so far as we have been able to discover—in this country. This does not, however, mean that it will not become one in the foreseeable future.

The assessment erred on the side of optimism. The future is already here. It is true that the polygraph (lie-detector), widely employed in America both for law enforcement and personnel selection, is in Britain used for neither purpose; further that, by and large, personnel selection, whether for public or industrial service, is still a matter of private reference[7] and interview. However, the "American Challenge" has involved some British firms in an adoption or imitation of their parent company's techniques; for example, Rootes have made use of the Lüscher colour test. Cambridge Consultants, an engineering research and development company, predict an increase in this kind of experiment. The use of graphology in the making of appointments has even penetrated to the National Allotments & Garden Society.

Another method, imported from abroad, is the Einstein "Stress Interview" where the candidate for selection is bombarded with a series of brutal and intimate questions, so that the interview becomes an interrogation.[8] In addition to these efforts to assess the employability of a candidate by intrusion into his psyche, the application forms of many firms demand an increasing amount of ordinary factual information, and trespass into the realm of politics and religion.[9]

Professor Westin's third area of concern, Data Surveillance, is perhaps the most impor-

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[4] Those powers and practices of the police which invade privacy have been extended in recent years. The Road Safety Act 1967 has authorised them to make breath, blood, and urine tests. The Criminal Justice Act 1968 has made it easier to get Magistrates' permission to take fingerprints. The Dangerous Drugs Act 1967 invites them to "stop, search and detain" citizens on nothing more than the suspicion that they possess drugs. In 1969-70, they have taken and kept photographs of arrested demonstrators at a Springbok match in Aldershot against whom no charges were brought; filmed demonstrations in Manchester; and "borrowed" films made by television reporters of demonstrations in Northern Ireland. They have allegedly planted spies in several universities. Some would further extend their powers: cf. W. Rees-Davies, M.P., *War on Crime*.

[5] Oliver Gillie, "Rogue Detectives," *New Society* (April 16, 1970).

[6] Cf. Peter Hamilton, *Espionage and Subversion in an Industrial Society* (Hutchinson, 1967); Ronald Payne, *Private Spies* (Barker, 1967); Philip Hickson, *Industrial Counter-Espionage* (Spectator Publications, 1968).

[7] Though this itself raises privacy issues, as shown by the controversy over student files that was the major spur to British university unrest in the Easter term 1970. Cf. E. P. Thompson (ed.) *Warwick University Ltd.* (Penguin, 1970).

[8] The *Daily Telegraph* Magazine (3.11.1967).

[9] Cf. *Privacy under Attack* (Madgwick), National Council for Civil Liberties, 1968, pp. 19-20; *Memorandum on the Invasion of Privacy*, Bulletin of the British Psychological Society (23).

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tant for Britain. There is in this country an information boom. In part, the information gatherers are concerned for their own security or for the protection of others. Hence the Government practises "positive vetting" on all Top Secret posts in the Civil Service and most Foreign Office jobs; and the Secret Service, a shadowy body unrecognised in law, collects dossiers on individuals, which, it has been guessed, number in the millions. Industry investigates both managers and employees, and to a growing degree, their wives as well. Their own procedures in this regard are supplemented by the activities of such firms as Target Investigations, who trace and collate information on the decision-makers in major companies, and Management Investigations Limited, who maintain and supply a "blacklist" of dismissed employees.

In another sphere, Tracing Services Group are especially concerned with investigating credit ratings and tracing bad debts. They aim to have files on 80 to 90% of the population by 1980, and their services are of particular value to finance companies. Private detective agencies, like the Capital Bureau of Investigation, sell items of information like a person's bank balance, his criminal record (if any), or his ex-directory telephone number, to any interested party.

Sometimes the information is collected primarily for the individual's own benefit. The British Government, from the time of Domesday Book to the age of decennial census, have surveyed their subjects in the name of better administration. Medical and psychiatric records are collected by hospitals so that doctors may make a swifter diagnosis by reference to past history. The *TAM*-meter collates television viewing habits so that programmes may be designed to satisfy the popular taste. *U.C.C.A.* gathers information in its role as a central clearing house for schoolboys wishing to enter universities. Now a similar scheme has been proposed whereby graduates may be fitted into employment. Agit-prop garners material about political fringe groups so that extremists may be put in touch with each other. And Operation Match and Dateline send out forms asking the most intimate questions about the individual's views, with the promise that they will thereby arrange liaisons for aspirant lovers.[10]

[10] The filler-in of the questionnaire is asked to select, *inter alia*, from the following options: (*a*) I consider myself to be sexually inexperienced; average; experienced; (*b*) I should prefer my date's race to be: the same as mine; I don't mind; (*c*) The religion I practise is: Protestant; Catholic; Jewish; Agnostic; others.

The Sovereignty of Good

Iris Murdoch

These three papers are a reflective exploration with a continuing theme, Miss Murdoch starts by examining the existentialist and Kantian assumptions of much current moral philosophy. Morality has been pictured by many present-day thinkers in terms of a personal liberation, through the power of will, into an area of indefinitely free choice. Miss Murdoch challenges this view and suggests a more modest and, as she believes, more realistic picture of moral endeavour as the attempt to overcome illusion and selfish fantasy in order to see and respond to the real world.

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The pressures of research give further impetus to this information boom. Political pollsters probe voting intentions; so, too, for different purposes do party workers. Market researchers examine consumer tastes. Social scientists rely on mass surveys for their conclusions; freshmen at the Plateglass University of Sussex are given questionnaires to complete that delve into every background and belief. The Ministry of Social Security has recently announced a census on birth control methods. Teaching hospitals put the patients' privacy at risk for the necessary purpose of educating a new generation of doctors. The claims of history now justify the most intimate revelations about the famous dead, as in Lord Moran's account of Churchill's declining years and Michael Holroyd's biography of Lytton Strachey. The content of what is unknowable or unknown about the individual is constantly shrinking.

THE INVENTION AND development of the Computer has given special momentum to this hunger for fact. The British Government is starting to imitate American use of this equipment. The Ministry of Social Security has a computer at Reading which calculates and pays out welfare benefits (though this may alleviate the intrusiveness of the old Means Test). The Ministry of Transport has one at Swansea for the registration of motor vehicles. Under the aegis of the Home Office, Scotland Yard's two million records are to be stored on a computer at the Metropolitan Police Estate at Hendon, which will be linked with 800 police stations throughout the country. Local authorities follow suit: hospitals too—psychiatric records are stored and linked by computer in some parts of South London and Manchester. So do credit agencies and universities. Even dates are fixed from data banks by computer cupids. The individual in the welfare state leaves a spoor of records behind him; medical, employment, educational, financial. Modern man is born free, but goes everywhere on tape.

The computer poses particular threats to individual liberty. Firstly, it can make mistakes; and the victim of such error can be ignorant of the cause of his misfortune. Someone may be refused credit or a university place because the computer has been fed with incorrect facts, or has made an incorrect retrieval. [11] Secondly, it provides an opportunity

[11] Cf. the story of the tenant threatened with eviction because the Post Office Giro system apparently failed to transfer his payment from his account to that of the Birmingham Council (*Daily Mail*, 22.4.1970).

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for blackmail by the official who has access to it. Thirdly, it means that a man's follies will always be on record; he will never be freed from the fetters of his own past.

Computers apart, the abuse of information can take place in a number of ways. For example, those involved in personnel selection will naturally be biased towards caution. Better to take someone who has never been involved in radical politics, or whose sexual life has never deviated from the norm. The naked society breeds organisation men.

Politicians sensible of every fact about their electorate will adopt a stance tailored to suit such. The Conservative Party, in their "*Project '67*," embarked on a study of census returns so that they might skilfully angle their election literature for particular constituents. Principles will thus cease to have any part in politics. Image will be all.

Information helps the profiteer as well as the politician. In 1966, the Registrar-General allowed certain items of census information to pass to direct mail order firms, who made use of it to send unsolicited samples and suggestions to potential customers—itself an invasion of privacy. But whether information be abused or not, persons have a basic right to maintain the maximum secrecy about their activities and habits that is compatible with the public weal. The very exposure of facts to unauthorised eyes constitutes a harm.

IF PROFESSOR WESTIN underplays any aspect of the invasion of privacy from a British viewpoint, it is that of invasion by revelation. The reason for this is clear. Although American law provides a civil remedy for those whose privacy has been invaded by an insensitive or prurient organ of mass communication, the battle for extra-legal restraint has been decisively lost. However, in England the existence of national newspapers and a national television service supplies a context where any such misbehaviour is of peculiar importance. The Press Council has checked the worst abuses by newspapers in this field of privacy invasion, but it can by no means eliminate them when it offers only reprimand to the wrongdoer rather than remedy to the wronged. The disinterment of the Profumo affair through the medium of Miss Keeler's memoirs in the *News of the World* in 1969 was a notorious example of the impotence of ethics in the face of profit. The publication of the names of heart transplant donors is another source of recent controversy.

Television, by contrast to the Press, lacks even the control of a supervisory council. There

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have been several episodes in the last few years of unacceptable intrusion on private grief, notably the interviews with the parents of the Aberfan dead. "Trial by Television," the pitting of the experienced interrogator against the unfavoured interviewee, is another means whereby privacy is put in jeopardy; so too are shows such as "Candid Camera" and "This is Your Life."[12] Lord Mancroft's abortive Bill to establish a right of privacy in 1961 focused entirely on the excesses of the mass media. Bad newspapers and bad programmes are driving out good. The issue is as live as ever, not least because juxtaposed to the individual's desire to keep his own secrets inviolate is his less virtuous interest in learning the secrets of others.

The debate about invasion of privacy, however, has two sides. Professor Westin's contribution is to supply the balance of perspective. In almost all instances hitherto discussed, the invasion has been not gratuitous or for evil ends but for some valid and socially useful purpose. Governments require information so that their predictions may be accurate, and their planning logical. National security must be maintained and crime controlled. Scholarship and study make no perverse claims. Why should business groups risk their money by lending it to the insolvent or employing the unreliable? If it was cruel to expose Mr. Profumo's peccadilloes to the public eye in 1969, was it not vital so to expose him in 1963? Should privacy be lightly accorded to the venial or the wicked?

Moreover the weapons of intrusion are in themselves technically neutral. In many cases, they are the "spin-off" of valuable research in space travel, communications, medicine and psychiatry. They solve as well as create social problems. Those who would destroy the computer of the satellite are Luddites, not liberals. The issue is one of attitude more than of technology.

ANALYSIS OF THE VARIETY of ways in which privacy is invaded or threatened in contemporary society should prompt us not to say "No," but to ask "Why?" The onus of proof should be on the invaders to justify their activities. Privacy will continue to be invaded. It cannot be otherwise. But it should cease to be invaded without good reason.

The chief, if not the exclusive, agency of control will be the law. English law, unlike American, recognises no right of privacy. The traditional causes of action at common law provide protection for it in a variety of indirect ways, but are powerless in face of the novel technological challenge. Trespass demands a physical intrusion, nuisance a proprietary right in the plaintiff and a proof of special damage. Defamation offers no succour where the hurtful revelations are true. Even equity guards only the confidences of special confidential relationships. American judges were disrespectful of precedent but mindful of academic writing such as the classic Warren and Brandeis article in the *Harvard Law Review* of 1890. They acted against a backcloth of a written constitution, and looked to the substance of the matter. Therefore, they developed a common law right from the same sources that have proved so unfruitful in the hands of their

[12] Professor Westin discusses at some length another example of privacy invasion by television: subliminal advertising. In England, brief experiments in 1957 to promote popcorn and soft drinks were swiftly abandoned. Both BBC and ITV are under a statutory duty to bar subliminal material from the screen. The row over the Labour Party's allegedly subliminal political broadcast of 8 April 1970 is thus a rarity. Cf. A. Davey, "Subliminal Persuasion," *New Society* (21.5.1970).

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English counterparts. In England, the forms of action have truly ruled from their graves.[13]

Reform in England is therefore likely to come from statute based on the future recommendations of the Younger Committee. The creation of a Right of Privacy in this manner will be as valuable for its declaratory effect as for the remedy that it provides. If carefully drafted, the statute should not shackle the legitimate activities of press or police. It will, however, be inadequate if enacted in isolation.

The invasion of privacy, as I have shown, occurs in different contexts, which demand different responses. It is important to note that by its very nature, it is often a secret abuse. The invaders are not themselves invaded. Spies like conjurers conceal the practice of their art.

Priority must therefore be given to ensuring that the weapons of intrusion, like guns or drugs, do not fall into the wrong hands. The use of electronic, optical or other artificial devices as a means of surreptitious surveillance should be made illegal except in limited and specified circumstances; and their possession should be controlled by licence.

The rules of evidence should be changed so that evidence should be inadmissible in civil proceedings if obtained by such devices, and admitted in criminal cases only where the police had been issued with a warrant for their use.

Special rules should govern the acquisition of information by computers and the right of access thereto. Individuals should be apprised of where information about them may be filed, and have the opportunity to check its accuracy. A code of ethics should be established for computer programmers. Their duty of confidentiality should be no less than that of the doctor or the lawyer.

In sum, the right of privacy must be protected by criminal as well as civil law, by adjectival as well as substantive law, and by administrative as well as legal technique.

BUT BEFORE ANY SUCH REFORM can be undertaken two conditions must be satisfied. Firstly, the extent and nature of privacy intrusion must be appreciated and described. Law reform is not the amendment of legal rules *in vacuo*; it is the response to social problems. For too long, English writers have discussed the subject in the language of unalloyed academicism.[14] Professor Westin's well-evidenced arguments are a welcome corrective to this approach.

Secondly, the complexity of the policy choices involved must be analysed and assessed. Otherwise the pace of technological change will render *ad hoc* legal and administrative reform obsolete almost before it is undertaken.

Professor Westin concludes his book thus:

> The setting—the marvels of micro miniaturisation and circuitry, chemical synthesis and projective psychiatry—is new. But the choices are as old as man's history on the planet. Will the tools be used for man's liberation or his subjugation? In the density, complexity and tight interrelation of twentieth-century life, can we preserve the opportunities for privacy without which our whole system of civil liberties may become formalistic ritual? Science and privacy; together they constitute twin conditions of freedom in the twentieth century.

Privacy protection is not an issue for lawyers alone. It involves scientists, architects, sociologists, town planners. It is of especial concern to a democratic society squeezed into the confines of a tiny island. The challenge posed by this remarkable book is as much to the spirit as to the statute book.

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[13] Cf. Leo Brittan, "The Right of Privacy in England and the United States," *Tulane Law Review*. Vol. XXXVII, No. 2.

[14] Cf. H. Street, *The Law of Torts* (4th ed.), p. 307, "there may be circumstances when invasions of privacy will not constitute defamation or any other tort already discussed. For example, the jilted lover who makes his former sweetheart a present of a bathing costume which dissolves in chlorinated water, the farmer who offends the old spinsters across the road by encouraging his beasts to mate on Sunday mornings in a paddock in full view of the old ladies." This is a paradigm case of Homer nodding!

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BOOKS & WRITERS

Rediscovering George Moore

By Martin Seymour-Smith

> *"Life is a rose that withers in the iron fist of dogma. . . ."*
> GEORGE MOORE, **Reminiscences of the Impressionist Painters** (1906).

CONSIDERING his extraordinary versatility and the measure of his achievement, George Moore (1852-1933) is the most neglected of all modern writers. The writer became submerged in the legend, which was distorted in most literary circles. His quarrel with Yeats, who did not do him justice, damaged his reputation. However, his neglect is certainly owing in part to the fact that he was, in Walter Allen's apt words, "frequently a great silly"; but then he fully recognised this aspect of himself, and in his still vastly underrated autobiographical works he mocked himself in a way that made others feel even more uncomfortable than he felt himself. He almost made a point of not aiming at any kind of personal consistency. He made many friends among painters, but his literary disciples were probably the most mediocre ever collected by a man of genius: John Freeman, Humbert Wolfe, Charles Morgan. . . . Geraint Goodwin's *Conversations with George Moore* (1929) continued a process that had started in 1922 with the well-intentioned but gormless *A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of His Work* by John Freeman; the damage was completed by Charles Morgan's *Epitaph on George Moore* (1935), so that Joseph Hone's *Life* (1936), an admirable biography, was hardly able to salvage its subject's reputation.

Now that studies of Moore—mostly American—are beginning to appear, and his own works are slowly creeping back into print, it is time for a reassessment. Moore himself lacked a satisfactory critical terminology, and his work needs to be examined not in the terms of his own varying conceptions of it but in those of what it actually achieved.

Moore himself eludes us almost as easily as he eluded Freeman and Morgan, until we see that the essential man exists only in his work. He always made a great thing of preferring "art" to "life"; but an investigation of what he really meant by art, an investigation which must be conducted by means of reading his books rather than taking his expressed opinions at their often absurd face value, reveals an original and complex mind. He belongs, in fact, not to an old school, but to a new one.

IN 1880, WHILE ENJOYING HIMSELF in Paris, Moore received "an odious epistle" from his uncle summoning him home: his tenants, because times were particularly hard, were refusing to pay their rents, and consequently he was in debt. In the final 1926 revision of *Confessions of a Young Man* (1888)[1] he preserved the following passage:

> That some wretched farmers and miners should refuse to starve, that I may not be deprived of my *demi-tasse* at Tortoni's, that I may not be forced to leave this beautiful retreat, my cat and my python—monstrous. And these wretched creatures will find support in England; they will find pity!

As is apparent, Moore the writer was prepared to take risks that alienated his audience: surprisingly few people have been able to see that his various self-portraits were satirical, ironic, and self-mocking. The writer in him operated in a seclusion whose degree of strictness has not been appreciated. Perhaps this is why he chose the society of painters—or writers with a marked lack of sustained talent—relying on his works alone to win him immortality. But his failure to achieve dignity as a human being saddened him, and is reflected in his books.

[1] Reprinted by Heinemann (1952).

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MOORE needed to satirise what he had been as a very young man in Paris; he hides his blushes theatrically in *Confessions of a Young Man,* possibly making himself out to be rather sillier and more thoughtless than he had actually been. Clearly the bizarre furnishings of the Paris apartment and the python that lived off live guinea-pigs were invented, or their details lifted from decadent literature; but the atrocious pseudo-Baudelairean verse that Moore wrote in *Flowers of Passion* (1878) and *Pagan Poems* (1881) needed careful living down. One of the achievements of *Confessions of a Young Man* is the way in which it conveys an accurate sense of, and isolates, the genuine element in Moore's immature paganism, while keeping it at a properly comic distance. He did not have Swift's violent passion, but he had much of his tortured subtlety and his sense of justice. Like Swift, too, he expressed himself fully only in his writings; he could never enter into complete relationships with other people.

George Moore the young versifier, a striking non-poet, was what Professor Jean C. Noël, in quite the best and most exhaustive comprehensive study of him yet written,[2] aptly calls *"un auteur en quête d'une personalité."* As Moore himself wrote in the opening words of *Confessions,* "I came into the world apparently with a nature like a smooth sheet of wax, bearing no impress, but capable of receiving any. . . ." We have now become used, mainly through modern French critical theory and the "autobiographical" works of Michel Leiris and other writers, to the notion that "straight autobiography" consists of a series of more or less banal semi-fictions, and that novels are in themselves autobiographies. Moore anticipated this as early as 1888, for in *Confessions* he makes no attempt whatever to present himself in conventionally realist terms. This is so incongruous as coming from the self-styled British champion of Zolaesque naturalism that it has been overlooked.

It might be argued that the modernity was an accidental product of Moore's reticence and painful self-consciousness; but the George Moore the writer knew he was obliged to invent in *Confessions* is nevertheless a much more "real" figure than anything else realised in late 19th-century autobiography (or biography). By the time of the trilogy, *Hail and Farewell* (1911-14),[3] this autobiographical process, often misunderstood as an indiscriminate potpourri of boastfulness, lying, silliness and fortuitous humour, was certainly fully conscious. Moore deserves credit, which he has never had, for seeing as clearly as any writer of his generation that the art of fiction needed to be developed along quite new lines. He was *avant-garde* in the best, unexhibitionistic, and unobtrusive sense. What else is his remark to Robert Ross (in a letter of 1913)—

> A man only seems natural when he is speaking aside or to himself; he seems quite mechanical when he is uttering little phrases to people standing by . . .

—but a partial recognition of the need to develop new techniques in fiction? His own work made a highly individual contribution to the development of such techniques. One must consider the young non-poet whom Moore had to work on in *Confessions.* This is an extract from an early poem:

> *On the wall that hides the ghastly*
> *Spectacle within from the passer*
> *In the street,*
> *Lay a lengthly line of photographs.*
> *First upon the list there came a man*
> *Forty years of age or thereabouts,*
> *Common-looking, marked with toil;*
> *He was swollen like a bladder;*
> *By his side I saw what seemed a woman,—*
> *Long and draggling tresses fell*
> *Round her decomposed face. . . .*

But his obstinate autodidacticism paid off in the end. Once he had discovered what he could do, which included seeing his past and present selves remarkably clearly, Moore's self-education became a matter of literary interest. It is true that his several early failures—particularly his original educational one, which might have broken a more passionate man, or turned him into a best-selling middlebrow at best—prompted him to put a sometimes unduly precious emphasis upon "style." But his best work transcends this—its "monotony" is largely an illusion based on our expectations from a writer advertised as "the acknowledged master of pure English prose in our time." However, to gain the maturity that produced *Confessions* he had had first to take another risk, a risk provoked by his failure as a painter and his financial humiliation (as he saw it): his first three novels. In these he began to find himself.

NATURALISM, too often confused with the realism out of which it grew, was materialistic, deterministic, and combined philosophical pessimism with humanitarianism in varying proportions. "The novel," wrote the

[2] Jean C. Noël, *George Moore, L'homme et l'oeuvre* (Didier, Paris, 1966).

[3] This will become available shortly in Chatto & Windus' Landmark Library.

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Goncourts in the Preface to *Germaine Lacerteux* (1865), "is entitled to claim the liberties and frankness of science." Whether true or not, Moore's indignant claim (made in 1922 to Barrett Clark) that Zola, when visiting a famous cocotte in order to gather material for *Nana,* had "asked at once to see her bedroom. . . . He wanted. . . . to measure it, get its exact proportions!", makes a valid point. The "scientific" approach was something that never attracted him: although it would be foolish to claim that he was not influenced at all by Zola, too much has been made of his alleged early naturalism.

As a young man in Paris, Moore (the "smooth sheet of wax . . . capable of receiving any impress") met Zola; later, after his return, the time came for him to try his hand at fiction. Knowing that he was inexperienced ("I just did not know how to write," he said later), he shrewdly provided himself with a self-consciously anti-Victorian, naturalistic programme, taking over Zola's "odious" candour and social realism—but very little else. His public characterisation of himself as Zola's British disciple was as strategic as were his words to Zola in a letter written just after the publication of his first novel: "I owe you everything." As Malcolm Brown writes in his *George Moore: A Reconsideration,*[4] *A Modern Lover* (1883; re-written in 1917 as *Lewis Seymour and Some Women*) "is a true original, indebted finally to the vision of George Moore." Still, it looked good to owe the disgraceful Zola "everything" at the terrifying outset of a writing career. The conception behind the two next novels, *A Mummer's Wife* (1885) and *A Drama in Muslin* (1886; re-written in 1915 as *Muslin*) does owe more to Zola's deterministic theories. But the naturalism in the three early novels is the least interesting and, technically, the most disastrous thing about them: it led Moore into philosophical asides that were foreign to his creative impulse, and into the narrative flatness with which he is often charged.

Naturalism is important in Moore's fiction because it taught him, from early on, not to leave out sordid details for genteel reasons—and thus enabled him to dwell unobtrusively on his own sexual predilections—and because, though officially espousing it as a bold, new method, he created an opportunity for himself

[4] University of Washington Press (1955). It is doubtless significant that no English publisher has thought it worth while to issue this first full-scale critical study of Moore.

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to get started. When he made a character say, in *A Modern Lover,* that "The novel is . . . contemporary history, an exact and complete reproduction of social surroundings: the novel is . . . environment," he added, as if rejecting poetry, "The poem . . . is an abstraction. . . ." But Moore, if not his mouthpiece, was to concentrate more and more upon what he inadequately and even wrongly here described as "abstraction," which bears, the character continues, "the same relation to the novel as the rich, ripe fruit you relish when your hunger is satisfied does to the roast beef." He had delightedly discovered Walter Pater, through *Marius the Epicurean,* in 1885; fundamentally he was more attracted by Pater than by Zola, whom he only exploited.

Its procedures apart, *A Modern Lover* deals less with environment or social surroundings than with problems of character and artistic morality. Lewis Seymour, partly based on Moore's Paris room-mate Lewis Weldon Hawkins, selfishly and coldly uses women as a means to an end; but financial and social success as a painter, and his entrance to the Royal Academy, are bought at the price of the ability to paint pictures that mean anything. Moore was already making a tentative approach to some of the themes that were to preoccupy him: the existential consequences of "art for art's sake"; the sexual nature of women; the relationship between art and life. Despite its awkwardness, there are good things in *A Modern Lover,* the most interesting being Lewis' clever and cold seduction of a married woman who is considerably above him in social station. Straight away Moore showed the essential modernity of his treatment. He did it by exploiting his own voyeurism and sexual prurience. Lewis excites Lucy Bentham into accepting his advances by, among other things, suddenly undressing (the excuse is "art") when awaiting her entrance to the room; Moore even hints at, or perhaps probes, Lewis' real nature in an odd bit of dialogue:

> "We both have long slim legs, undistinguishable in black stockings" [Lucy says to him]. "But tell me, why do you wear black stockings?"
>
> "Because I used to wear shoes, and my socks kept slipping, and the suspenders that men wear to keep up their socks hurt."
>
> "Is that the only reason, Lewis? . . ."[5]

Moore also exploited his own ex-dilettantism in his book, by explicitly condemning it as parasitic.

The real subject of both *A Mummer's Wife* and *A Drama in Muslin,* despite their naturalistic programmes, is the nature—particularly the sexual nature—of women. Moore loved to create scenes where girls or women are together without men: the feminine streak in him was so well developed that he could do it convincingly, thus incidentally giving himself a valid opportunity to act as peeping Tom. (One of the potential dangers to the girls who worked for him in his last years was reckoned to be that he might ask them to undress.) Just as Kipling homosexually yearned to be in on all male mysteries, so Moore—to our greater profit—voyeuristically yearned to be in on the secrets of the ladies. The energy most men devote to full-blown episodes of romantic love he tended to divert into this channel. He also "tried to shock and astonish people"—as Theodore Duret said in his recollections of him in his Paris years—when in *Muslin* he reported girls' conversation about their petticoats and the warmth of their "shammy-leather drawers"; but in his work, unlike his conversation or the polemics he conducted in newspapers, he harnessed his more trivial energies to an increasingly serious purpose.

Having courageously and with considerable cunning routed the circulating libraries for trying to suppress *A Mummer's Wife*—*Literature at Nurse, or Circulating Morals* (1885) is an excellent example of how actually to outwit Mrs Grundy—Moore wrote four more experimental novels before achieving his first undoubted masterpiece, *Esther Waters* (1894).

THIS WAS THE LAST of Moore's novels that can with any justice at all be described as naturalistic. But the description in itself indicates the limitations of the term: since, if it is used properly, then the novel must be called anti-naturalistic in effect, though naturalistic in intention. As I have suggested, Zola's chief function as an influence on Moore was to give him a method by which he could get started. His insistence on sexual realism, only one element in his naturalism, appealed to Moore: sexually reticent by nature, as he was personally shy, he willed himself to be both sexually forthright and aggressively "shocking."

Esther Waters has become Moore's only established classic, but not without strong resistance on the part of the critics. It is still fashionable to describe it as clumsily written, or as "a thin enough story." Esther's "I shouldn't have touched the second glass of ale" (to help to explain her seduction to her mistress) has been held up to ridicule; but this of course is exactly what a girl like her *would* have said to a kind but morally strict woman like Mrs Barfield. Those

[5] Quoted from *Lewis Seymour and Some Women,* 1917, the revision of *A Modern Lover.*

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who ridicule the remark reject the sympathy, tolerance, and conscientious accuracy that Moore achieved in his portrayal.

The objection of Brian Nicholas in his and Ian Gregor's *The Moral and the Story* (1962) is more frivolous. (It reveals the limitations of criticism in which theory becomes detached from human feelings.) The novel fails, Nicholas asserts, because Moore is neither properly naturalistic nor properly "artistic and . . . ethical": Esther is a (naturalistic) victim of circumstance, but she survives! This absurd charge altogether rejects the notion that a novelist can be anything except a perpetrator of critical theory. As Helmut Gerber has pointed out in his excellent new study of Moore's transitional period,[6] "What Nicholas does not . . . recognise is that in most of his novels GM was more interested in the problem than in the answer." He might have added that whereas Moore is a novelist Nicholas is a critic engaged in trying to reduce all fiction to the kind of abstraction with which he happens to be able to cope. Moore's view of life is a fundamentally tragic one, but his note of hope, more intelligent and sensitive than Zola's determinism, is expressed in his unsentimental warmth. When his critics attack his depiction of a servant-girl who fights for her son's life and wins, it is usually because they know and care less about such people than Moore did. The poignant irony, the insistent psychological accuracy, of the final page—"All was forgotten in the happiness of the moment . . . the possibility that any moment might declare him to be mere food for powder and shot. She was only conscious that she had accomplished her woman's work. . . . What a fine fellow he was!"—is not unkind because Moore was the least unkind of men. In writers of his capacity that is something considerable; but his ability to touch the heart without jerking the tears has not helped him with the majority of critics.

MOORE'S NEXT BOOK, the three tales contained in *Celibates* (1895), should not be confused with the five tales contained in *Celibate Lives* (1927), which has just been reprinted.[7]

[6] *George Moore in Transition: Letters to T. Fisher Unwin and Lena Milman* 1894-1910. Edited with a commentary by Helmut E. Gerber (Wayne State University Press, 1968).

[7] *Celibate Lives* (Chatto & Windus, The Landmark Library, 21s.). The publishers are to be congratulated on making what is perhaps his most important book available once again; but it is a pity that they have omitted both the author's preface (called "Advertisement") and even the simplest bibliographical outline.

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Celibates, the earlier work, consists of *Mildred Lawson,* about a girl who cannot discover in herself "a passion for God or man," *John Norton,* a revision of the novel *A Mere Accident,* and *Agnes Lakens,* which tells how a young girl is reluctantly driven back to convent life by the vulgarity and selfishness of her parents. *Mildred Lawson* was much improved as *Henrietta Marr* in *In Single Strictness* (1922), where it appeared with *Wilfred Holmes, Priscilla and Emily Lofft, Hugh Monfert* (yet another revision of *John Norton)* and *Sarah Gwynn.* The volume now reprinted first appeared in the Uniform Edition, and contained the same stories as *In Single Strictness,* except that *Hugh Monfert* was replaced with *Albert Nobbs* from *A Storyteller's Holiday.*

Moore's best stories—one must not forget those in *The Untilled Field* (1903), and *The End of Marie Pelligrin* from *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (1906)—are exquisite. Subtle, delicate, sympathetic, they succeed in describing and explaining whole life-patterns; they seldom clumsily and inadequately tell; they reveal. It is strange but symptomatic that T. O. Beechcroft in his recent survey of the short story in English, *The Modest Art,* should devote two or three sentences to Moore and a whole chapter to Kipling.

Although the stories in *Celibate Lives* are his best—and among the best in English—the much earlier *John Norton* is remarkable for the success with which it examines the problem of repressed homosexuality—that this is its theme only Jean Noël appears to have recognised. It is worth pausing over, for although it is clumsy compared to Moore's later work, and the ending is unsatisfactory, it illustrates the subtlety of his technique. His later work is very much more complicated.

John Norton, of a rich Anglican family and heir to a large Sussex estate, chooses to live away from his mother (who wants him to marry) in a Jesuit seminary. He does not wish to become a priest, however, but only to lead a monastic life and to devote his wealth to the buying of beautiful things for his Church and himself. He is persuaded to return home, and eventually half-proposes to a boyish innocent girl, Kitty. Immediately afterwards Kitty is raped by a tramp, whereupon she subsides into hysteria. The next day John calls on her; as he opens the door of her room she throws herself from her window and is killed. He decides to continue with a plan to turn his house into an abbey.

Moore, though with a less sure touch than he later commanded, relates the events that lead up to Norton's declaration of love with great subtlety. Nothing nearly as acute on the subject of homosexuality had been published in English during the century, although the word itself is not, of course, mentioned. This was one of the first occasions on which Moore explored his view of life as a series of tragic individual surrenders to various kind of dogma; paradoxically, although his only permanent mistress was his art, the tendency of his art is to regard all forms of sexual sublimation, of avoidance of pleasure, as neurotic and tragic.

The nature of Norton's devotion to his chosen church is wholly homosexual. He is "a little aggressive" in explaining how the "Catholic ceremonial," with its "Handsome lads of sixteen . . . chosen for acolytes," is more graceful and comely than the Protestant. He is physically strong, and would like to have been a crusader. He deprecates that music written for boys' voices is now sung by women. He punishes himself for his secret desires by embracing discomfort: condemns upholstery, refuses a feather mattress. In the chapel at the Jesuit college there is a corner in which the housemaids kneel: ". . . they would be better away. They present a temptation where there are a number of young men about . . . some . . . look round . . . It is beastly." Here he exhibits the homosexual's classic obsession with other men's heterosexual desire; the housemaids do not disturb him. Evidently, however, he cannot embrace the priesthood, because this would mean parting with his money, which has undoubtedly come to represent his sexual potency.

After being taken seriously ill and cursing and swearing "fearfully" (but the language is not given) in his delirium,

> he realised—if not in all its truth, at least in part—that his love of God had only taken the form of a gratification of the senses. . . . He saw Christ standing in judgment amid a white million of youths.

Because of the terror of this experience, and what is conventionally expected of him—Kitty, in any case, is flat-chested, boyish and, sexually, absolutely innocent; not "too much like a woman" but like "a little antique statue done in a period of decadence"—Norton is able to persuade himself that he loves her.

Moore now employs a master-stroke to demonstrate that all is not truly well. Norton is planning the conversion of his Italian-style house into a Gothic Abbey—"a charming recollection of . . . the England of the monastic

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ages." But his architect sends in an unpromising report, whose first sentence exactly describes—if only in the Freudian terms in which it is often, surprisingly, necessary to study Moore—Norton's own marriage problem:

> "The interior would be so constructed as to make it impossible to carry up the central tower. . . ."

Nevertheless, he says to his mother: "Either of two things: I must alter the architecture of this house, or I must return to Stanton College." He can expend his potency either as generative semen or as money in the service of beauty. On a walk with Kitty, he suddenly—in an impulse, one must infer, compounded of desire to do his duty by his estate, and need to experiment with this tolerably boyish girl—kisses her ("I don't think it was a sin," she tells him); he then obliquely proposes marriage. But immediately he prays "that accident might lead him out of the difficulty . . . ," which of course it does.

The story fails at this point because the character of Kitty is not developed: she exists too much as a convenient figure through which to develop the character of Norton, and not enough in her own right. The delicate balance that Moore has so far preserved between realism and symbolism is disturbed, partly because he kept too rigidly to his original novel, partly because the strain imposed by the era's ban on explicitness at last proved too much. The tramp's assault on Kitty does of course represent the brutal, self-defeating, and narcissistic selfishness of Norton's attempt to use the girl as a means of simultaneously overcoming and indulging his "sinful" proclivities; it also stands for his underlying hatred of her as a female; but it is not a wholly effective or appropriate symbol, for it is out of key with the realistic surface with which the story is endowed. The ellipses need filling in.

BUT MOORE BECAME MORE successful as he left the realistic method behind him. His most successful portrait of a homosexual type is Joseph of Arimathea in *The Brook Kerith* (1916), probably the most intelligent novel ever written about Christ. The perfection of *The Lake* (1905) was earned by the efforts made in the "double novel," *Evelyn Innes* (1898) and *Sister Theresa* (1910), which once more dealt with the problems of celibacy, monasticism and wordly and sexual desire.

Moore was able, in persistently working at his own problems of sexual incapacity and desire, and of artistic selfishness, to create a meaningful world. In his own time his later "prose ethics," as he misleadingly called them, were praised, in Ben Jonson's words, by

Solzhenitsyn

A documentary record

Edited and with an introduction by Leopold Labedz

Of the books on Solzhenitsyn which will be published, this is the essential one. Letters, interviews, discussions and articles, by Solzhenitsyn himself and by his accusers and defenders, describe in the most telling way his fight for creative freedom in Soviet literary life. They cover his rehabilitation in 1956; the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich;* the clampdown on his subsequent work which led to his expulsion from the Soviet Writers' Union last November; and now the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature, giving reactions from inside Russia as well as in the West.

Allen Lane The Penguin Press are rushing out *Solzhenitsyn: A documentary record* for publication on 10 December, the day the Nobel Prize is awarded. 30s

Allen Lane The Penguin Press

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"blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance/ The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance; /Or crafty Malice," which thinks "to ruine, where it seem'd to raise." They are only just now beginning to get their due; but for the most part they remain unread. It seems that the obscurity into which *The Brook Kerith* has fallen is partly due to its subject: its essentially anti-Christian (though not anti-Jesus) message has proved embarrassing. Even Bonamy Dobrée's useful introduction to Moore's later fiction in a new collection of essays, *George Moore's Mind and Art*,[8] skates round the subject. Yet if this, the main aspect of the novel, is thus ignored, it cannot be appreciated at all.

THE CURRENT REPRINT of *Celibate Lives*, perhaps the finest product of his later years, should lead to a revival of interest in Moore. His own polite devotees dismissed *Albert Nobbs*, a story in which comedy, pathos, tenderness and psychological insight are perfectly combined, as "incredible"; as usual, they bunglingly missed the point. A new generation of readers, to whom Moore is only the author of *Esther Waters*, but to whom Turgenev and Joyce are familiar, will be able to appreciate him better. They will more easily be able to see that *Wilfred Holmes*—the opening story—is no slight, old-fashioned sketch of commonplace merit, but a full-scale portrait of a man compressed into a few thousand words. It must be partly a portrait of his brother Julian (though no one seems to have noticed this), with its conclusion—the fatuous little tune that so exactly sums up the mediocrity of Wilfred Holmes. When Moore is read not simply as a naturalist, but in the modern context he demands, he is a much more rewarding writer.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT Moore (only the recent ones, with the exception of Hone's biography, are of serious account) have already been mentioned in passing. Malcolm Brown's *George Moore: A Reconsideration* was the first serious critical study. Its chief virtue is that it separates the man from the writer—in other words, reveals the essential man—and concentrates not on the figure attacked by such journalists as the gossipy and superficial Susan Mitchell, but on the writer—in Ford Madox Ford's description, the "wolf-lean, silent, infinitely sweet and solitary." Brown also discerns, where other critics either evade or fail to see the issue, the nature of Moore's view of Pauline Christianity.

Jean Noël's *George Moore* is the first really thorough and comprehensive critical study, and is full of new insights. Apart from the annotated bibliography of writings about Moore printed by H. E. Gerber in his *English Fiction in Transition* (1880-1920),[9] it contains the fullest bibliography. Noël deals chronologically with all Moore's works and revisions. Gerber's own *George Moore in Transition* is the first book to deal in detail with the period 1894-1910, in the form of a well-informed and critically sympathetic commentary on his letters to his literary friend Lena Milman and to his publisher, T. Fisher Unwin—for whom he was more than a match in business. Few writers, as Gerber shows, have looked after their affairs more shrewdly; the terms Moore extracted from Unwin, and the amount he was able to revise on his proofs (the proof was almost an initial stage of writing for Moore) would make most serious contemporary writers envious.[10]

All these books have come, significantly, from America and France; but one (on the whole, excellent) new book from Great Britain begins to redress the balance: a collection of old and freshly commissioned essays by various hands, *George Moore's Mind and Art*. This covers all aspects of Moore, including his involvements with Wagnerism, by William F. Blissett, and Irish literary politics, by Herbert Howarth. The editor's own essay on *The Melodic Line in Narrative* is helpful in sorting out Moore's actual achievement in his later fiction from what he variously asserted it to be. Brendan Kennelly's essay on the short stories, however, is unsatisfactory and parochial.

THE BEST OF THE MANY portraits of Moore (he was painted or drawn by Manet, Degas, Tonks, Rothenstein and others) is one painted about 1891 by Sickert, and now in the Tate Gallery. It perfectly expresses the mixture in him of sad clown and devoted writer. The clownishness of the face has a quality of pathos not unlike that which Moore himself could achieve. The mouth beneath the moustache is an enigmatic blur—cruel? sensual? sardonic? passionate? or all these at once—but the eyes are startlingly dedicated and compassionate

[8] Edited by Graham Owens (Oliver & Boyd, 42s.).

[9] Vol. II, No. 2 (parts I and II), 1959, and Supplements; Vol. III, No. II, 1960; Vol. IV, No. 2, 1961. The complete bibliography, which is being compiled by Edwin Gilcher, has not yet appeared.

[10] There is no complete edition of Moore's letters but other letters may be found in: *Letters from George Moore to Edward Dujardin*, trans. in 1929 by "John Eglinton" (W. K. Magee); *Letters of George Moore* (ed. Eglinton 1942); *George Moore's Letters to Nancy Cunard*, ed. Rupert Hart Davis (1957).

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through their bleariness. One is tempted to say that Sickert, himself a superb writer of prose, understood Moore better than anyone else.

One cannot say that Moore, as a man, catches the admiration any more than Sickert's portrait of him. He operated too haphazardly, from too many levels of humour or high seriousness, to achieve dignity. But if one has to accept that he was "frequently a great big silly," one has also to acknowledge Sherard Vines' oddly apt judgment, that he possessed "a dear good heart." This quickly emerges from his various protests about cruelty to animals (printed at the end of Hone's biography): he not only hated cruelty, but also understood its consequences.

FORD MADOX FORD did not get on with Moore (he resembled him in too many ways), but admitted that he was "infinitely the most skilful man of letters of his day—the most skilful in the world." His skill consisted in filtering his considerable Irish silliness—it is worse than, but sometimes reminds one of Shaw's—out of his writings, and yet preserving the enormous energy from which it sprang. Thus, even his last major work, *Aphrodite in Aulis* (1930), written when he was a sick old man, steers a surprisingly firm course between stupidity and monotonous enervation. Although Moore did as much in the short story as any writer of the last century, he is not one of its most important novelists. He might have been if he had had more raw sexual energy. But the neglect into which his novels, from *The Lake* onwards, have fallen is undeserved. The deliberate exquisiteness of their oral surface does seem old-fashioned, a stylistic dead-end of naturalism; but in fact, for all its occasional preciosity, it is the expression of a content whose profundity has not yet been appreciated. The later novels, with the incomparable rhythms of their prose, must be read in an absolutely modern context. Only thus may they arouse the response they require.

Far from having ever left Moore behind, we are only just beginning to catch up with him now.

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Wise Heads, Wise Tales

Clarity and Crypticism in the East—By D. J. Enright

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST is at times obscured by the mystery of the East—or, it could be, sustained by it. This condition may help to account for the current popularity of selected snippets from Eastern philosophy, as also selected techniques from Eastern poetry, at a time when logic, reason and reasonableness are considered to have proved incompetent or corrupt. (As a selected Western snippet has it, a bad workman quarrels with his tools . . .)

An important variant of the apophthegm is the analogy or parable, much employed by Eastern philosophers. And that a thinker so little metaphysical as Confucius should have attracted such masses of commentary might be held to indicate the weakness of this form of teaching. Yet it could also be claimed that discussion is of the essence and the fact that Confucianism survived so long indicates the strength or aptness of the system. People like to be told stories, they like it all the more if there is a suggestion that wisdom lurks somewhere in the story, and often they don't mind much if they fail to detect the wisdom with any certainty.

But we have already committed at least two major sins, in talking of "Eastern philosophy" as if all philosophies originating in the East were identical, and in implying that all "Eastern philosophers" were out to teach Truth or the Way of arriving at it all the time and to all comers. The second, at least, of these sins we had better attempt to expiate. Unfortunately, there is an evasiveness which betokens a breakdown in thinking either accidental or prudential and an evasiveness which is intended to leave the door open for the pupil to make his own way through. On top of that, there are times when we personally welcome evasiveness and other times when it irritates us: one's reception of Eastern wisdom would seem to lie more at the mercy of one's state of mind than such things (but think of Shakespeare interpretation!) ought to. But there too the sages cover themselves. They tell us, or some of them do, that the provoking of irritation is itself one technique of teaching: make a man mad and you may possibly make him wise. Thus the Sufis have gone out of their way to annoy and antagonise, to court blame and abuse, in order to make a point. Idries Shah describes this as the high form to which masochism or "holy suffering" is the corresponding low and degenerate form, and their deliberate clowning is thus akin to the more austere riddling of the Zen masters (though the latter can be coarse: "What is the Buddha?" "A dry shitstick"). If however the "irritation" doesn't work in this way and the recipient is merely repelled, then never mind, another useful function has been served: it demonstrates that the pupil would never be able to benefit from instruction. Heads, I have taught you; tails, you are unteachable. It seems as if the sages can never lose.

FOR ONE THING, it is a mistake to suppose that these teachers are necessarily intent on teaching. "You cannot," as some wise man has said, "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." And to judge from the stories in Idries Shah's new collection,[1] the Sufis arrived at a mode of selection which puts all academic Boards of Admissions to shame. In his earlier book, *The Sufis,* he quoted this interchange between a would-be pupil and a teacher:

> "I wish to learn, will you teach me?"
> "I do not feel that you know how to learn."
> "Can you teach me how to learn?"
> "Can you learn how to let me teach?"

How many academics would dare to inaugurate their tutorials in such a way—even given the opening? Incidentally, students prone to study the criticisms rather than the texts might profit from the Sufi saying that you cannot send a kiss by messenger.

Though plainly very different in demeanour, Mencius remarked (somewhat ambiguously but with that air of cool, slightly pained superiority which generally accompanies him, at any rate in English translation):

> There are more ways than one of instructing others. My disdain to instruct a man is itself one way of instructing him.

[1] *The Dermis Probe.* By Idries Shah. Cape, 35s.

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It is a way which does not recommend itself in the West, where there have usually been more people ready to teach than to learn—unlike the East, where people are keener to improve themselves than to improve others, or so one would have said had not Mencius also remarked, "The trouble with people is that they are too eager to assume the role of teacher."

One thing we notice about many Sufi apophthegms is that they can be reversed and still make sense. "The mine is always bigger than the gem"—why not "The gem is always bigger than the mine"? "If you cannot lie down, you will stand up once too often": very true, but reversed it is even better—"If you cannot stand up, you will lie down once too often." Then there are the permutations on "One lie will keep out forty truths"—"Forty lies will keep out one truth," "One truth will keep out forty lies" (a little sanguine perhaps, or unctuous, but philosophers generally have their moments of high-minded sentimentality), "Forty truths will keep out one lie"—each of which at least provokes a little thought, and the thinking will not be of an abstract kind but rather turned towards actual human situations—and "he who tastes, knows."

Proverbs are not meant to *solve* problems, and a Sufi proverb has it that

> a solved problem is as useful to a man's mind as a broken sword on a battlefield.

One advantage claimed for the use of analogy or allegory is that these devices avoid specificness of message: if the teacher is specific in his answer, then "he would cease to provoke thought and discussion"—in fact he would have put an end to thinking. The tigers of bafflement are wiser than the horses of instruction. Of course this argument can be advanced to justify sheer nonsense or wanton mystification, but as Dryden pointed out, that blank verse can be written badly is not an objection to blank verse. Nevertheless some unhappiness is bound to linger. Idries Shah has said, of the amusing stories of Mulla Nasrudin, that one extracts from them only a very little more than one puts into them. Should we feel content if this were proposed as a recommendation of poetry? But perhaps we are now mixing genres, and one law for the lion and ox is oppression?

One of the Nasrudin stories tells how the Mulla entered an ox in a horse race. When bystanders laughed at him, he explained that as a calf it ran around very nimbly, so now it was fully grown it would surely run even faster.

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The story is amenable to several interpretations, one of which is that the logical extension of observed fact can lead us right away from reality—there is indeed more than one law. Here the Mulla is playing the fool in the hope of making his wiser listeners even wiser. One cannot imagine Confucius or Mencius lifting up their robes in this undignified manner—they are unlikely to enjoy the favour of the young if only because of their unequivocal emphasis on filiality—but for them too analogy was an important mode of exposition and communication.

MENCIUS'S ANALOGIES are sometimes rather elusive, as if a factor in the comparison had been omitted, and there is no apparent suggestion that the elusiveness is meant to have a special efficacy. Ch'un-yü K'un opens a session by remarking that, although according to the rites a man and a woman should not touch each other, it would surely be in order to stretch out a hand to save one's sister-in-law from drowning. He then asks Mencius, "Now the Empire is drowning, why do you not help it?"

Mencius replies, "When the Empire is drowning, one helps it with the Way; when a sister-in-law is drowning, one helps her with one's hand. Would you have me help the Empire with my hand?"

Arthur Waley has described this reply as "at the best a very cheap debating point"—a miscarriage or abuse of analogy. However, D. C. Lau defends Mencius by explicating thus: in using a hand to save a sister-in-law one is compromising, but the outcome is successful, one does save the lady. If one offers a watered-down version of the Way to a ruler one is compromising, and the outcome will be unsuccessful, because a watered-down Way is not the Way.[2] In support Mr Lau adduces Mencius's statement,

> What can one do about those who bend the Way in order to please others? There has never been a man who could straighten others by bending himself.

But Mr Lau takes it that a pronounced dilution of the Way, consequent upon association with unsavoury characters, would be involved, while Waley supposed the interrogator to be suggesting that in the present emergency Mencius ought to put aside the "general principles" which made him hesitate to take office. From the passage it is not at all clear what is holding Mencius back, and we might be tempted to see his reply—"Would you have me help the Empire with my hand?" —as the sort of exasperated rejoinder anyone could make to a person who solemnly asked him why he wasn't bestirring himself to save civilisation.

Moreover, the absolutism implied by Mr Lau's reading doesn't seem to accord with the moderation of Confucian thought. Mencius said, "Confucius was a man who never went beyond reasonable limits"; and one should avoid extremes even to the point of avoiding extreme moderation:

> Holding on to the middle is closer to being right, but to do this without the proper measure is no different from holding to one extreme. The reason for disliking those who hold to one extreme is that they cripple the Way . . .

We could do with a few stories to help us sort this proposition out! But elsewhere Mencius tells us that Confucius was ready to give his employers a fair trial, sometimes he took office "because he thought there was a possibility of practising the Way," sometimes because he had been treated with decency and sometimes because the prince wished to keep good people at this court.

A cryptic exchange which Mr Lau doesn't discuss consists of the question, "Why did Confucius always take a present with him when he left for another state?" and Mencius's answer:

> A Gentleman takes office as a farmer cultivates land. Does a farmer leave his farming tools behind just because he is leaving for another state?

For if the giving of presents to lords whose service one hoped to enter was an approved custom and totally above suspicion, then why was the question asked? And if there were any doubts about its propriety in the case of a person like Confucius, then surely a more cogent answer is required than this uneasy analogy between Gentleman and farmer, presents and tools?

More plainly unpersuasive, at least to the Western mind, is the assertion that just as clear water is put to a higher use (washing the chin-strap) and muddy water to a lower use (washing the feet)—that is, the water brings the difference in treatment upon itself—so "only when a man invites insult will others insult him" (well, yes, Christ invited insult) and "Only when a state invites invasion will

[2] *Mencius*. Translated with an Introduction by D. C. Lau. Penguin Books, 7s.

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others invade it." Associated with this is the proposition that once he appears the good ruler inevitably attracts subjects from all over the Empire by winning their hearts, the people turn to him by the operation of a natural law,

> like water flowing downwards with a tremendous force. Who can stop it?

We might smile at such simplicity, if it didn't remind us of the Mao-Marxist contention that socialism is to replace capitalism in obedience to an objective law whereby all dissident elements are rendered paper tigers.

In any case, Mr Lau is of the opinion that "an analogy is at least as instructive, if not more, when it breaks down as when it holds" —so, once again, the sage can never lose. And Mencius's advice on how to read the *Odes*— "one should not allow the words to obscure the sentence, nor the sentence to obscure the intended meaning. The right way is to meet the intention of the poet with sympathetic understanding"—is akin to Idries Shah's comment that one doesn't get much more out of a Nasrudin tale than one puts into it.

OUR DISCONTENT with these elusive and uncertain modes of conveying or eliciting wisdom may be modified if we consider the patchy record of direct and unequivocal instruction. For instance, "Thou shalt not kill." In the West we have tended to think that by reasoning we can bring a man to believe something he didn't believe before, even should it deny what he has believed hitherto. Easterners, by and large of course, feel that only the teachable can be taught, that "good will" in the student is a *sine qua non,* that motivation is that clarity of vision is the prerequisite for that the teacher liberates what is already in the pupil—or else fails to teach. Considering the nature of Maoist techniques, considering also the nature of the Chinese (in particular their hard-headedness, their scepticism on the subject of grand causes, which on occasion could be more sympathetically described as spiritual modesty), Mao might seem to be something of a Westerner. But no, he must be an Easterner, we must suppose he appeals to something in the Chinese past and to something in the Chinese character—perhaps their preference for economical apophthegms and parables which relieve them of the burden of abstract speculation and liberate them for the hard task of staying alive and procreating.

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Observation Plus

New Books of Poems—By RONALD HAYMAN

THOUGH AMERICAN CRITICS have recognised the importance of Charles Tomlinson's achievement, it is still generally underrated in this country and almost without exception, reviews of his new book *The Way of a World*[1] have been condescending, if not unfavourable. Just as an actor gets type-cast, a poet in our literary climate is all too liable to go on being discussed in the same terms that are applied to him in his first set of reviews. "Painterly," "visual," "microscopic"—the words were relevant to Tomlinson's 1955 collection *The Necklace,* but while he is no less precise an observer than he was, he has developed so much since then that to go on thudding out the same adjectives is to tell a small part of the truth.

The position he took in *The Necklace* is defined in its first two lines:

> *Reality is to be sought, not in concrete,*
> *But in space made articulate*

In the poems which follow and in his second book *Seeing is Believing,* the basic assumption is that clarity of vision is the prerequisite for an adequate grasp on reality. *"When the truth is not good enough/We exaggerate."* The poems record and advocate the discovery and practice of a discipline by which distortion can be avoided. The poems observe not only the surfaces of things, but the play of light and shade in the spaces between them. In "More Foreign Cities" the lit space becomes as solid as the stone masses. But even these early poems are not narrowly "visual." They are constantly enlisting the other senses to refine and articulate the visual impressions.

> *Warm flute on the cold snow*
> *Lays amber in sound.*

Or:

> *The girls (white as their prayer-books) are released,*
> *Rustle in lavender and thyme*
> *From incense back to houses where*
> *Their white pianos cool each thirsty square.*

This is poetry for all the senses, but its concern is to wake them up, not to put them to sleep with facile gratification. To become aware of a tree or a field or a house, to avoid the danger of seeing it as a reflection or extension of ourselves, we must empty our minds of everything else, imitating the patience and stillness of stone. If there seems to be a battle going on between the wind and the trees, we can only taste the confusion if we hold back from emulating it. It is characteristic of these two volumes that they hardly ever employ the first person, except inside quotation marks.

Instead of asserting himself subjectively, Tomlinson uses himself as a medium through which he realises natural life more vividly than any poet since Hopkins. No one writing today is more sensitive than Tomlinson to the turn of the seasons and though he most often opts for a winter setting, his attitude of reverent gratitude in face of the natural landscape which surrounds us and his keen awareness of the processes of self-renewal which are constantly and copiously at work in it put him emotionally at the antipodes of Beckett and the writers whose preoccupations are one-sidedly with decay, the gradual failing of the individual body's faculties.

The people in Tomlinson's next book, *A Peopled Landscape,* are integral parts of the landscape and one of the poems in *American Scenes* centres on the legend of an old Indian Chief transformed by death into a mountain. Featured in the lighter poems in this book are a New Mexican captured by the Apaches and trained by them to steal, a bagpipe-playing Jew and a converted Indian Chief—characters comically at odds with their environment. But it is only in *The Way of a World* that the assertion of the human will comes into the foreground of the serious poems. "Assassin" is by far the most dramatic poem Tomlinson has yet written: he projects himself into the consciousness of the Stalinist agent who killed Trotsky, recreating it almost as if it were a landscape, but subtly pinpointing the man's

[1] *The Way of a World.* By CHARLES TOMLINSON. Oxford University Press. Paper, 15s.

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awareness of the passing moments before and after the murder, his reaction to the blood which he had steeled himself to expect and the details which catch him by surprise—Trotsky's animal cry and the papers snowing from his desk to the floor.

Woven from the hair of that bent head,
The thread that I had grasped unlabyrinthed all—
Tightrope of history and necessity—
But the weight of a world unsteadies my feet
And I fall into the lime and contaminations
Of contingency; into hands, looks, time.

THE OPENING POEM "Swimming Chenango Lake" sets the tone and focus of the book. Knowing the approaching winter will soon have made the water too cold, the man hesitates on the brink and then

Body must recall the eye to its dependence
As he scissors the waterscape apart
And sways it to tatters. Its coldness
Holding him to itself, he grants the grasp,
For to swim is also to take hold
On water's meaning, to move in its embrace
And to be, betweeen grasp and grasping, free.
He reaches in-and-through to that space
The body is heir to, making a where
In water, a possession to be relinquished
Willingly at each stroke. The image he has torn
Flows-to behind him, healing itself,
Lifting and lengthening, splayed like the feathers
Down an immense wing whose darkening spread
Shadows his solitariness: alone he is unnamed
By this baptism, where only Chenango bears a name

Surely this could hardly be bettered either as a description of a body moving in water or as an allegorical picture of an individual testing his environment, striking up an impermanent relationship with it. It tolerates his aggression, embraces him frigidly, circumscribes his liberty, partly gives him a sense of identity, partly takes it away.

This is only a beginning. In "Prometheus" Tomlinson not only sets up a more complex interrelationship between the visual, aural, and tactual references than before, but he develops a new rhythm, no less subtle but less reticent, more committed than in the earlier poems. Altogether this is a less private voice, a controlled rhetoric which claims and commands a wider space, ranges over a more impressive variety of tones than ever before.

Cymballed firesweeps. Prometheus came down
In more than orchestral flame and Kérensky fled
Before it. The babel of continents gnaws now
And tears at the silk of those harmonies that seemed
So dangerous once. You dreamed an end
Where the rose of the world would go out like a close in music.

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Inevitably there is some loss of precision and economy. "Tears" is too nearly a repetition of "gnaws" and the verbs and images in the last sentence could have been interrelated better. But in "Night Transfigured" the description of the nettles illuminated by torchlight is superb in its richness and exactness of descriptive detail. The title poem seizes with extraordinary clarity on a remembering mind groping for and grasping a particular movement of the wind, while "Descartes and the Stove," equally admirable in its description, is most valuable for the complex of relationships it sketches out between the worlds inside and outside the room, inside and outside the mind.

I have still said nothing of the prose poems, which are uneven but quite brilliant at their best, or of the short line poems like "Before the Dance," which skilfully uses its impatient rhythm to generate the suspense of the moment before the beginning of the Indian dance at Zuni. Somehow the poem contrives a pre-echo of the sound which is not yet in the air.

MOST OF THE VERSE in Donald Davie's last book *Events and Wisdoms* (1964) suffered rather than gained from the tension between content and form. Self-satisfied rhymes and rhythms undermined everything Davie said about his dissatisfaction with himself. The overworked surface cramped the gestures towards expansiveness, while the personal reminiscences missed the resonance that was intended. But at the end of the book, in a sequence of five poems about a motor smash, the urgency of the situation jolted Davie into a new directness.

In *Essex Poems*,[2] a collection covering the years 1963-7, the verse benefits from both the new freedom and the discipline to which Davie habituated himself over so many years of writing. His rhymes and his rhythms are subtler and more relaxed. Ambivalence of feeling, ambiguity of experience are now cleanly brought to the surface, focused in neat ironies laid out in neat lines.

> *British is what we are.*
> *Once an imperial nation,*
> *Our hands are clean now, empty.*
> *Cause for congratulation.*

Reminiscences still sometimes produce a diffusion, as in "Stratford-on-Avon" and "Barnsley 1966" but "Intervals in a Busy Life" succeeds in imparting a telling general resonance to personal particulars.

Altogether there is more assurance of tone, more variety of form, mood and subject-matter, more richness of texture than in any of Davie's previous volumes. The two Pasternak translations are impressive and some of the original poems show a Pasternak influence, healthily digested. But there is a curious disparity between the best poems and the worst. "Ezra Pound in Pisa" and "Or, Solitude", have a sinewy rhythmic fibre and put every word in the right place with the right amount of weight and stress. But "Pièta", a short line poem, and "Sylvae", a poem which behaves as though its lines were shorter than they are, both have awkward enjambments and words which require no stress in stressed positions.

SOME OF THE POEMS in Michael Hamburger's new volume *Travelling*[3] make their points too emphatically, while others fail to make much impression at all. "Report on a Supermarket" certainly commands attention but the nagging tone soon becomes tiresome and the style of the satire owes too much to Enzensberger. Even in "At Error", a protest about the American bombing of a friendly Vietnamese village, the tone seems forced.

Perhaps partly because of the depth to which he has immersed himself in other people's poetry, Michael Hamburger has great difficulty in this book in finding his own voice. In the more modest poems, it verges on inaudibility, though "Loach", "Oxwich" and "The Col" contain some attractive description. But there is not much pressure behind them, which is the trouble with most of the poems in the book. Often it is as if the different ingredients—narrative, details of observation, comment, images, rhythms—were pulling the poem very gently in different directions. Only Hamburger's irony is less gentle and that is shown off to better effect in the prose section "Zombie's Notebook" in which the statements do not need to become anything more than statements.

IN *Terry Street*,[4] Douglas Dunn displays an admirable sureness of touch, particularly in the first part of the book, which consists of eighteen poems dealing with life in the slums of Hull. Without using any dialogue, he vividly recreates the life of the streets, commenting on

[2] *Essex Poems*. By DONALD DAVIE. *Routledge*, 25s.
[3] *Travelling*. By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. Fulcrum, 30s.
[4] *Terry Street*. By DOUGLAS DUNN. Faber, 15s.

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it at the same time. When it occurs, the question of his own involvement in it, whether as an insider or outsider, is perfectly focused, as in the final poem, about his decision to leave Terry Street.

At first much of the statement appears to be about the surfaces of appearance and behaviour but examine it more closely and you see that particular details are very judiciously fused into generalisations which are then built into a montage that takes us, partly by implication, over a wide range of experience.

In the sunless dustbin alleys, vermin devour cats;
Old women are seen wiping in doorless toilets;
Layers of smell flake off the air like invisible soot;
French letters cool, relics of life-hot winter shags;
And a girlie mag breaks up in glossy fragments,
Focus of masturbation by torchlight, among hungry cats.

The postmen see the fronts of us, poverty and bills,
The proofs we are administered.
The dustmen, red-eyed with lifting, and ash-coloured,
See the back sides of us, the bits we don't paint,
And keep children out of with warnings of dogs and fever.

Douglas Dunn combines the postman's view with the dustman's, and he organises his fragments of fact to create a truthful emotional atmosphere. Taken together, the eighteen poems give off an unusually strong—and not at all unattractive—smell of life as it is actually lived.

The poems in the second half of the book show just as much capacity for sympathetic identification with other people—or with horses in a field—and the same unerring selection of the right factual generalisations to evoke an atmosphere and a mood, in "The Love Day" for instance. But in these poems the first person is more obtrusive, the focus not quite so sharp, the language less transparent, the irony not so subtle. But to measure the second half of the book against the first is to judge it by a very high standard.

STUART MONTGOMERY makes a highly effective debut with *Circe*.[5] Pulsating sinuously and sensuously, the lines drive the voice resistlessly forward, compellingly suggesting the hypnotic lure of the enchantress with their rhythm and momentum.

[5] *Circe*. By STUART MONTGOMERY. Fulcrum, 21s.

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her hands moving over my limbs undoing
the tension and washing them in her bright
cauldron then burnished my dry skin
with oil which carried the sunlight within
and the clear blue perfume of eucalyptus in
the evening into the crimson cloak and tunic
that she chose for me

The subject-matter is slippery and the movement of the verse imitates it so well that Stuart Montgomery could easily have lost his grip on it. But though he narrates in the first person, dramatically conveying Odysseus' loss of control over what happens to him, Montgomery keeps the verse under control, partly through his changes of rhythm and line-length. I wish he could do a verse translation of *The Odyssey*.

ANTONIO CISNEROS is a young Peruvian poet still in his twenties and *The Spider Hangs Too Far From The Ground*[6] is a selection from his *Comentarios Reales* (1964) and his *Canto Ceremonial contra un oso hormiguero* (1968). His personality and his style emerge clearly through the translations by Maureen Ahern, William Rowe, and David Tipton. The early poems, combining a delicate sensitivity with a savage Latin American irony, extract rare metals from the ore of Peruvian history. The warriors slaughtering each other under the hot sun are viewed with the same compassion and the same ironic clarity as the small beach creatures, excreting and eating each other among the sun-dried bones.

The later poems are longer and often more personal but also more complex in their structure and their mixture of moods and subjects, their juggling of perspectives. Now Cisneros' ironic eye studies the modern warriors.

And so,
when they got away, we picked up meat &
arms.
The captain fled over his own dead
abandoned to the nibbling of the flies.
We had no wounded.
The guerrilleros *bury their tins of fish,*
pick up their guns, fall silent, walk on.
With no belongings
but their bones & guns, & sometimes doubt
like a cleft
in a field of clay. *Also fear.*
And the black roots
& the good ones, & the fungi which fatten &
those which bring death
proffering themselves identically.

[6] *The Spider Hangs Too Far From The Ground.* By ANTONIO CISNEROS. Cape Goliard, 30s. Paper, 16s.

[7] *The Floor Keeps Turning.* By SHIRLEY KAUFMAN. University of Pittsburgh Press, $4.95. Paper, $2.50.

If there is a feminine element in Cisneros' very masculine sensibility, there is also a masculine element in the very feminine sensibility of Shirley Kaufman, whose book *The Floor Keeps Turning*[7] won the U.S. Award of the 1969 International Poetry Forum. Her poems are elegant, glassy structures, with violent tensions visible underneath. Her realm is the domestic, her preoccupations not too different from those of any highly-educated, highly-strung, middle-class American Jewish housewife. But she has a very rare poetic talent and she writes cleanly and incisively, with an appearance of ease which is probably deceptive.

Her descriptions are quaint and lively. This is a beetle on its back:

Some little Pequod spitting, mastheads
tufted with joints like unfleshed frogs,
lame as a butterfly spread
on a pin. And from the thrashing legs

hooks caught at nothing, casting
and casting in the air, her
bent and beaded feelers lashing
until the threads would have to tear.

But she is more forceful when she is dealing with the frictions of her own life, the strain of making love in the daylight as she grows older, the stricken sense of losing contact with her daughter, the strain and pain of living in the same house as her mother. But instead of trivialising this commonplace material, she transmutes it into poetry which is intensely personal but not at all private.

Through every night we hate,
preparing the next day's
war. She bangs the door.
Her face laps up my own
despair, the sour, brown eyes,
the heavy hair she won't
tie back. She's cruel,
as if my private meanness
found a way to punish us.

Many poems tremble on the brink of the surreal. Translated into print, a fantasy becomes twice as savage. She dreams of squeezing the cat's head in her hand till its bones crack "like fried fat." The sand crumples under her feet wherever she stands on it. The flytrap masticates its bugs. But she never loses control. She preserves a precarious but valuable balance on the edge of disintegration. The fancies remain fancies. The verse magnifies them but it also holds them in check. And in some poems the Jewish tradition acts as a stabilising influence. In the apocalyptic "Meron," for instance, which

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ranges from Rabbi Simeon ben Yochai to the concentration camps, with passing references to her grandmother, who piously cut off her hair when she married, Shirley Kaufman protects herself from her self-awareness by her firmly anchored awareness of so much that is outside herself.

COMPARED WITH THESE delicate distillations from a quiet desperation, Anne Sexton's *Love Poems*[8] are like choppy-surfaced puddles and she has no qualms about offering them exactly as they are. Sometimes the wind blowing on them has considerable force, which makes this volume more readable than her last, *Live or Die,* but most of the poems seem to have been written far too quickly, as if she were rather nervous of overcooking the emotional raw material. Some of them are like slightly abbreviated transcripts of a patient's free associations during a session with an analyst—

Later I measured my size against movie stars.
I didn't measure up. Something between
my shoulders was there. But never enough.

Sure, there was a meadow,
but no young men singing the truth.
Nothing to tell truth by.

Ignorant of men I lay next to my sister
and rising out of the ashes I cried
my sex will be transfixed!

In fact a great deal of the verse is made out of diary material and most of the best writing in the book comes in the sequence "Eighteen Days Without You" which simulates the form of a diary. This seems partly (but only partly) to justify the method of passing flatly from point to point, with arbitrary shifts between reminiscence and immediate narrative, but with little structure and no organic growth.

In her first two volumes, *To Bedlam and Half Way Back* and *All My Pretty Ones,* Anne Sexton worked a "confessional" mode to considerable effect. The *Love Poems* are no less honest—often they seem too honest—and the emotional pressure behind them may be no less urgent, but the tension is no longer captured in the verse itself, which is thin-textured and rhythmically flaccid. Nothing is left of the breakneck movement from one tight cluster of images and ideas to the next. We get more clarity, but at the cost of a pedestrian pace.

EVEN THE BEST POEMS in Ted Walker's *The Night Bathers*[9] are not quite as good as the best in his previous books, *Fox on a Barn Door and The Solitaries,* and the collection as a whole is more uneven than either of them, but I still think it represents progress. Refusing just to go on doing what he has already done well, Ted Walker is experimenting with different styles, different voices, implicitly admitting that he has not yet found his own, but clearly determined to do so.

Will he have to abandon the colloquial, tough, matey style that serves him so well in the very enjoyable poem about his dead uncle, a man he would in some ways obviously like to resemble?

On pay-days in the shipyard you played Brag
Around an oil-drum with a greasy pack
A week's wages slipped through. You'd borrow back
Enough to stand a round of beer later.
Down The Marlipins they say you were
The sort that got offered a man's last fag.

[8] *Love Poems.* By ANNE SEXTON. Oxford University Press, 15s.
[9] *The Night Bathers.* By TED WALKER. Jonathan Cape, 21s.

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Basically he is more withdrawn and fastidious and seems to be most aware of himself when he is in the presence of other people but detached from them, as in the title poem, or when he is alone in the country, or with animals.

There is as much variety of verse form in the book as of subject matter. Nearly all the poems have the same number of lines in each verse, but the length of both verses and lines varies from poem to poem, as does the use of rhyme and half rhyme. He includes a regular sonnet, a religious poem in *terza rima*, and scattered through this heterogeneous collection is an equally heterogeneous mixture of translations (Neruda, Verlaine, Rilke, Leconte de Lisle, Montale, Lorca, Hölderlin and Lope de Vega). Both these and the original poems have made him flex a great many technical muscles and I hope they have helped him towards finding his own voice.

The Oxford magazine *Carcanet* has started its own press publishing attractive booklets of verse. Of the seven which have appeared so far, the most interesting are *Black Buildings*[10] by Michael Schmidt, a stylish young poet, and *Provençal Poems*,[11] a series of translations rather in the style of Pound by Sally Purcell, who also provides a useful introduction.

[10] *Black Buildings*. By MICHAEL SCHMIDT. Carcanet Press, 7s.
[11] *Provençal Poems*. By SALLY PURCELL. Carcanet Press, 7s.

Command & Respect

By D. W. Brogan

BRUCE CATTON, it is to be assumed, brings his very lengthy chronicle of the American Civil War to a conclusion with this book,[1] and in most ways it is a worthy conclusion of this important enterprise. Mr Catton provides an admirable, if one-sided, account of the campaign in Virginia in 1864, and a more satisfactory account of Grant's role as the Lieutenant-General of the United States armies. But he does not, it seems to this reviewer, stress enough, or perhaps notice enough, the difference between Grant as Lieutenant-General commanding all the armies of the United States and General Grant commanding in fact the Army of the Potomac in Virginia.

For it is one of the paradoxes of Grant's career that in Virginia he really did not do conspicuously better than his predecessors, and could be compared, not necessarily in his favour, with General McClellan. True, Mr Catton puts the blame for the series of disastrous and ignominious failures which marked the Army of the Potomac under Grant, as under previous commanders of that unlucky force, on his subordinates. And of course Burnside and Butler would have been headaches, and worse than headaches, to any general, even to Napoleon or to Frederick the Great or to Marlborough at the very height of their powers. But Grant did take command. As Mr Catton implies rather than states quite candidly, he continually reduced the power and responsibilities of General Meade. The bloody slaughter of the Wilderness Campaign, the horrors of the Crater, the failure to hold together the Army of the Potomac, the continual breakdown in staff work all were, surely, part of the responsibilities of the Commander of all American armies and of the General who had taken over control of the Army of the Potomac?

There is, no doubt, a paradox in the last year of Grant's military career, and as Lieutenant-General he has great claims to respect. It was not his fault that he was "lumbered" with Banks and Butler. The political reasons which forced these two preposterous amateur soldiers on Lincoln were not Grant's fault. But even when more serious soldiers like Hancock were concerned, Grant's command of the army which he, perhaps foolishly, largely directed himself is not nearly as impressive as his previous career, above all on the highwater mark of that career, the Chatta-

[1] *Grant Takes Command*. By BRUCE CATTON. J. M. Dent, £3.

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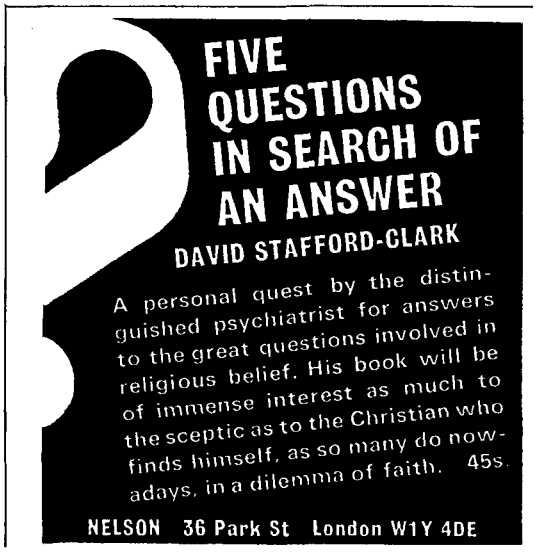
nooga Campaign. Grant was conscious of the fact that his performance with the Army of the Potomac was not as brilliant as he must have hoped it would be when he first took the field against Lee. It is one of the oddities of this book that so little attention is given to Lee. The account of the Virginia Campaign in 1864 is rather like an account of the campaign in France in 1814 in which attention is directed on Schwarzenberg and Napoleon is hardly mentioned. Grant was, in fact, facing in Lee an opponent of a rank he had never had to face before. To defeat and humiliate Braxton Bragg was one thing; to outwit and economically defeat Robert E. Lee was beyond his resources—more his mental resources than his material resources. For despite ingenious arguments, the number of troops really serving with the Army of the Potomac were heavily on the side of General Grant, and he did not make a very brilliant use of them in 1864.

Grant, in the most remarkable and convincing of American military apologias, his *Personal Memoirs,* although candid as generals go, was not very candid and managed to put the blame for certain disastrous episodes in the Virginia Campaign on his subordinates. But a Commander-in-Chief, as Grant was, has surely some serious responsibility for the performances of his subordinates; and there is no reason to believe that the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac were inferior to the commanders of the Army of Northern Virginia, at any rate after the death of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. The old and traditional belief that Grant met more than his match when he met Robert E. Lee seems to be justified; for we know that Grant was not a modest man (modest men seldom make good generals), and he came to the command with an excessive confidence in his methods of waging war and of what he could do with the Army of the Potomac in face of the Army of Northern Virginia. He very soon found out that Lee was a very different opponent from Pemberton or Bragg or even Albert Sydney Johnson.

He was naturally reluctant to admit this, and there is a curious parallel between his experience in 1864 in Virginia and the experience of Hindenburg and Ludendorff on the Western Front in 1916 after the removal of Falkenhayn. They soon discovered that the Franco-British Armies were very much more formidable than the Russian Army, and they were to discover that the Allied High Command on the Western Front, for all its faults, was a much more competent military organisation than the Russian High Command had been. But Grant, unlike Ludendorff, kept his head, and was never a gambler on Ludendorff's scale.

IT IS WHEN WE TURN to Grant as the Commander of all the Union armies that his great claims to military respect are more visible. It is quite possible that if politics and vanity had not led Ben Butler to take over the active direction of the attack on Fort Fisher the first attack would have succeeded. Grant had to suffer from political generals like Butler, Banks, and Sigel. And, of course, there were commanders on the Union side who were not as totally incompetent as Banks, Butler and Sigel, but yet were only moderately competent. But there is not sufficient attention given to the great risks run by the Union in the late summer of 1864. Morale, both civilian and military, was low, and it might be argued that it took the combined folly and incompetence of Jefferson Davis, Bragg and Hood to enable Lincoln to approach the November election of 1864 with a confidence which he had not had in the dread summer of that year.

Mr Catton has his own favourites and his own non-favourites. It is not clear whether he thinks that Grant was as unjust to Rosecrans as his very unkind comments on that general would suggest. It is not clear whether Mr Catton has considered the possibility that Sherman, like Soult, was an admirable planner of a campaign but simply had not got what General Winfield Scott called "finish". Among the Union generals, the one who *had* finish was Sheridan, as Grant as well as Winfield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Scott realised. It was Grant's choice and backing of Sheridan, the only general he brought from the West, which is one of his greatest claims to Union gratitude.

Perhaps a little more could have been said about Sheridan's methods of commanding his army in the Shenandoah Valley. One of his most brilliant subordinates, Colonel Charles Lowell of the great Massachusetts family, said that Sheridan went about his command of his army like a business man. (He had been, after all, during the year of his exile from West Point, a book-keeper, and he was not a *beau sabreur* like Jeb Stuart.) In the final campaign which ended at Appomattox, it was a combination of the ruthlessness of Sheridan with the general control of the great battlefield by Grant that put an end to Lee's fast diminishing hopes. The final combination of Lincoln, Grant, and Sheridan was decisive against the greatest of American generals, Robert E. Lee. Sherman's march through Georgia and then north to the Carolinas was, of course, a memorable performance in face of very feeble opposition; but perhaps the reputation of Sherman deserves a reconsideration as much as the reputation of Grant.

MICHAEL HOWARD

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ONE OF THE MANY MERITS of this book is Mr Catton's account of the morale and of the methods of the Army of the Potomac. He perhaps could have stressed more what seems to us today the oddity of a system in which a great part of the Union army simply left the war when its three-year period of service had ended. Among the Union soldiers thus contracting out of the war was Oliver Wendell Holmes Junior who perhaps had a kind of right to leave the war when it was still far from finished because of his previous services and his wounds. But although it is not developed sufficiently, there was something still more odd about the way in which the North and the South failed to impose anything like total mobilisation. Perhaps the new soldiers of the Army of the Potomac were in 1864 quite as deplorable a collection of mere mercenaries as Mr Catton suggests. After all, the sight of "veterans" leaving the army cannot have improved the morale of the recruits who were being dragged in by Stanton's methods.

THIS IS A BRILLIANT apologia for the last campaigns of General Grant, and it is an apologia which Grant deserves to have made for him, although perhaps his own ingenious and very lucid account of his services in the *Personal Memoirs* is still more revealing and perhaps more convincing. Mr Catton has castigated his own style, and there is not nearly as much in this volume of the excessive and lush vocabulary and passion for often unconvincing metaphor which marked the earlier volumes of Mr Catton's study of the Civil War. Yet he is still open to the kind of stylistic criticism which James Russell Lowell directed against Augustin Thierry. There is a little too much ornament and a little too much metaphor in Mr Catton's narrative.

The apparent austerity of his narrative is the main superiority of Grant's *Personal Memoirs* over this new life. It could, of course, be argued that, like Caesar in his *Commentaries,* the austerity was a literary device which enabled both Caesar and Grant to conceal the less successful aspects of their military careers. But truth will out (even in an affidavit, as Lord Bowen is reported to have said), and truth came out both in Caesar's *Commentaries* (for example, in the implausible account of his defeat at Gergovia) and in Grant's volumes where instances were rather more numerous. But the great fault of this book is the almost complete absence from it of Robert E. Lee.

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Campus Revolt: California's Balance-Sheet

CALIFORNIA is, of course, where it all began. Back in those sunny days of late September 1964, confrontation tactics hit the American campus. In response to a change by the Berkeley administration, which revoked the practice that had allowed student political groups to collect money and organise off-campus demonstrations on a small 26-foot strip at the Telegraph Avenue entrance to the campus, the first major post-World War II American student revolt began. Within three months, the administration building, Sproul Hall, had been occupied by close to a thousand students and others. Before it was evacuated over 700 were arrested by the police sent in by Governor Brown, who overruled Clark Kerr's wishes to let them stay. By Christmas, Edward Strong, the Berkeley Chancellor, had been replaced by an acting Chancellor, Martin Meyerson. Strong was thus the first administration casualty of what was to be a long list of Presidents, Chancellors, and Deans, who were fired or resigned, following a campus upheaval.

THE MOST RECENT major events of this kind have been the resignation of Kenneth Pitzer, after only two years in the presidency of Stanford, directly across the Bay from Berkeley, and of Howard Johnson, President of beleaguered M.I.T. Clark Kerr, the president of the state-wide University of California, was to go twice, the first time in the Spring of 1965 when he and Martin Meyerson resigned in protest against pressure from Governor Brown and some of the Regents who had demanded that they peremptorily expel a group of students who had voiced and published obscenities (the so-called Filthy Speech Movement which succeeded the Free Speech Movement). Kerr and Meyerson withdrew their resignations, but their tenure was short-lived. Meyerson went that summer; the Regents would not confirm him in the Berkeley Chancellorship. Kerr held on in a precarious position until the election of Ronald Reagan enabled Jesse Unruh, then Speaker of the Assembly and ex-officio Regent of the University and Reagan's subsequent 1970 opponent, to press the Regents to a vote on Kerr's continuance in office. This was a vote that Kerr could not win at the time, and which one can assume Unruh knew would be blamed on Reagan. Thus Reagan received the credit for a tough decision which he supported, but not one that he wanted at the time.

Meyerson was succeeded in the summer of 1965 by Roger Heyns, a psychologist and then Vice-President of the University of Michigan. Heyns was best known academically for a book which among other things discussed how to achieve consensus within organisations through opening blocked channels of communication. For some time after he took office, Heyns was to pursue policies which appeared to reflect his belief that if you could only get the different groups on campus to talk freely with each other, the major tensions would end. As a step in that direction he appointed as his Assistant for Student Affairs, John Searle, a young Assistant Professor of Philosophy, whose most noteworthy prior campus political role had been as a well-known faculty supporter of the *FSM* during November and December 1964. This act, however, did not conciliate the radicals, but demoralised the moderates and conservatives among the students and faculty who saw in it evidence that the new Chancellor was more concerned with winning the approbation of the militants than in resisting politicisation. While the appointment of Searle did not have much success in terms of pacifying the campus, it did change him. Over the years, Searle has become one of the most hard-line campus conservatives in the country.

Kerr was replaced in 1967 by Charles Hitch, former Comptroller of the Defense Department. Hitch, a taciturn pipe-smoking executive, has been almost invisible since taking office. Learning from the mistakes of his predecessor, he has carefully remained out of all campus matters, leaving the chancellors of the nine branches of the university complete control

THIS *"Letter from California" was written by a leading American scholar who prefers —for reasons which his analysis makes abundantly clear—to remain anonymous.*

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over local affairs, including particularly the handling and disciplining of students. Hitch has allowed the functions of the presidency to be reduced largely to those of internal budgetary controls and external dealings with the Regents and Legislature. Other administrative personnel shifts have occurred on some of the other campuses as well. Those at Los Angeles, San Diego, Davis, and San Francisco (Medical School) have new heads appointed since Reagan became Governor and Kerr was fired.

Ronald Reagan's Failure

PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT change in the governing structure of the university has been the gaining of control of the Board of Regents by conservatives appointed by and closely tied politically to Ronald Reagan. The California Board is composed of 24 men, 16 of whom are appointed by the Governor in staggered 16-year terms, and 8 of whom, including the Governor and various other state officials, the president of the alumni association, and others, are *ex officio*. For some time after Reagan took office, the Board was primarily composed of Brown appointees. Within the past year or so, Reagan's men took control, in part because resignations gave him an opportunity to make additional nominations. The Governor, therefore, now comes as close to being able to set policy for the University as any Governor in memory of living man. One instance of his new power is the establishment by the Board for the first time in history of a regular tuition fee for California residents. Reagan had proposed this after taking office, but he was turned down for two years.

The control of campus unrest had been a major plank in the Governor's campaign for election in 1966. His supporters put out a large tabloid paper, headed *Berkeley*, which described in words and pictures the horrors of radical, hippie, criminal, drug-imbibing activities which went on among the students on that campus. This publication was widely distributed throughout the state before the election, and since taking office Ronald Reagan has given numerous speeches denouncing the activities of the "minority" of students, faculty, and outside trouble-makers, who have been responsible for the turmoil on the different campuses. He has made it clear that he wants trouble-makers who interfere with the educational functions of the university expelled or fired. He and the Regents want violent demonstrations ended. The Governor has also criticised the preponderantly liberal-left bias of the faculty. He has urged the appointment of more conservative faculty to help balance out the overweighting in favour of one side of the political spectrum. To gain control over faculty appointments, the Regents last year took back the power to consider every tenure appointment to faculty, which had been given up to the local campus administrations some years earlier.

The stage was set, therefore, for a test of the theory that a right-wing anti-university backlash, which had contributed to electing a state administration, could control campus unrest, and could reverse the process of politicisation which is gradually becoming dominant on most major American campuses.

AT THE END of the academic year 1969-70, it is necessary to report that the Reagan policy is almost a total failure. During that year, the various campuses of the University of California were among the most politicised schools in the United States. In so far as one can judge the direction of hirings and resignations, particularly in the politically vulnerable and highly self-conscious social sciences, moderates and conservatives tend to be disproportionately represented among those who leave (a phenomenon which has been going on since 1965), and faculty supporting militant student activism often stand out among those who come to the university. The latter have included a number active in *SDS* or the "New University Conference" (the faculty *SDS*), and men involved in sit-ins at Harvard University, the University of Chicago, and Cornell.

Actions to fire faculty have occurred at UCLA, including one of a former Harvard Maoist *SDS* leader, who took part in a sit-in at UCLA holding a dean captive. He was let go by a faculty committee, over the objection of his department, both because of his action at UCLA, and the further fact that he was still under suspension at Harvard because of the leading role he had played in the seizure of the administration building there, the year before he went to Los Angeles. The other case, which is more widely known is that of Angela Davis, acting (no Ph.D.) Assistant Professor of Philosophy and self-identified member of the Communist Party of the U.S.

THE DAVIS CASE contains some peculiar elements. Many who know Miss Davis doubt that she is a member of the Communist Party; but the Regents presumably have taken her at her word. She is a student of the aged guru

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of the New Left, Herbert Marcuse. Marcuse, however, is bitterly disliked by both Russian and American Communists, for his anti-Russian and anti-working class political positions. Marcuse has frequently been denounced by them as a C.I.A. *agent-provocateur*. In making this charge, they refer to his role as a member of the Office of Strategic Services (the *O.S.S.*), the predecessor of the C.I.A., both during and after World War II. It is doubtful that a good Communist would choose to work with Marcuse. Miss Davis has also strongly supported the Black Panthers for a considerable length of time. The Panthers, while self-described Marxist-Leninists, who also frequently quote Stalin to justify given policies, were first devoted disciples of the Chinese Communists, and relied heavily on material from Peking sources in their publication, *The Black Panther*, at the time she was first identified as a Communist. More recently the Panthers have changed their international Communist loyalties. Eldridge Cleaver, their exiled leader, has led them into the camp of the North Koreans (who seek to maintain a purist position independent of both major Communist powers). Thus, *afficionados* of American Communist and splinter-group affairs strongly suspect that Miss Davis has been putting the Regents on. Her statement that she is a member of the Communist Party may have been deliberately designed to force the Regents to enforce their three-decade-old non-Communist employment policy.

Whatever Angela Davis' true relationship to the American Communist Party, she succeeded in provoking the Regents into firing her for her political activities. They first tried to do so for her party membership, but lost their case in a lower court. They then refused to reappoint her for 1970-71, not for being a member of the C.P., but for speeches advocating policies and tactics which made her unfit to be a member of the UCLA faculty. This decision is, of course, also being appealed to the courts as a violation of free speech rights. Meanwhile the issue of her teaching this fall, whether on the University payroll, or through payment from a fund raised among sympathisers, became increasingly irrelevant. She has been charged with involvement in an effort to free black prisoners during a trial in Marin County (north of San Francisco) in August, which resulted in the killing of the judge and three in the escape plot. The guns used in this effort were, according to the police, purchased by Miss Davis; one of the young blacks killed had been one of her body-guards, and she had been making speeches concerning the need to liberate black prisoners. Miss Davis disappeared after the plot failed. The FBI placed her on the "ten most wanted criminals" list; and she was arrested in October while trying to hide in New York.

The Collapse of Standards

BUT WHILE the Regents were busy fighting Angela Davis, the politicisation of the University went on apace with more and more young, and occasionally middle-aged sympathisers of radical activism joining the faculty.

The newer and smaller campuses, *i.e.*, those at Santa Cruz and Irvine in particular, are disproportionately staffed with young men, more likely on this count alone to be sympathetic to the student militants. At Irvine, the faculty have included students as regular voting members of the University Senate and its committees. They have been told by the state-wide university that this is illegal. Irvine has ignored such notice, and the rest of the University, including the Regents, have pretended not to notice this experiment in *co-gobierno* at Irvine. (Parenthetically, it may be noted that the "New University Conference" reports one of its largest chapters at Irvine.) Santa Cruz, which was established as a strongly student-centred institution, has acquired the reputation of being a smaller Berkeley with a strong drug and radical politics culture. A number of the Provosts of its colleges (set up to resemble the Oxbridge model) have resigned within the past two years, some because of the unwillingness of the campus administration to resist the decline of academic standards. At commencement in 1969, its faculty stood to applaud a student militant speaker who insulted other commencement dignitaries, including Clark Kerr, who as President had created the institution.

The San Diego campus, which is still predominantly a science school, is, for that reason, less radical on both the faculty and student side. The main public issue there has been the presence of Herbert Marcuse as a post-retirement member of the philosophy department. the faculty and local administration stood behind their philosophy colleagues, and the Regents, though clearly unhappy, did not interfere. Age has ended the problem. More interesting, though less newsworthy, however, has been the action of the new medical school of the San Diego campus to decide to set a 25% quota for minority (blacks and Mexican-Americans) students. Beyond this, the first group of black students admitted was then allowed to serve as an admission committee considering the qualifications of other black

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applicants. A local scandal among academically conservative faculty is the story of a first-rate black student who was denied admission by the black student committee—because he was not a militant! The students admitted under the quota have not done well. The San Diego chancellor William McGill has resigned to accept the position of president of Columbia University, an action which pleases the more moderate faculty who feel McGill had consistently yielded to pressures from student militants to keep the peace.[1]

Not to be outdone by the younger campuses, the senior Medical School of the University, that in San Francisco, has also established a 25% minority quota, though not with the unique San Diego admissions procedure. The 1969-70 freshman class included 22 blacks, 8 Mexican-Americans and one American Indian out of 134 students. They were admitted "under new standards emphasising personal qualities and de-emphasising grades and test scores." According to newspaper accounts, these minority group students have received disproportionately low grades. Various administrators argue, however, that grades do not predict future professional competence. To prove their belief, they have proposed that the faculty vote on eliminating all grades in favour of a simple pass-fail system. During the protest against the Cambodian incursion and the war, the San Francisco faculty decided to stop all teaching and other activities, other than keeping their hospitals running, in protest against the war. (See *Science*, 26 June 1970, p. 1526).

PERHAPS THE MOST DISTURBED CAMPUS during the past school year was Santa Barbara, which experienced recurrent violence between students and police since February. The conflicts have occurred in a student unincorporated off-campus residential community, Isla Vista. This area, which has been appropriately described as a youth ghetto, lies close to the campus, but over 10 miles from Santa Barbara. Tensions built up between the students and avaricious landlords, private firms which have a near monopoly in providing a limited variety of goods and services, and county police who conducted occasional raids seeking to control the drug traffic. The occasion of a mass meeting addressed by William Kunstler, the lawyer for "the Chicago Seven" in the conspiracy trial, produced a large crowd which decided to express their anti-Establishment feelings by burning down the local branch of the biggest bank in the country, the Bank of America. That action, which naturally brought the police on the scene, led to other burnings and efforts at arson, the killing of one student by a stray police bullet, repeated student-police confrontations, and indiscriminate arrests of students and faculty. (The veracity of the latter charge has been attested to in print by arch conservative William Buckley, who has reported that some of *his* political friends among the students and faculty were pulled in in police sweeps.) These events have naturally contributed to further radicalising the Santa Barbara academic community, although it should be noted that Santa Barbara in recent years had been hiring a number of political supporters of *SDS*. Neither the local campus administration, nor the Regents, nor Governor Reagan, has been able to devise policies which might defuse the situation there. To blame the situation on faculty or outside agitators as some Regents have done has contributed nothing to depoliticisation.

THE JUNIOR of the two major (27,500) campuses, UCLA, has been relatively peaceful in recent years. The fight over Angela Davis produced a nominally unified campus politically. That is, almost nobody among faculty or students publicly supported the Regents' efforts to get rid of her. In all votes at meetings of the Academic Senate, resolutions backing her case passed with near unanimity. More interesting, however, are the results of mail ballots. Shortly after the Senate voted this Spring with only four negative votes to seek to employ her with private funds, should the Regents refuse to do so, a secret mail ballot on the same question passed with a very narrow majority. This shift in the vote to a decidedly more conservative position in secret ballots has occurred on a number of other issues, for example, the retention of the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC). Seemingly the more conservative faculty do not attend the large Senate meetings. In addition many faculty who vote the "liberal" position when others can see for which side they raise their hand, turn "hard-line heroes" in the privacy of their study. The mail secret ballot has become the most effective weapon of the conservative faculty on a number of California campuses.

Between Intimidation & Reconstitution

THE BERKELEY CAMPUS has not lost its self-conceived role as the crown jewel of the California public higher education

[1] For details see article on the San Diego campus in *National Review*, October 1970, pp. 1046-1052, and reports in the nationally syndicated Evans-Novak column in late September.

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system with respect to unrest. During 1968-69, violent confrontations between police and demonstrators occurred on or immediately adjacent to campus on six different occasions from July to June. This series of clashes, which almost invariably included the use of tear-gas and arrests, culminated with the struggle in May over the People's Park, an event which produced one death by shooting, a blinding, and many other casualties. The campus area was occupied by the National Guard for some time. No one has totalled up the number of days in which Berkeley has lived under an officially proclaimed "state of emergency," with the presence of outside forces.

The defeat of the People's Park forces brought about a decline in mass conflict during the 1969 fall and winter quarters. Whether deliberately planned or not, the strategy of the student militants seemed to turn from the street and the plaza to the department. In many departments, particularly in the social sciences and humanities, and the socially relevant professional schools (*e.g.*, social welfare, criminology, and environmental design), graduate students began to press for an increased share of power in the determining of curriculum (more relevance), the recruitment of new graduate students, the distribution of fellowships and other rewards, and consultation in the selection of new faculty.[2] The extent to which different departments yielded on these issues varied considerably, but yield many of them did. In some cases, the students were counselled and supported by faculty. Although administrators were clearly aware of the pressure being placed on faculty members and departments, they did little or nothing to back up any efforts to resist. Many faculty received the impression that high-level administrators preferred that faculty yield to student demands in fields with many activists, rather than take the risk of a strike and public blow-up.

The Berkeley campus returned to violent public confrontations in April, when for a number of days following 15 April, the national day of protest against the Viet Nam War called by the New Mobilization Committee, mobs of students wandered around campus disrupting classes, breaking windows, and generally seeking to close the institution down. Before one could see how far this effort would go, the Cambodian incursion occurred and precipitated the most widespread student-based protest movement which the United States has ever experienced. Classes ceased on many campuses across the country. Students and faculty descended on Washington to voice their opposition to the war. Many schools voted to allow students to postpone examinations, or to take courses on a No-grade, Pass-Fail basis. In this series of events, as in preceding years, Berkeley led the way in innovating a political response. At a mass meeting of the entire university held in the Greek Theatre on 6 May, Sheldon Wolin of the Political Science Department, who had played a major role as spokesman of the faculty Left since the days of the *FSM* struggle, and has since moved to Santa Cruz, introduced an eight-point resolution, which passed by a tremendous voice vote. The critical part of the resolution called upon the University to "reconstitute" itself for the struggle against the war, *and* the conditions which had made the war possible.

THE WOLIN RESOLUTION introduced a new word into the vocabulary of campus politics: "reconstitution." The student and faculty militants used this resolution to legitimate their use of official university resources, department offices, stationery, stamps, phones, secretaries, student assistants, and classes, for the struggle against the war and evil social conditions. During the months of May and June, various departments and classes reconstituted themselves. Where the majority of the department favoured reconstitution, as in Sociology, Criminology, or Environmental Design, the department facilities were at the disposal of the movement. Where the majority was against it, as in Political Science, the faculty minority moved into another building with those secretaries and graduate assistants who supported them, and conducted their political business from there. Professors announced that their classes were "reconstituted," which meant that the official business of the class, for which students received regular academic credit, was political action. Since most professors did not run "reconstituted" classes, this created a dilemma for those students who wanted to stop all academic work. The Dean of the College of Letters and Sciences, Walter Knight, solved it for them. He ruled that students could drop any course

[2] Ironically, the School of Criminology which once had a national reputation as the leading centre of training and research in law enforcement has become a concentration point of radical activist faculty and students, a fact strongly reflected in its appointments and in the ideology underlying the interpretation of crime, violence, and other forms of deviance in faculty publications.

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for which they were registered without penalty up to 1 June, and that (with the permission of the instructor) they could register for other courses. Since the quarter ended on 6 June, this naturally meant administrative encouragement for students to gain credit in "reconstituted" courses.

Some faculty who kept teaching during this period reported that they were intimidated by student militants who sought to block their classes, or frighten them and their students. Faculty groups saw the Chancellor and other administrative authorities in an attempt to get them to resist the total politicisation of the campus. The Chancellor and his aides refused to help. They denied that "much intimidation" or, for that matter, use of the university for political resources was occurring. The quarter ended with little academic work and much politics, and with a promise that complete reconstitution of the university would be on the agenda during the next academic year.

THE READER MAY WELL be wondering by this time where Ronald Reagan and his conservative, repressive Board of Regents were during all this. As far as public pronouncements were concerned, their main worry until June seemed to be poor Angela Davis. Whatever else went on in the University of California, no admitted member of the Communist Party would remain in their employ. At the late June meeting of the Regents, however, the "reconstitution" issue did come up. The Chancellors were asked to report on what happened during the Cambodian incursion protest. Chancellor Heyns reported that there were some difficulties, but essentially that academic order and work had largely been maintained. Unfortunately, for him, a conservative group of students, and the Republican Assembly member for part of Berkeley, had been keeping tabs. They produced a thick volume documenting the classes which had not met, the statements made by faculty members in class urging students to devote their time to protest, and the like. Thick as this book was, and numerous as their charges proved to be, they only skimmed the surface of what went on during May and June. The Regents apparently have decided that Heyns committed the one unforgivable act—he did not tell them the truth about a situation which could not be concealed from the public. It seems obvious that they have determined that he should go. Unfortunately, their stategy was to try to taunt him into retiring by severe cross-examination at their meetings. Following such a prolonged grilling at the July sessions, Heyns had a heart attack which appears to have been fairly severe. This means that he is not likely to remain in his job much longer.

THE EFFORTS TO reconstitute classes for political purposes were, of course, not limited to Berkeley, although they went further there than at other campuses. Clearly, the general spread of politicisation has covered most of the University of California. Struggles over special programmes, minority studies departments, admissions quotas, and black-controlled colleges have also permeated the entire state-wide university. The extensive concessions made in some of the medical schools, which I have discussed earlier, have been paralleled in some Black Studies programmes, with appointments of politically qualified minority-group faculty, student control of fellowships and community development resources, and black militant control over faculty appointments. At San Diego, for example, the then Chancellor McGill and the Regents agreed to the establishment of a so-called "Third World College," recruiting its students primarily from minority groups, and concentrating on the analysis of minority group culture and social problems. A *student* executive committee has the official power to approve or reject all nominations to the faculty. A black Assistant Professor of Chemistry has been appointed as its first Provost. Much of the faculty of this college will be joint appointments with the very small or non-existent social science departments (political science still does not exist). These departments are now faced with pressure to add political activists as regular members of their staff. The first white appointed is a committed radical. And given the presence of some young pro-activist faculty, the pressure to add minority militants may tip the balance with respect to the politicised character of social science at San Diego. There are comparable pressures for the appointments of similar faculty at Berkeley coming from the campus administration. Some faculty see the situation as one of defending academic standards against pressure from the administration which seeks to conciliate the militant students.

The Dilemma of the Centre

THE INTERNAL political problems on the different campuses stem in large measure from the fact that the campus administrators, Chancellors and Deans, are gener-

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ally weak men with little personal prestige, little knowledge concerning the political groups with which they are dealing, and little formal power. They are pressed by the Governor and the Regents to be firm and resist politicisation. Yet the real danger to their position seems to come from the outbreak of a visible confrontation. Their effective policy becomes one of avoiding a public conflict, mass demonstration, strike, or sit-in, by yielding to the demands of those segments of the student body and faculty which will cause the most trouble if denied their demands. The conservatives and moderates, even though a majority and concerned with academic standards, can be ignored or kept quiet with fewer concessions. Most campus conservatives are in fact liberals, even self-conceived radicals. They are reluctant to oppose the student activists or the minority militants publicly, for this will identify them to students and their discipline colleagues across the country as "reactionaries." Although they may realise that the Regents and even the Governor are potential allies in a struggle against politicisation, they rarely seek to ally themselves with them. To do so means "supporting the Establishment . . . working with arch reactionaries." They, therefore, complain bitterly in private about the weak-kneed administration of their campus; they exchange horror stories about radicals appointed or promoted for their politics rather than their scholarship. They tell each other of ways in which the Chancellor has yielded to pressure from the student or faculty Left. Yet except for sending delegations to the Chancellor, they have tended to keep quiet. Consequently, most of the Chancellors ignore them, while propitiating their opponents. This policy has had the inevitable consequence of stimulating the more activist students to escalate their demands and tactics, since their goal of continual radicalising requires confrontation.

THE SITUATION HAS BEGUN to change somewhat during recent months. On a number of campuses, the faculty moderates and conservatives have organised into formal factions or caucuses. At UCLA, they are the "Committee for the University and the Future." At San Diego, the conservatives have joined in the "Committee to Save the University." At Berkeley, they are known as the "Committee for the Academic Community." There are now such groups on most campuses. Statewide meetings of the moderate and conservative groupings took place in Los Angeles in June and September. These groups are dedicated to resisting politicisation in the University. Some are even willing to talk to Governor Reagan and conservative Regents about their "mutual interests." Some of these caucuses have run slates in elections for the Academic Senate Committee on Committees, the elected body which nominates the membership of other Senate Committees, in contests against Left faculty slates.

Whether the organisation of the faculty foes of politicisation has much effect or not will depend on the political sophistication of the various University administrators. For the Regents and the Governor cannot reach into given campuses and make effective policy. *Only a politically aware Chancellor who recognises that he must be a political leader of that segment of the University prepared to fight for academic standards can help resist politicisation.* None of the present Chancellors, with the one possible exception of Ivan Hinderacker, at the relatively isolated and less important campus at Riverside, shows enough insight. And the Regents exhibit little awareness of the kind of men they should be looking for to lead the University. They have attempted to operate on the level of formal policy, ignoring the fact that those who implement the policies are more important than the particular rules or regulations established.[3]

Various public statements by the Governor and some of the more conservative Regents, as well as the budget-cutting policies with

[3] This situation also may be in the process of changing. A number of conservative Regents have openly discussed with faculty the need to appoint strong-minded Chancellors and other administrators. They have the opportunity to make at least two such appointments, at San Diego and soon at Berkeley. Rumour suggests they would also like to change the Chancellors at Santa Barbara, Irvine, and Los Angeles. The normal procedure for selecting a new Chancellor calls for the creation of a faculty nomination committee which proposes a list to the President and a Regents' Committee. Such committees are likely to propose men who are academic administrators and faculty politicians, almost by definition weak men. The President, who seeks to keep his rapport with the faculty and students (Hitch put three students on the San Diego nomination committee on his own initiative), is not likely to overrule the list which comes to him. For the Regents to select Chancellors who have not been nominated by the faculty changes the existing rules of the game. Many conservative Regents and faculty are reluctant to support such action, though the Governor desires it. Rumour has it, however, that the Regents are planning to buck the system at San Diego by appointing a Chancellor *not* endorsed by the search committee.

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respect to the University, also serve to prevent any co-operation between the moderate faculty and the conservative politicians. Their interests and values are clearly quite different. Both before and since being elected, Ronald Reagan has privately expressed the view that excellence in education, as well as expensive basic research, ought to be the function of the élite private universities. The state should provide mass education for those who cannot afford or do not have the ability to get scholarships in private universities. This means he would deliberately cut down the cost per student in the University and state colleges, an objective which requires increasing the faculty teaching load, and reducing the state's contribution to the University's research funds. Although Reagan has never publicly announced this policy, many involved in higher education (as well as journalists who have heard him talk off-the-record) are convinced that this is his view. Beyond his general educational outlook, the Governor has also advocated the use of political criteria in the University's faculty personnel policies, both as noted earlier to increase the number of conservatives, and to get rid of "radicals and trouble-makers." In effect, he advocates the opposite side of the coin from that proposed by the Left. Both see the faculty as weighted politically in a direction they oppose, and propose to deliberately remedy the situation. Ironically, the faculty and student Left are in a stronger position to implement their goal than the Governor and the Regents. The social science member on the Academic Senate Budget and Personnel Committee at Berkeley, which nominates faculty *ad hoc* committees to review all department tenure recommendations, has been an old leftist and close political and personal friend of Herbert Marcuse. He has had much more influence on Berkeley social science appointments than Ronald Reagan or the Regents. Few appointments recommended by the faculty are ever turned down by the Regents. The Regents possess a veto power, which they can bring into play only on pain of having the entire academic community, nationally as well as locally, denounce them. But by statements implying they would purge the campus, they contribute to the validation of the Left's world-view, that the University is being threatened with a purge. And this sense of Regential interest in the political views of faculty makes it difficult if not impossible for faculty moderates to oppose the appointment of radicals put forth primarily for their political views. The moderates, too, must avoid being contaminated by association with the reactionaries who advocate purges. Thus Reagan and other Regents who demand strong measures contribute to the internal strength of the Left.

An excellent example of the tendency of the Regents to engage in provocative behaviour though taking no action occurred with respect to an effort to halt the promotion to tenure of an Assistant Professor of History, Reginald Zelnick. Zelnick has been an active member of the Left faculty groupings since the days of the FSM. He was strongly involved in the "reconstitution" movement during the Cambodian events, and encouraged his students to spend their time protesting. Beyond this he took part in pickets against classes which were meeting. When his name appeared on a list of those recommended for tenure (associate professor), some Regents asked that it be put off for further information. As soon as the news appeared that Zelnick's promotion had been held up, a loud outcry developed up and down the state from faculty spokesmen. Here was clear proof that men would be punished for political action. A few weeks later, Zelnick received his promotion without further ado. Thus, as on earlier occasions, the conservative Regents proved to be a pack of paper tigers. If one were writing a scenario dictating how the Regents could help further politicise the University, one would have them do what seems to come naturally to them.

The Berkeley campus was given a new similar *cause célèbre* at the start of the Fall Semester when Morris Hirsch, Professor of Mathematics, was docked *one week's* pay by the administration for failure to conduct his classes and refusal to make provision for students who did not strike during the Cambodian events. Hirsch, a prominent Left faculty activist, is now the major symbolic victim of Reagan's repression.

GIVEN THE VARIOUS FACTORS inhibiting the ability of the Regents or the moderate faculty to resist politicisation, the future of the University of California is bleak. For the game is not simply one within the University structure from the Regents to the Students. The people of California, the press, and the legislature also have a say. And as they see the results of politicisation—as they see riots, tear gas, destruction of property, arson, politicised classes—they have turned against the University. The Governor has proposed cuts in the budget of the University, and the legislature has consistently voted them. This year's legislature voted on its own to turn down the Governor's recommendation for a 5% salary

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increase for faculty. They voted to give this increase, made necessary by the rapid inflation, to all civil servants, but to specifically deny it to state college and university faculty. This, in effect, means a cut in real income. They also reduced sharply the funds available for the operation of the faculty's political institutions, the Academic Senate. The people of California in early June turned down by a two-to-one vote in a state-wide referendum a proposal endorsed by the Governor to fund additional construction for the University's medical schools. As a result, the University has had to reverse long-made plans for the growth of the new and smaller campuses, such as Santa Cruz, Irvine, San Diego, and others. They have had to agree not to increase the enrolment of graduate students. All of this in turn means that relatively few new faculty can be hired, and that most of these must be younger low-salaried ones. This emphasis on hiring younger faculty, plus the continued erosions of senior strength (particularly moderates and conservatives in the politically vulnerable social sciences), increases the strength of the radicals and political activists among the faculty.

The cost to California and other universities of intense politicisation can never be calculated. Berkeley has clearly lost sufficient numbers of eminent faculty to create one of the leading schools in the country were they to have migrated together. Numerically more important has been the "internal emigration," the flight from the classroom and offices to the privacy and quiet of one's study at home, or leave. One of Berkeley's leading social scientists is now in his third successive year in Europe. The President's Commission on Campus Unrest in its recent Report pointed out that

> Four years after the *FSM*, the average Berkeley faculty member spent *less* time in the classroom than he had in 1964. Thus, although the Berkeley invention [of campus based confrontation politics] stimulated broad demands for university reform, its aftermath offered little hope that any such reform would be achieved. And there was cause for concern that the extended turmoil had so upset the fragile balance of a large and complicated University that it was less capable than before of coherent self-improvement.[4]

Ironically, it has all been for naught, if judged by the criteria of success in attaining the relatively limited objectives of the 1964 Free Speech Movement of ending the restrictions on collecting money and organising on campus for off-campus political action. For in reaction to the reign of political licence of last year, the campus administrations and the President laid down a series of guide-lines in September as to what is and is not permissible on campus which enunciate rules governing political activities far more restrictive than those which *de facto* existed before the *FSM*. Perhaps Berkeley's most outspoken political *emigré*, Lewis Feuer, was right when he contended that all student political movements are inherently counter-productive and suicidal.

HENCE THE VICIOUS cycle which the University of California entered in 1964 continues. The opponents of radicals strengthen the very trends they dislike.

N.N.

[4] Some concrete statistical evidence of the loss to Scholarship of years of continued turmoil has unwittingly been compiled by some indefatigable sociologists in the course of evaluating the "productivity" and scholarly eminence of various departments in their field. In 1964, before the Berkeley Revolt, the Sociology department there was ranked by a poll of men in the discipline as the leading graduate department in the country, and a survey of the research publications of men at different schools also reported that Berkeley sociologists had led all others in scholarly output for the period 1960-1964. A replication of this survey for the years 1965-1968 found that Berkeley had declined to *sixth*, when ranked according to a weighted total, and to *nineteenth* in terms of "per-person productivity." See Norval D. Glenn and Wayne Villemez, "The Productivity of Sociologists at 45 American Universities," *The American Sociologist*, August 1970, pp. 244-252. Although comparable data have not been published for other fields, there is some indication that the results would be similar for many of them in the fact that use of the library and of computor facilities declines precipitously whenever the university experiences one of its frequent periods of unrest.

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LETTERS

Sir Peter Medawar's Reply

I FEEL I should say something in answer to *R*'s courteous but understandably bewildered comparison [ENCOUNTER, October] between Paul Ehrlich's "almost apocalyptic vision of doom" as he contemplates the ecological depredations of modern science and technology (*The Listener*, 13th August) with the sanguine, almost buoyant attitude towards the same problems I took last year in my Presidential Address to the British Association "On 'The Effecting of All Things Possible'" (*The Advancement of Science*, Vol. 26, 1969).

There is indeed a profound difference of mood between Paul Ehrlich and myself. Nevertheless, the Confrontation that *R* has devised is to some extent an artificial one. In one of his most emphatic passages Ehrlich says there is *no*—I repeat *no*—conceivable technological solution to the problems we face without population control. My own view is that there is no realistic solution of the problem of population control that does not begin with scientific and technological research. I believe that one day a fully effective and medically unobjectionable method will be devised for preventing conception. The political, psychological, religious, and administrative difficulties of bringing such a method into use are indeed very great, but I don't think I am being optimistic beyond the bounds of reason in supposing that they can be overcome.

I am sure that Ehrlich is right to say that we shall have to abandon a style of economy marked by profligate production, consumption, and waste for something more like a space-ship economy marked by frugality, recycling, and above all by forethought.

My purpose in comparing the despondent philosophic mood of the early years of the seventeenth century with that of today was above all else to contest the view that there is some *essential* malefaction about the advancement of science and technology which makes their bad effects irremediable.

I am sorry to say this but I am quite sure that some people (Professor Ehrlich, a first-rate scientist, is certainly not among them) *want* or need to believe that science is a great Behemoth trampling down everything in its pathway including much of what makes life worth living. This is part of a cultural counter-attack on science. Such people are, if anything, rather pleased to hear further evidence of the despoliation produced by modern technology. Unfortunately for those who deliver Commencement and Inaugural addresses and other uplifting orations, the denunciation of science and technology is now becoming too well known an alternative to having anything original to say. One is reminded of the pastor of the wee kirk who is alleged to have thanked God for the existence of Satan who provided him with inexhaustible copy for his stirring sabbath exhortations. It is most important that a fear of the harm science and technology may do should not lead us to repudiate any remedies they can provide.

P. B. MEDAWAR

National Institute for Medical Research, London

Professor Ehrlich's Explanation

I AGREE WITH Professor Medawar that our differences are largely of mood, and certainly are not as great as the juxtaposition of our comments would make them seem. It would be disastrous to abandon science and technology at this stage in the game and attempt a "return to nature." We can only support today's level of overpopulation through the continued use of technology. As population pressures will inevitably increase over the next few decades we will have to become increasingly clever with our technology. Otherwise, in our attempts to feed and house more and more people, we will actually reduce the carrying capacity of the planet and bring on an unprecedented eco-catastrophe. Right now we need much *more* scientific research and a vast reordering of priorities both for research projects and for the uses of technology.

When I said "there is *no*, I repeat *no*, conceivable technological solution to the problems we face," I meant that technological innovation by itself cannot solve our problems. The attitude is prevalent among laymen and some specialists (generally looking for solutions from other specialities) that it can. Nevertheless, very simple calculations show that we are nearing the limits of technology to expand the carrying capacity of the planet. There is no way that technology can continue to keep food supply up with population growth for much longer. (Indeed last year it produced *no* increase in food supply, while population increased 2%.) Nor will technological tinkering end our pollution problems; such "cures" sometimes turn out to be worse than the original disease.

We must turn to a course of *reducing* the size of the human population over the next few centuries, and we must move in that direction as rapidly as possible. The only humane way of accomplishing this is, of course, by limiting births. If man does not do that, nature will soon solve the problem by increasing deaths. Let me emphasise that population control will not solve all human ills—even with a much reduced population size we will still be faced with such perennial problems as racism, war, and poverty. But at least we will have a chance at solving them.

Certainly a fully effective and medically unobjectionable method of preventing conception

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would be an enormous technological aid in achieving population control. But this would not be a technological solution. In overdeveloped countries such as the United States, recent work makes it clear that 100% effective contraception available to all would not halt population growth.[1] Even in our industrial society, people want too many children. The situation in the underdeveloped countries is less hopeful because family size desiderata are considerably higher. On the other hand, there is abundant evidence that people will limit their families, regardless of technology, if they perceive the need (indeed, quack abortion and infanticide thrive throughout most of the world for this reason). Technology is not the key to solving this problem, even though it could be an enormous help.

THE FUNDAMENTAL ANSWER to our problem lies in changing human attitudes and values (and thus our *uses* of technology). People want too many children. People want to enjoy massive consumption (they have been trained to want it). People are aggressive and zenophobic. Unless these basic motivations and the behaviour of the institutions which reinforce them are changed, no technology can save our skins. Our problems require mainly social, political, and economic solutions. But technology *can* help both to change attitudes and to hold the world together until a more rational mode of existence can be established.

PAUL R. EHRLICH

Dept. of Biological Sciences,
Stanford University

R's Query

PROFESSOR MEDAWAR quite rightly says I am bewildered and I am no less bewildered after reading his and Professor Ehrlich's letters. My bewilderment arises because I find it difficult to reconcile the following propositions:

1. That technology is continuously discovering the answers to the problems which technology creates.
2. That it is not.

Which is true? I ask simply in a spirit of enquiry and not of criticism.

R

London

[1] See: L. Bumpass and C. F. Westoff: "The 'perfect contraceptive' population," in *Science*, vol. 169, pp. 1177-1182 (18 Sept. 1970).

Children of the T.V. Age

MR T. R. FYVEL was unlucky, in his article in the current issue [ENCOUNTER, October], in singling out "T. Ali, R. Dutschke" as being names "very hard to remember" now, though I suppose he could not have known that Tariq Ali had written a book, and that the Home Secretary would make Rudi Dutschke into headlines again. He just happened to choose an unfortunate example. But there is one point about television which neither he nor Robin Day appears to have noticed, but which is a very real bar to its fulfilling the socially-educative role which he would like to give it. That is, that what the screen says to its audience *cannot effectively be contradicted.*

This is not the case with the printed word. If the *Times*, the *Economist*, ENCOUNTER or any other journal you choose to name, prints a report or makes a statement which seems to me to be nonsense or a lie, I can protest in a letter, and at least hope that my letter will be printed, in a not too inconspicuous place *in that journal*, and that the readers of the report will also read the repudiation. Even if the hope is often disappointed, it is there. But you cannot hope that a seriously misleading shot of police beating up students (or conversely of a small segment of an otherwise peaceful crowd throwing petrol bombs) shown, say, on *Twenty-Four Hours* will be followed, *in the same programme on another evening*, by a corrective shot of the police or the crowd doing no such thing. It is blankly impossible; you cannot get your repudiation or protest before the eyes of the same audience as witnessed the first showing; the lie, if lie it be, goes unchallenged. I have not seen any suggestion, in all the attacks or defences of television, which seem to me to deal with this fundamental difficulty; if there are any, I should be very glad to know of them.

MARGARET COLE

London

I AGREE with Mrs Cole that an ordinary person or even a powerful interest group cannot effectively contradict what has been said on a television programme in the way one can get a critical letter prominently printed in a newspaper, a serious newspaper anyway. So what safeguards are there against occasional unfairness? Probably very few (see Mr John Boulting's angry letter to *The Times* against what he considered an unprovoked attack in an ATV programme upon British film-makers).

But against consistent unbalance? Here the outlook is not so bad. My view is that more than on complaints to the hierarchy, we have to rely on that peculiar thing, the unwritten consensus among some hundreds of producers, writers and planners about what is "fair television." If these form a collective élite who decide what goes on the screen, they are also exposed to constant political and organisational pressures and such exposure tends to produce a code of fair conduct.

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The Horst Mahler Story . . .

Berlin

THERE *was something striking and curiously impressive about him whenever he turned up at a sit-in, a go-in, a demonstration or a riot. He was, after all, the chief legal counsel for the German New Left—the ingenious and irrepressible "mouthpiece" who eloquently challenged the police and the courts on behalf of his clients in the revolutionary* avant-garde. *On that grey May Day in 1968 I watched Horst Mahler walk along with the demonstrators through the streets of Berlin, and as always he stood out and apart. They were wearing the "Fantasie-Uniform" of the Pop-Guerrillas, from Che-type berets to jungle-type boots. They all looked casual and sloppy, but what care must have been taken to purchase just the shirt and skirt or trousers and windbreaker which would (even at a fancy price) set them off from the hated bourgeois style of the conformist youth of the consumer society. That they all looked alike with an assembly-line sameness—where indeed were the truly rebellious individualists? —seemed to trouble them as little as the fact that the rest of the* jeunesse dorée *of Western Europe's affluent society was, without politics or protest, beginning to buy the same kind of denims and dungarees and hair-do's from the same shops or their suburban branches.*

But Horst Mahler was different. He had more style. He walked along with his old-fashioned umbrella, impeccably clad in a grey-flannel suit, shoes shined, balding head covered with a smart fedora hat. Through his horn-rimmed spectacles, that conventional symbol of the German Establishment figure, he kept an alert eye on the press and the police and the partisans (now locking arms and resuming their "Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh" chant)—for the next day he would be in the courts again arguing the case for Human Freedom against Repressive Law. For the French comrades, then the emissaries of Danny Cohn-Bendit in Paris, he was "our Emile (J'accuse!) *Zola. . . ." For the Americans he was the local William Kunstler, the hero of the under-dogs, with a lingering echo of Clarence Darrow. Horst Mahler seemed to be enjoying his role. But then the whole Movement was far from the grim-faced Marxism of the past—it was all* "Spass," *all real fun, for their inspiration was not Marx or Mao but Maria, and they cheerfully confessed that the* "Viva Maria!" *film (Louis Malle/Brigitte Bardot/Jeanne Moreau) had turned their heads and changed their minds.*

BUT THERE WAS *a double-feature to Horst Mahler's career. After* "Viva Maria!" *and its ideological lesson that the Revolution can be and must be Fun, came* "Bonnie and Clyde" *and its complementary thesis that the handiest kind of power comes out of the barrel of a loaded pistol. When the Berlin police arrested Mahler on the 7th October 1970, there was almost nothing recognisable about the figure that once was. No umbrella, no tie, no spectacles, no fedora. The police removed his wig and relieved him of his pistol (and 35 bullets), at which point he stopped protesting that he was only a chap named Lindau. He was indeed Horst Mahler, wanted by the police for robbery, kidnapping, and several attempted murders, who had along with Ulrike Meinhof and others of the German New Left [see "The Liberators of Berlin" and "From Berlin to Amman and Back," in* ENCOUNTER, *August and November] gone into underground hiding and taken refuge for a while among the Middle Eastern guerrilla bands. The famed "mouthpiece" said only,* "Kompliment, meine Herren. . . ." *And after this brief—possibly sincere, possibly ironic—congratulation, he was taken away to a cell in Berlin's Alt-Moabit jail. Who would be free to defend the defender when the defender was no longer free?*

IT WAS *Horst Mahler who first challenged the police on the death of the student Benno Ohnesorg during the Shah of Persia's visit to Berlin in 1967; he proved that it was not a "mere accident" during the rioting but that a special-branch man had shot him. Mahler defended Beate Klarsfeld when she slapped the face of Chancellor Kiesinger. He was the lawyer for Rudi Dutschke and for Willy Brandt's Maoist son, Peter, and kept them free to fight on for the Revolution. Small wonder that he himself became something of a revolutionary hero. "I am not interested in fees," he once proclaimed in a court-room, to the moral embarassment of the whole legal establishment, "I am interested in freedom. . . ." How, then, did this Zolaesque freedom fighter get himself on to the Most-Wanted list of the German police? The Horst Mahler story parallels that of other New Left protagonists like Angela Davis (of the Black Panthers), Bernadine Dohrn (of the Weathermen), and Alain Geismar (of the Proletarian Cause), all of whom are in jail or in hiding.*

MAHLER *himself was a son of the middle class (his father was a dentist), and when he fled Communist East Germany took quickly a turn to the "bourgeois Right" as he studied law at Berlin's Free University. After a brief flirtation with the so-called* Korporation, *he turned Left again and became active in the SDS. This was at that time still the official youth group of the Social Democratic Party. The Party expelled him when he pleaded for a "more sober"*

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or, from "Viva Maria!" to "Bonnie & Clyde"

approach to the historical problem of Stalinism, for Stalin had made "contributions" to the revolutionary cause which ought not to be overlooked. Like Dutschke, he tried to rally the New Left for "the Long March through the institutions," and he became one of the leading figures in Germany's APO (the Extra-Parliamentary Opposition). When the Bar Association tried to disbar him (for conduct unbecoming a Rechtsanwalt, *i.e. participating in a riot), a thousand students marched on the court-room and, supported by several truck-loads of bricks and stones from Berlin ruins, made a shambles of the company of (unarmed) Berlin police protecting the hearing.*

The great turning-point in Mahler's career—as in the story of the New Left as a whole—came on the subject of violence. They meant well with mankind, but must blood flow? In the beginning, as with Stokely Carmichael's "Snick," the official slogan was Non-Violence. That idea lasted only a summer. When they said non-violence didn't they really mean violence? As Mahler and Dutschke and his friends explained, with logical talents that came from their proximity to the traditions of German metaphysics, the violence was "only" defensive and it was "only" to be directed against "Things" not human beings. But when the demonstrators led by Mahler against the Axel Springer press empire attacked a "Thing," namely one of the newspaper delivery vans, what about the human being who was inside the Thing?

Moral and emotional difficulties mounted. But the German New Left was nothing if not logical. A human being who served a Thing became himself a thing, and thus thing-ified no longer earned exemption from "defensive violence." American blacks, quite free from Hegelianism, came to the same conclusion much more simply—"Kill the Pigs!" But Bobby Seale still takes some trouble (as in his book, Seize the Time) *to argue that killing in this sense doesn't really mean murder; not unlike Eldridge Cleaver who in his book,* Soul on Ice, *argued—apparently persuasively for a new generation who never read Orwell—that Rape really means Love.*

Mahler was asked about the death of two persons, killed by rocks in a Munich SDS demonstration. He was cool and unperturbed. His answer was not in the spirit of "Maria" but of "Bonnie": ". . . When I climb into my automobile, I can't know beforehand whether a tire is going to go flat. . . ." The deaths were only traffic accidents.

A shock went through the German liberal-left community. Der Spiegel's *news-reports began to take on a critical note. Perhaps the scenario was not so gay and funny as in Louis Malle; perhaps it wasn't all Emile Zola and Clarence Darrow. Perhaps the story-line was rather out of what Professor Jürgen Habermas, the first of the disenchanted radicals on the German New Left, called "Linke Faschismus" (Left-Fascism).*

EARLIER THIS YEAR *Horst Mahler arranged special permission for one of his imprisoned clients, Andreas Baader, to visit—for purposes of research in "sociology"—a university library. A small band of liberators, or "Tupamaros" as they like to think of themselves, broke into the reading room and rescued him; two librarians were shot and seriously wounded. Ulrike Meinhof who led the attack disappeared with her prize, and turned up among the Palestinian guerrillas. Horst Mahler was wanted for questioning, but was nowhere to be found.*

The Berlin police, in their dull plodding professional way, kept a sharp look-out. They have made serious and even desperate attempts to comprehend the ideology of the other side, but they are simply not dialectical types. Why should they have suspected that Dieter Kunzelmann was back in the Berlin Underground, and no longer in Amman, just because a bomb was planted in the Jewish Synagogue? But they hadn't read Professors Lipset or Laqueur on the Anti-Semitism of the New Left, they were just looking for a woman. And Kunzelmann's girl-friend led to his arrest. So, too, with Mahler. Why should they have suspected that three simultaneous Berlin bank robberies were just a shade too efficient for the local gangsters? No, they were just keeping an eye on what, with no fine ideological feeling at all, they called "Mahler's Harem." Three young women, in three different flats in Berlin, led to Mahler's arrest. The police found them all armed with pistols, and in their rooms they found evidence of the various devices and utensils that had been recently used in the shootings and robberies.

MAHLER FACES *various charges for which, if convicted, he may have to serve up to fifteen years in prison. The Berlin New Left factions received the news with mixed feelings. One terrorist group has threatened the police: "Let Mahler go free or things around here will go bang! . . ." Another wearily resigned itself to the consequences of Mahler's "incorrect strategy"—"Mahler's whole operation was crappy, let him get out of it himself. . . ."*

M.J.L.

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Since the people concerned are mostly young and pretty egotistically left of centre, the resultant television output will tend to be slanted against established authority, against people like local councillors and the police; but against this one can set the anxiety of the higher television echelons not to give "offence." In this sort of balance behind the scenes, a trenchant letter from Mrs Cole might well have its effect. Indeed, the point of any article was that the television balance works reasonably as long as people responsive to social and cultural pressures take the programming decisions. However, the danger of distortion grows the more these decisions are based on the purely "professional" criterion of what makes the most visually exciting television picture. This leads to a minor scuffle on the edge of a public event being treated as more important than the event. Alas, this is something we see regularly.

T. R. FYVEL

London

A Word on Arabs & Jews

After Nasser's Death—By COLIN MAC INNES

MOST DEATHS of public men leave the world, despite ornate funerals, sighing with relief. Thank God *he's* gone, is the general emotion. Occasionally, the human reaction is of woe. The loss of Ho Chi Minh was one such, and so is the death of Nasser. If so, why?

Because in each century there appears from nowhere a man whose relevance overflows the boundaries of the particular area where, politically and morally, he operated; so that everyone—even his enemies, or the multitudinous indifferent—feels a sense of loss: of a grandeur that has departed, making us all less.

Much might be said of Nasser's mistakes which, considering the fiendish difficulty of what he was trying to do, and did, are almost nothing. What he achieved was to restore to a great people a dignity that history had stolen from them, and to concentrate the world's eyes upon a problem they had forgotten, and didn't care about anyway: "the world's eyes" meaning those of the most powerful nations of our globe.

That the Arab civilisation was, and could be again, one of the greatest that we know, cannot be doubted. From their initial emergence, in the 7th century, out of the obscurest desert, they created, in five centuries, and spurred on by their faith and valour, a culture extending from the Pyrenees to Indonesia. And this was not a vulgar military conquest like those of Tamberlaine or Genghis Khan. The belief, the cities, the science, the art, were all of the first order. There is no one —and in particular no European in their dark ages —who did not learn, or borrow from, the Arab people. Then came misfortune: the Turks, the British, the French and then the Jews, and now almost everybody, meddling and muddling in the effort Nasser made to get his people off the ground again. Hence, knowing their Islamic past, their indignation, and his rage.

THIS BRINGS US to the Arab-Jewish quarrel which, as is apparent if one looks ahead a bit, has not much to do with Jews or Arabs—however momentarily and disastrously entangled they may be—but with power politics of the most treacherous and heartless kind, interfering with them both.

The Arab argument about Palestine, reduced to its essentials, is: This is our land, and you, Jews, powerfully aided by foreigners, have stolen it and banished us. Like all good arguments it has one fatal flaw which is that, in their hey-day, the Arabs were the most ferocious imperialists known to history. Or if they were not, I, a European, would like to ask what they were doing as far north as Tours, so that had they managed to get a little further, there would be mosques in Paris and even (since they were excellent sailors) London. Or what they were also doing ruling most of Spain for 600 years. I hasten to add I am delighted that they did, since the peak of Spanish civilisation (as all intelligent Spaniards—if pushed —admit) ended in 1492. Nevertheless, the long record of Arab conquest cannot be denied.

The Jewish argument—also reduced to its essentials—is based on one minor factor, and one major. We can forget about Balfour Declarations and rubbish of that nature, and seek an essence. The minor factor is that the Jews *have* been saying, for 2000 years of their diaspora, "Next year in Jerusalem!"; whereas I do not think the English, when they clobbered Ireland for 800 years, ever said, "Next year in Dublin. . . ." The major Jewish argument (rarely spoken, but believed by all Israelis) is that, having seen one third of their people murdered, they were determined to seize land somewhere and make sure, if they could, this genocide would never happen again.

So—deadlock: three wars: mounting hatred and desperation.

AT THIS POINT, we must consider all the others who, not caring a damn for either Jews or Arabs, have escalated this conflict to their own supposed advantage. The roll-call of potent trouble-makers is impressive: the three super-powers (US/USSR/China) have dipped their fingers into Arab and

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Jewish blood, and the small fry (UK, France, and so on) have tailed along in their miserable ex-imperialist fashion. Until what has happened is that Palestine has become an international battle-ground, whose instigators regard the Jews and Arabs, who each have some claim to be there, as expendable mercenaries. And this is getting, and will get, worse.

So? So the Jews and Arabs are, if any peoples could be called so, cousins: race, faith, language, history are intermingled. Left alone, they have treated each other well. It was the Crusaders who murdered *everyone* in Jerusalem; it was Saladin who, reconquering the city, killed only soldiers. In the Emirate of Granada, synagogues were open; at the Christian reconquest, they were burned, and the Jews expelled. Jewish communities lived in North Africa in peace, until Europeans started interfering. In Israel, I have tested out *sabras* to see if they could always distinguish, by sight, a young Jew from a young Arab; they couldn't.

So am I saying the foreign ministers of Israel and Egypt should meet and have a lovely chat that would solve everything overnight? Alas for that pretty liberal dream! No, this is impossible now, and will become more so in the next decade. But what I am certain of is that, given generations and good fortune, these two astounding peoples will perceive their common interest: they are too great not to. And how fine that battle-ground

Encounters: in Africa, Russia, Germany

HOW SPANDAU *changed Albert Speer: It is difficult to realize that the tall, engaging, well-spoken man, with a frank, open look, and the high bald forehead of a typical "egg head", is the same person with whom the would-be ruler of Europe once discussed his architectural day-dreams for the capital of the world; the man who, as the real economic dictator of the country, made it possible for the Nazi war machine to run its whole suicidal course; who had spent 20 years at the very bottom of the abyss in Spandau. I felt as though those three decades were almost a parenthesis for him, after which, older and wiser, he went back to pick up the broken threads of his life. . . .*

"Golo Mann in his review of my book [ENCOUNTER, *August*] *wondered how it was possible that this Speer who has written an intelligent and sensitive book could have stood this (Nazi regime) and cooperated with it. Here he reaches the wrong conclusion. This man who wrote this book over 20 years in Spandau read several thousand works and through this general education differed greatly from the one he was in 1945."*

There could be no better epilogue.

THE TIMES

SOUTH AFRICA'S *suspension from international athletics is a blow to sportsmen in the Republic. But the decision by the International Amateur Athletics Federation has a wider importance. It is merely part of an accelerating process of isolation which goes beyond international sporting competition and could, eventually, have the most serious consequences for the Republic and all its peoples. The temptation is to brush this aside as a transitory phenomenon engineered by a lunatic fringe of long-haired, unwashed fanatics. But it is becoming clearer every day that there is a body of informed, influential opinion in Britain, for example, which rejects all contacts with South Africa on the grounds of deeply-held conviction. . . .*

Who can deny that that theory of separate development is "plainly nonsense" all the time Whites depend on Africans for their industrial manpower? Devastating is the study of South Africa by David Holden in the August issue of the journal ENCOUNTER. *South Africans, conditioned by familiarity, might find themselves severely shaken by the picture of gratuitous cruelty and sheer absurdity which distinguishes some aspects of the "South African way of life" in studies such as these. But it would be folly to underestimate their effect on responsible opinion abroad. The threat of isolation cannot be shrugged aside. It warrants serious reflection by all South Africans.*

THE CAPE TIMES

I HEAR *that Robert Conquest's book on the Russian purges of the 1930s, "The Great Terror", has already received the accolade of a mention in the Soviet underground Press.*

The "Chronicle of World Affairs", a broadsheet passed from hand to hand in Russia, has printed excerpts from Goronwy Rees's review of the book in ENCOUNTER [*November 1968*], *revealing to the underground reader that in any rational society both Hitler and Stalin would have been "committed to a home for the criminally insane." Another quotation says:*

> *"One of the frightening aspects of Conquest's book, with its evidence of murder, torture, genocide, the moral and physical annihilation of literally millions of human beings, is that the Soviet Union as we know it today is the lineal descendant of the State created by Stalin, and still bears upon it the stamp of his creation."*

An additional distinction is that this is thought to be the first foreign material the "Chronicle" has covered.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

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could be if both were left alone to crate one of the most prosperous and cultured regions in the world.

Gamel Abdul Nasser did not solve this problem because time was far too short, and obstacles too heavy. But his life and achievement stated it to his people, to the Jews, and to the world.

The Crisis in Publishing

THERE ARE complex difficulties between publishers and writers which Miss Mary Renault seems rather to write off (October issue) in her comment on Matthew Corrigan's article (July) about Malcolm Lowry. May I give a few personal illustrations? In the case of my own work in progress, because a fearful mess was made in London of one book for various not quite decisive reasons, I insisted that the New York edition of the following novel should be corrected and copy-edited in New York. This gave the excuse for the London publisher to take the mats from the New York publisher and therefore to come out much later than planned since American printers are even slower than those in Britain. Summer publishing is not a bad thing, it seems from experience, in America, as it is in England—probably because of the huge public. There is nothing I can put a finger on in this; it just follows a pattern obscured by a truly unbelievable, perhaps not quite deliberate inefficiency which forms a smoke screen for heaven knows what.

Probably many writers, either from neurosis or lack of confidence, do ask advice from publishers in the middle of work, but my own experiences suggest that it may not be quite so simple as Miss Renault (a writer I much admire) finds it in her own case. Publishers do, more and more, expect to interfere with my own work. This may be so in my case because they seem almost to demand that each new book should sell at least *as* widely as the book that made the breakthrough into success. Obviously this is impossible, but the attitude is taken for granted; it is their right to get a best-seller every time. So it may not by any means be always the author who offers half-finished work for inspection; when I submit a finished draft ready for fair-copying (as Miss Renault apparently also does) it is treated as a rough sketch which the publisher's readers may then, as they think, improve upon. Even if the writer tries to indicate without actually being rude, that this is not to happen (by announcing a prolonged absence from home, for instance or even by putting a note on the title-page that the manuscript remains the author's private property until publication confers copyright) the Publishers go to endless trouble to force their views on the writer.

And I am not talking about things that are the legitimate concern of an editor such as failures of logic, breakdowns of continuity, slackness of characterisation etc. etc. I mean that they pronounce on what sort of book they wanted and were expecting; they point out passages (in my case usually of opinions they don't like which are held widely by foreigners) and even say that these opinions, or whatever, cannot possibly be considered credible. With my last book I received one letter from an editor before the *ms.* was read, that they would do the revising in the office! This was the same editor from whom I had three subsequent letters about the *ms.* in which every single character mentioned was either misnamed or mis-spelled, including my protagonist whose name can hardly be new after three books. This is true, I am not exaggerating. Typescripts are also shown to outsiders; in one case a book (not this one) was sent to a semi-illiterate film agent who suggested in reply that it might be all right if it began differently and ended differently and most of the persons were altered. This letter was actually sent on to me, as advice, and later some officious clerk remarked that I had not yet replied to the agent—which, of course, I never did. This treating of the writer and the work as the property of the Publisher brings up questions of copyright as well as other things, since a *ms.* has no claim to copyright. I can't believe that this sort of crass impudence is only offered to myself.

Nor is this interference confined to one publisher. On my last three books I have received suggested, almost ordered, alterations from both British and American publishers. The curious thing is that the letters containing these editorial suggestions are often confused, ill-written, garbled by typists and hopelessly inaccurate about the contents of the book. So that the loss of confidence caused by such extensive wishes for revision is made up by the obvious thought that the editor knows nothing about writing so one may safely ignore him. This confusion, both of ideas and the writing of them, in letters of editorial suggestion is psychologically interesting. I have noticed it in a number of different editors and it contrasts with perfectly reasonable and well-conceived letters on other subjects from the same people. On the other hand, copy-editors are usually both more competent and more modest, although one did once suggest that "none of them was there" should be corrected to "none of them were there."

Anybody can use advice, everyone makes mistakes; but in my experience the suggestions are frequently useless and mischievous. One can't use them even where a feeling exists that improvement is needed, but they destroy confidence. They are also couched in hectoring and condescending terms which put one's back up anyway. One has become a property.

SINCE I HAVE NEVER submitted an idea or synopsis, with or without some draft chapters, to a publisher, none has ever told me what I ought to write; only what I ought to have written. But this may be because I never talk about work in progress to anyone nor show it to an editor until I have practically finished with it. But editors do

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suggest length. One wrote asking for extensive cuts *because printing costs had recently risen*; nowhere did he suggest that cuts would improve the work although any writer has to admit that cuts often do improve work. In this case cuts would have made the book much shorter than its companion volumes.

Some of the revision suggestions are so funny one can hardly believe them: a passage of ex-soldiers using soldiers' slang (without the four-letter words) was castigated as "colloquial, almost slangy". This in the day of Portnoy. Nobody suggested, when the other editor agreed with him, that my soldier's slang was *wrong*; apparently they thought a private would say "Corporal, do you think I should shoot him through the head?" instead of "Shall I knock him off?" The mad thing about this detail is that the editor concerned spent years in the army, and by the way, the incident is a true one and the man actually said *"Soll ich ihn umlegen?"* in real life.

So I don't think Miss Renault has it quite right. Publishers do interfere and they interfere without knowing either about writing fiction or about what will sell. They not only want one writer's books all to fit a pattern, but they have a whole framework of quite incorrect notions of what makes fiction (*a*) good and (*b*) successful; so that the long tale of oft-refused masterpieces is countered by an equally long list of books that would have been ruined if the writer had listened to what the publisher wanted. And they don't even have the decency to admit they were wrong when the book they feared bad turns out a success.

This is only the first blast of the trumpet against the monstrous regiment of publishers; a second should really deal with the publisher as artist *manqué*.

X.Y.Z.

Mervyn & Marlish

I READ the last number of your Journal and wish to say the following about Mr Marlish's review, called Psa Biographies which touches on my late husband's little book. The full title is *Free Associations, Memoirs of a Psychoanalyst*.

Mr Marlish maintains that my SON Mervyn is a daughter. It is a good Cymric man's name. He and I edited what we found in a drawer after my husband's death. He had to abandon writing because of his last fatal illness.

I should be grateful for a correction in your next number. Had Mr Marlish been better read he would have known my son's name who has nine novels to his credit. Even the uneducated have heard of *John and Mary* because it was filmed.

KATHERINE JONES
London

ED. NOTE:—WE REGRET the error. The reference was to a "daughter," and had Mervyn's name been mentioned, we would have spotted the error; Mervyn *is* well known. By the way, the name of the author—whose article was actually called "Autobiography and Psycho-Analysis"—was Mazlish.

AUTHORS

Lewis S. Feuer is Professor of Sociology at the University of Toronto. His previous articles in ENCOUNTER include "Karl Marx and the Promethean Complex" (December 1968) and "Marxian Tragedians" (November 1962). "Lenin's Fantasy" will be included in a symposium entitled *Lenin and Leninism: State, Law, and Society*, edited by B. W. Eissenstat (D. C. Heath and Co.). . . .

Paul Schallück was born in Westphalia (1922) of a Russian mother and German father. He intended to become a Catholic missionary, but was thwarted by the outbreak of war, and the wounds he received. He read philosophy and history at the Universities of Münster and Cologne; he now works in Cologne as a free-lance writer. He has written poetry, novels (*Engelbert Reinecke*, 1959), essays, stories (*Lakrizza*, 1966), and television scripts. More recently he has turned towards satire and "engagement", and is a good friend and platform companion of Günter Grass, with whom he appeared during the recent election campaigns. Although he has been published in other languages, "Death Delayed" is, surprisingly, the first publication in English of any of his work . . . .

Martin Seymour-Smith is a free-lance writer and poet. In 1969 Constable published the first volume of his *Poets Through Their Letters* and next year will bring out a volume of poetry, *Reminiscences of Norma*. His much-praised edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets was published by Heinemann (1963) . . . .

Ronald Hayman is a free-lance writer, theatre director, and critic. He has just finished a book on Edward Albee (to be published by Heinemann) and is currently working on an essay on "The Arts Since 1945" which will appear in *The Times' "History of our Times"*. His most recent book is *Techniques of Acting* (Methuen) . . . .

Elizabeth Maslen has had poems published by *Poetry Australia* and *Poetry Workshop*. She teaches English at Westfield College, University of London . . . .

John Passmore's new book, *The Perfectibility of Man*—of which his article on "Paradise Now" (ENCOUNTER, November), was the last chapter—has just been published by Duckworth & Co. (84s.) . . . .

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